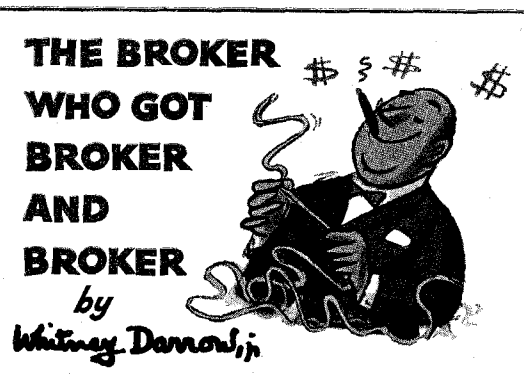
The Saturday Evening
POST
April 25, 1959 – 15¢

The Men Who Chase Missiles "Down Range" from Canaveral

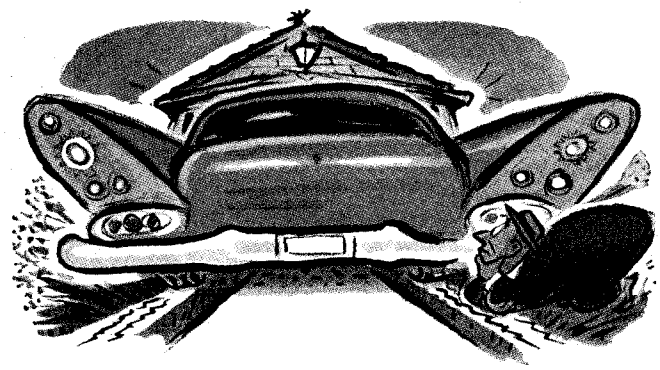
HUBERT HUMPHREY of MINNESOTA

APR 2 0 '59

LIBRARY
BALDWIN WALLACE
COLL
BEREA OHIO 25-59
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



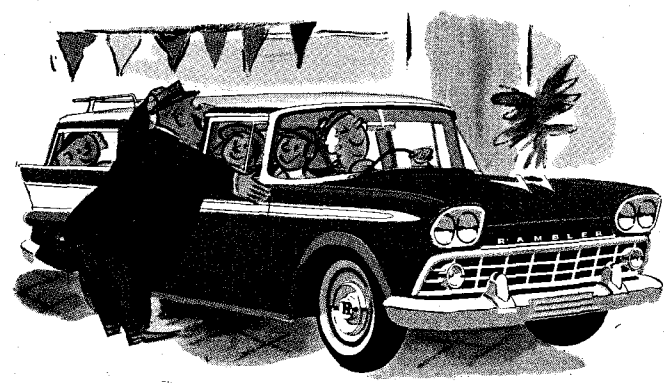
This live-stock broker did OK on the hog market, decided to splurge on a big, flashy car. "My dreamboat," he said. Then the nightmare began.



He had to lengthen his garage, widen his driveway, hire a chauffeur for his wife who found "dreamboat" harder to park than a hog truck. Parking lot owners raised the rates.

Poor broker! Gas bills, insurance, costly repairs added to the strain—and soon he was down to his last piglet (even that was in hock to a gas station!).

In desperation, he looked at small foreign cars. "Too cramped," said the broker. "And where do we leave the kiddies," asked his wife, "...out at the stockyards?"

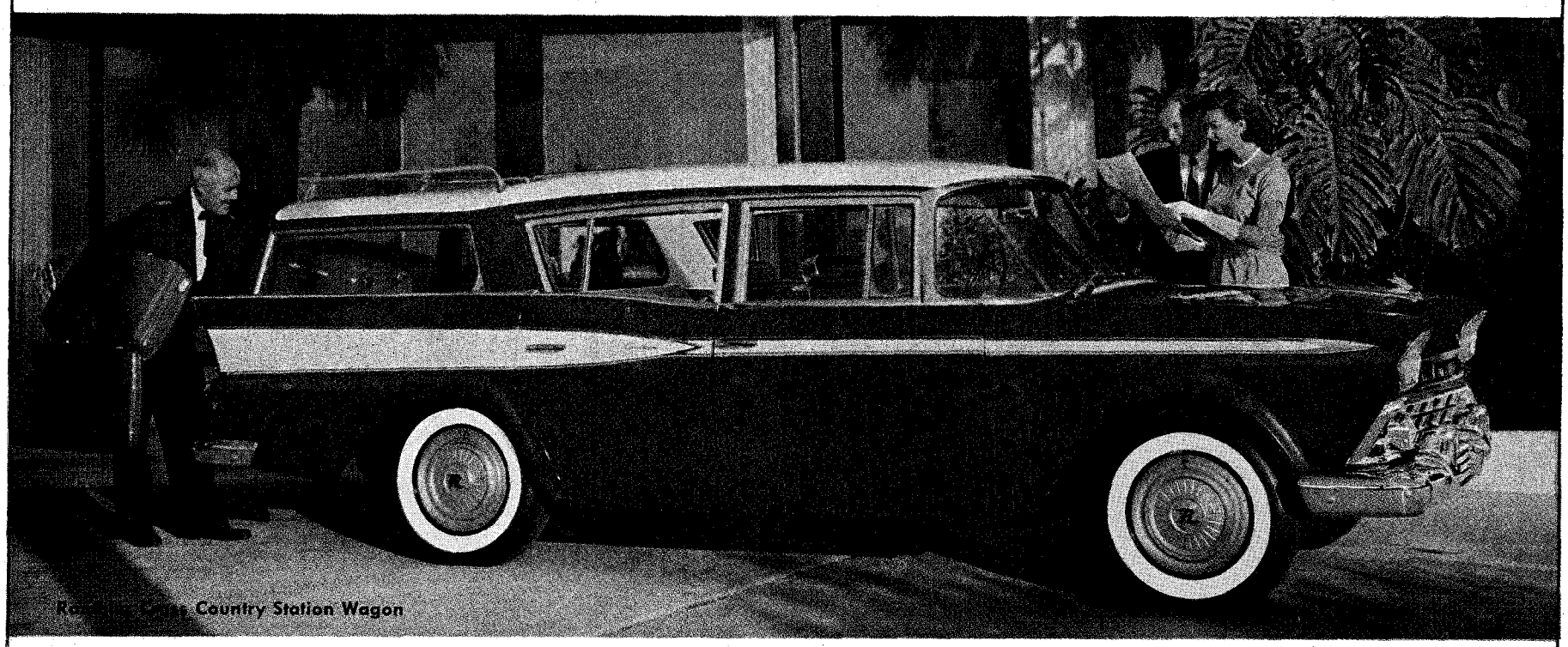


Finally they found the answer at a nearby Rambler showroom. "Looks good," said the broker. "The best," said his wife, "of both: big car room . . . small car economy." So the broker bought a Rambler.

Now he's solvent again . . . and happier with Rambler's easier handling, Personalized Comfort: sectional sofa front seats glide back and forth individually. Try it.

Get big car room, small car economy in the compact quality car—

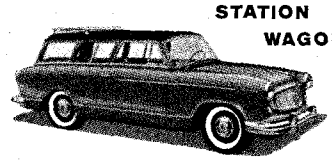
GET THE BEST OF BOTH IN THE '59 RAMBLER!

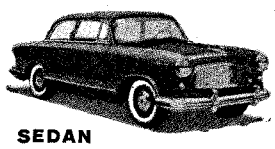


As other leading '59 cars grow in size, in price, in thirst—Rambler wins new customers by the thousands! The reason: Rambler saves you more than ever before—hundreds of dollars on first cost—gives more miles per gallon, too, with advanced carburetion. Highest resale value. And see how easily Rambler turns and parks, fits any garage. Try Rambler Personalized Comfort: sectional sofa front seats glide backward and forward independently; Airliner Reclining seatbacks; adjustable headrests. See and drive Rambler '59 . . . and *save!*

New 100 inch wheelbase Rambler American

STATION WAGON





SEDAN

$1835

Suggested delivered price at Kenosha, Wisconsin, for 2-door sedan at left. State and local taxes, if any, automatic transmission and optional equipment, extra.

SEE YOUR RAMBLER DEALER

RAMBLER 6 OR V-8 • AMBASSADOR V-8 • METROPOLITAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The higher the heels...the thinner the wallet

...and there's nothing like a second income to nourish an underfed bankroll

Where did the little *girl* go to? This is a young lady, so lovely your heart gives an extra fatherly thump.

And extra happy the foresighted father who planned a second income . . . to lighten the extra financial load that comes when little girls (or little boys) grow up . . . or when any of those responsibilities that come with the years bring along their *added* expenses.

A Second Income For You?

Why not? It really may not be so difficult. And the place to get started is a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. There you'll talk with a Partner or Registered Representative. He will use his training and experience to aid and advise you. He's just the man to talk to about whether to buy stocks or bonds, or perhaps to keep a good cash reserve.

But just about the best advice he can give you is—never rely on tips or rumors. He'll be glad to give you factual information about companies and securities. And as time goes on, he'll continue to help . . . to give you his best advice on buying or selling. So check your investments with him regularly.

Stocks Go Down As Well As Up

Through the Monthly Investment Plan, you can begin with as little as $40 every 3 months, up to $1,000 a month. So you see, you don't have to have a bulging bankroll to set you on your way to a second income.

Naturally, there's a risk—stocks and bonds go down as well as up. Sometimes companies may not pay dividends or interest. So use for investing only what you have left after living expenses and a reserve for emergencies.

Send For FREE Booklet

If you want to plan towards a second income, call on any Member Firm or send for our interesting free booklet, "INVESTMENT FACTS." It describes the Monthly Investment Plan, gives interesting facts about investing and lists over 300 stocks that have paid dividends every three months from 20 to 95 years.

OWN YOUR SHARE OF AMERICAN BUSINESS

Members New York Stock Exchange

For offices of Members nearest you, look under New York Stock Exchange in the stock broker section of your classified telephone directory.

Send for free booklet. Mail to your local Member Firm of the Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. 9J, P. O. Box 1070, New York 1, N. Y.

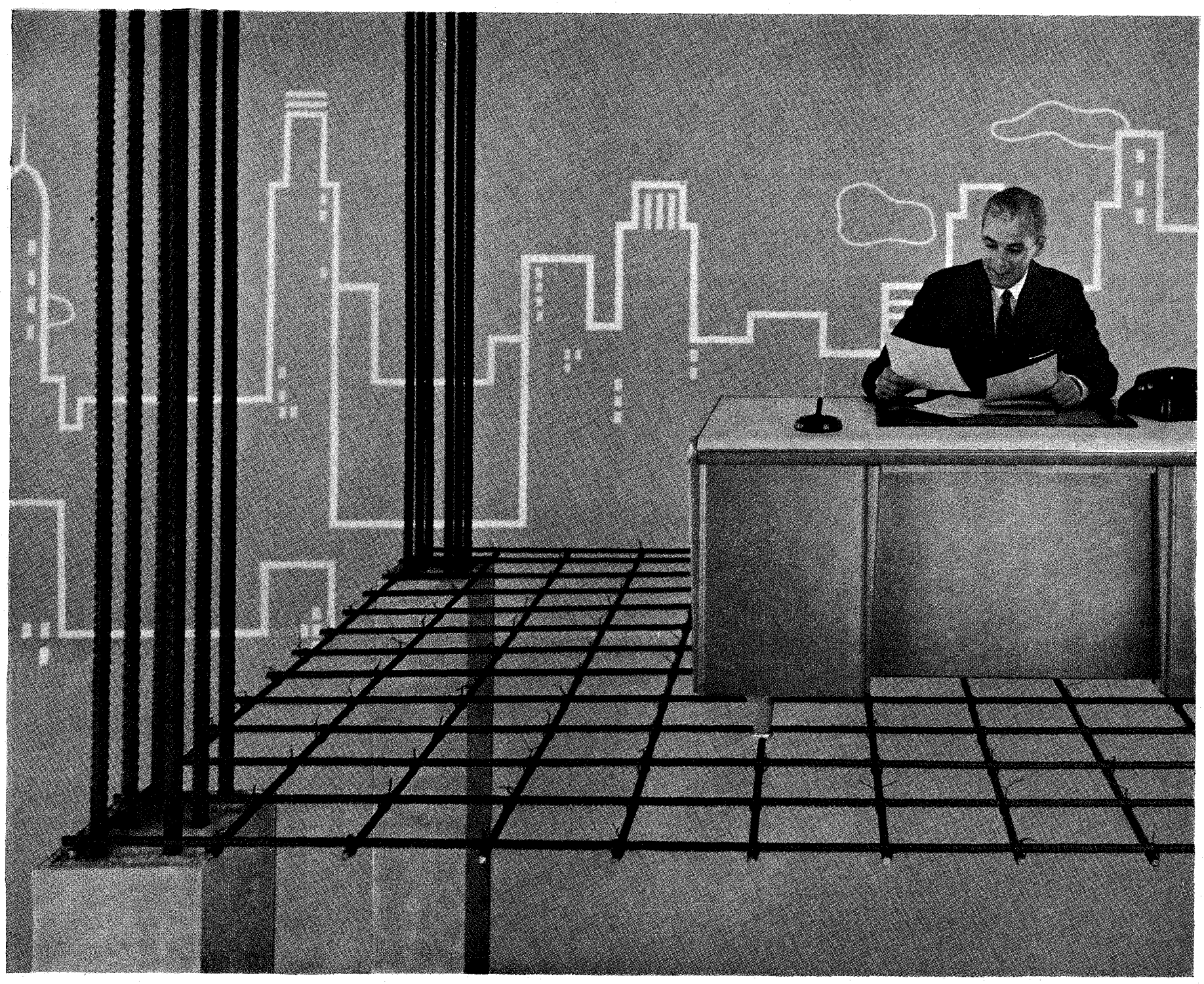
Please send me, free, "INVESTMENT FACTS," listing over 300 stocks that have paid dividends every 3 months from 20 to 95 years. 9-J

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Broker, if any*_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



You will be skyhigh on re-bars

"Re-bar" is engineer talk for steel reinforcing bars. Today, new buildings with both columns and floors of concrete, laced with re-bars, are going up higher than ever before in the United States. Latin America has built this way for years and years—the imaginative, curving facades in Buenos Aires and Rio.

This type of construction has been considered expensive here for tall buildings. Now new techniques, using high strength bars in large diameter welded into ribbons twenty stories high, make it economical. Exciting possibilities open for American architects and engineers.

Basically, what have these men who engineer steel reinforced concrete done? They applied management ingenuity to develop the ways for Americans to compete with low-priced foreign labor, yet continue to enjoy a purchasing power four or five times higher.

This is one of industrial management's greatest contributions to the strength of our nation: they increase the earning power of their employees by developing new techniques.

REPUBLIC STEEL

CLEVELAND 1, OHIO
WORLD'S WIDEST RANGE OF STANDARD STEELS AND STEEL PRODUCTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY — CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*

Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor*
Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor*
Beverly Smith, Jr., *Washington Editor*
William J. Stevens, Jr., *Asst. Managing Editor*
Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor*
Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Senior Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson.
Contributing Editors: Stewart Alsop, *National Affairs;* Arthur W. Baum, *Business;* Demaree Bess, *Foreign;* Ernest O. Hauser, *Foreign;* Harold H. Martin, *Special Assignments;* James P. O'Donnell, *Foreign;* Harry T. Paxton, *Sports;* Steven M. Spencer, *Science;* John Kobler, *Special Assignments.*
Associate Editors: Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, H. Ralph Knight, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Robert L. Johnson, Jr., Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair, Jr., Jay Brennan, Richard L. Lehman, Bill Breisky, Peter Wyden.
Editorial Assistants: William J. Bailey, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Robert N. Taylor, Morton D. Hull, Zen Yonkovig, Thomas B. Congdon, Jr., Katharine Mishler, Ursula Mahoney, Jack Haring, Richard C. Savage, Barbara Graybeal Kremer, Patty M. Savage, Benton R. Patterson.

IN THIS ISSUE

April 25, 1959 *Vol. 231, No. 43*

4 Short Stories

What Husbands Don't Know . . . . . *Peg Bracken* 26
Secret in Her Past . . . . . *Joseph Carroll* 30
Love-Struck . . . . . *Willard Temple* 37
Terror in the Town . . . . . *Hugh B. Cave* 40

8 Articles

The Men Who Chase Missiles . . . . . *Harold H. Martin* 23
The Face of America: Imitation of Greatness . . . *Photograph by Farrell Grehan* 28
The Day Nothing Happened . . . . . *Corey Ford* 31
I Lost My Wife to Tokyo TV . . . . . *Keyes Beech* 32
The Secrets of the Soufflé . . . . . *George Bradshaw* 34
Medicine's Legal Nightmare,
Conclusion: The Source of the Trouble . . . . . *Milton Silverman* 36
Hustling Hubert Makes His Bid . . . . . *Walter T. Ridder* 38
The Block I Lived On . . . . . *Ralph Schoenstein* 42

2 Serials

The Dark Road (Third of six parts) . . . . . *James Cross* 44
Comanche Captives (Conclusion) . . . . . *Will Cook* 48

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 46
Verse 55, 66, 78, 87, 98
Hazel 122
Keeping Posted 124

THE COVER

Vapor has been condensing in the atmosphere and is now falling in the form of drops. Mr. Moore (that is artist Earl Mayan himself) is moved to acrimony: *No doubt this will continue throughout the weekend and stop early Monday morning.* His neighbor (posed by Jack Falion, a friend of Mayan's in Huntington, Long Island) is rejoicing about April showers and their admirable effect on the flowers of May. Mother Nature is rewarding Falion by watering his abundant new blooms herself and giving Moore-Mayan the works for having but one flower and letting it get the dropsy. Why, then, on another day will she give a flowerless golfer sunshine and that night wash another man's newly sown grass seed into the storm sewer? Because that's life. There isn't space to explain what life is.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1959 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

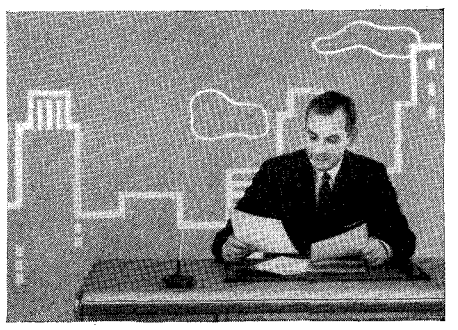
Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

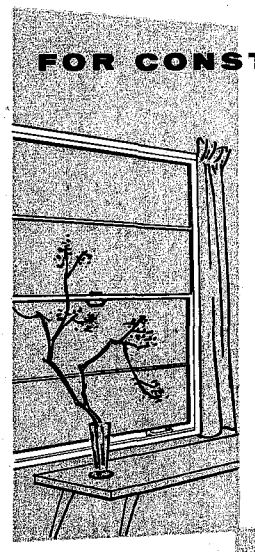
How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 26–59 or December 26, 1959; 36–60 or March 5, 1960.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; E. Hubert Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday; a subsidiary publishes The American Home.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address *at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect.* Address
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.



BUT THAT'S ONLY A PEEK
at the myriad products of Republic Steel



STEEL or ALUMINUM WINDOWS
Both metals are fabricated by Republic Steel. Steel windows can be produced with a baked-on finish that requires no further painting—Supercoat. Evidence of Republic's continuous product improvement.

STEEL PIPE or PLASTIC
Both materials are fabricated by Republic Steel. Steel pipe is also produced with a plastic coat—X-TRU-COAT. More evidence of product development.

ELECTRICAL RACEWAYS
Easy to install Republic ELECTRUNITE® E.M.T. (electrical metallic tubing) in adequate sizes provides a pull-in, pull-out wiring system to meet your future "Housepower" needs. Both E.M.T. and heavier Rigid Steel conduit are available plastic coated for extra corrosion-resistance — Dekoron®-Coated. Product development builds new markets.

AND MORE OF THE MYRIAD
Curtain Wall Panels • Bolts and Nuts • Joists • Galvanized Sheets • Metal Lath • Steel Doors — swinging and sliding • Steel Lockers • Steel Kitchens • Roof Drainage Products • Steel Roofing • Pipe & Tubing • Nails and Staples • Truscon Complete Steel Buildings • Woven Wire Fence • Barbed Wire

REPUBLIC STEEL
PLANTS, OFFICES, WAREHOUSES COAST-TO-COAST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STOP BAD BREATH WITH COLGATE WHILE YOU Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

Brushing with Colgate helps give the surest protection all day long!
Because of all leading toothpastes, only Colgate contains Gardol!

FIGHTS BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY!

Colgate with Gardol is backed by published results of 2-year clinical research on the reduction of tooth decay. And of all leading toothpastes,† only Colgate contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day. Colgate stops mouth odor all day for most people, too! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. And remember! Nothing takes the place of brushing—and nothing brushes better than Colgate!

New Power Packed COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
- New Aerosol Container!
- New Finger-Tip Ease!
- Same Refreshing Colgate Flavor!

31¢ 53¢ 69¢ 83¢

†TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE . . . GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE. © 1959, COLGATE-PALMOLIVE COMPANY

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Letters

Money at the Roots

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial of Mar. 21 [PARTY FUND RAISING OUGHT TO START WITH THE GRASS ROOTS] commends the recently proposed plan for financing the GOP by small, regular contributions by party members.

The Democratic Party has been using this very plan for the past two years. It is called the Sustaining Membership program and has become a solid part of our Party financing. It has been very successful and we are completely sold on it.

We consider the decision of the Republican Party to develop a similar program to be "the sincerest flattery."

PAUL M. BUTLER, *Chairman*
Democratic National Committee
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

Today and for the past several years the Democrats have maintained their position in government through the slush funds of the trade unions. . . . There is little or no hesitation on the part of the union member when it comes time to kick in a contribution because he realizes that to do so places him in a favored position with his business agent . . . when jobs are doled out to the members.

In the eyes of the business agent, a contribution of a dollar a month to the Republican Party puts me at the head of the list as a Dope.

JOHN MASON KILDOW
Bethesda, Ohio

Ach, Schnibble!

Dear Sirs:

Meinself ben laffen 'til tears ben runnen from mein peeper-lookers at MEIN GROSSFADER'S FABLE TELLEN by Dave Morrah [Post Scripts, Mar. 7].

Der Lesson: More, more by Morrah!

MRS. O. C. BUNCH
Houston, Texas

● *For more Morrah, see p. 46.—ED.*

Morrah's Schnibble. *Morrah's Morrah.*

Dear Sirs:

Das fabler vot der grossfader ben tellen,
ben schmellen.
Ist ben getten mein goaten,
Und schould be verboten.

JAY L. WEIGHT
Logan, Utah

Dear Sirs:

Ich ben upfillen to der goozle mit das Heinrich Schnibble.

JOHN E. UPCHURCH
El Dorado, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

Ich laffen out loudish mit sides all
geshaken
Mit readen in Posten das fun you ben
maken!

G. A. MORSE
Boston, Mass.

Chentlemen:

Vould das Zaturday Effening Boast vant das Boast Skrept mit French und Spanish und Italian gemixt? Bleeze informen und ich bin submitten ein lulu.

ROBERT E. COPLEY
Royal Oak, Mich.

● *Nein, danke.—ED.*

Drips and Spurts

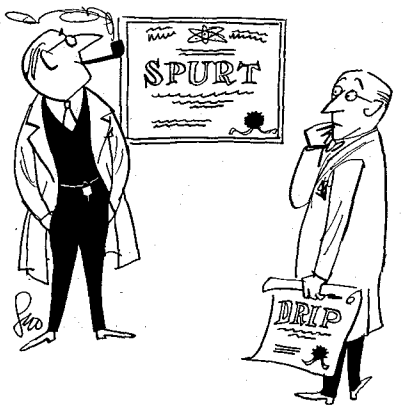
Dear Sirs:

John Bird "caught" the real Oak Ridge. [THE ATOM TOWN WANTS TO BE FREE, Mar. 21] It was a superb job of reporting.

ALFRED G. HILL
Swarthmore, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

The day following the emergence of the Post on Oak Ridge newsstands, the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies for the first time awarded a new degree to thirty-two participants in the institute's first course in industrial applications of radioisotopes.



The degree: Specialized Pioneer in the Use of Radioactive Techniques—in short, SPURT (a DRIP under pressure).

PAT GASKINS
Olive Branch, Miss.

● *A DRIP is a Dabbler in Radio Isotope Procedure.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Put on your spectacles! Raise your sights! . . .

The United States contains at least two other "atomic towns" of nearly identical character. All were thrown together in extreme haste and secrecy during the war to house workers for the Manhattan District. . . .

One of these, Los Alamos, N.M., bids fair to retain its status as a "government town" for some time to come. The other, Richland, Wash., began its community-disposal program a full year after Oak Ridge. Not only has the city been almost completely sold by now . . . but the community has been incorporated, written its charter, elected its council, chosen its mayor, written most of its ordinances, and will shortly take over most of the remaining chores of government. . . . We have a slightly smaller population than Oak Ridge, a more rugged climate, a somewhat smaller proportion of egg-heads, less per-capita income, longer distances to travel to get to work, drearier geography to contend with, and a considerably faster-growing sense of civic responsibility.

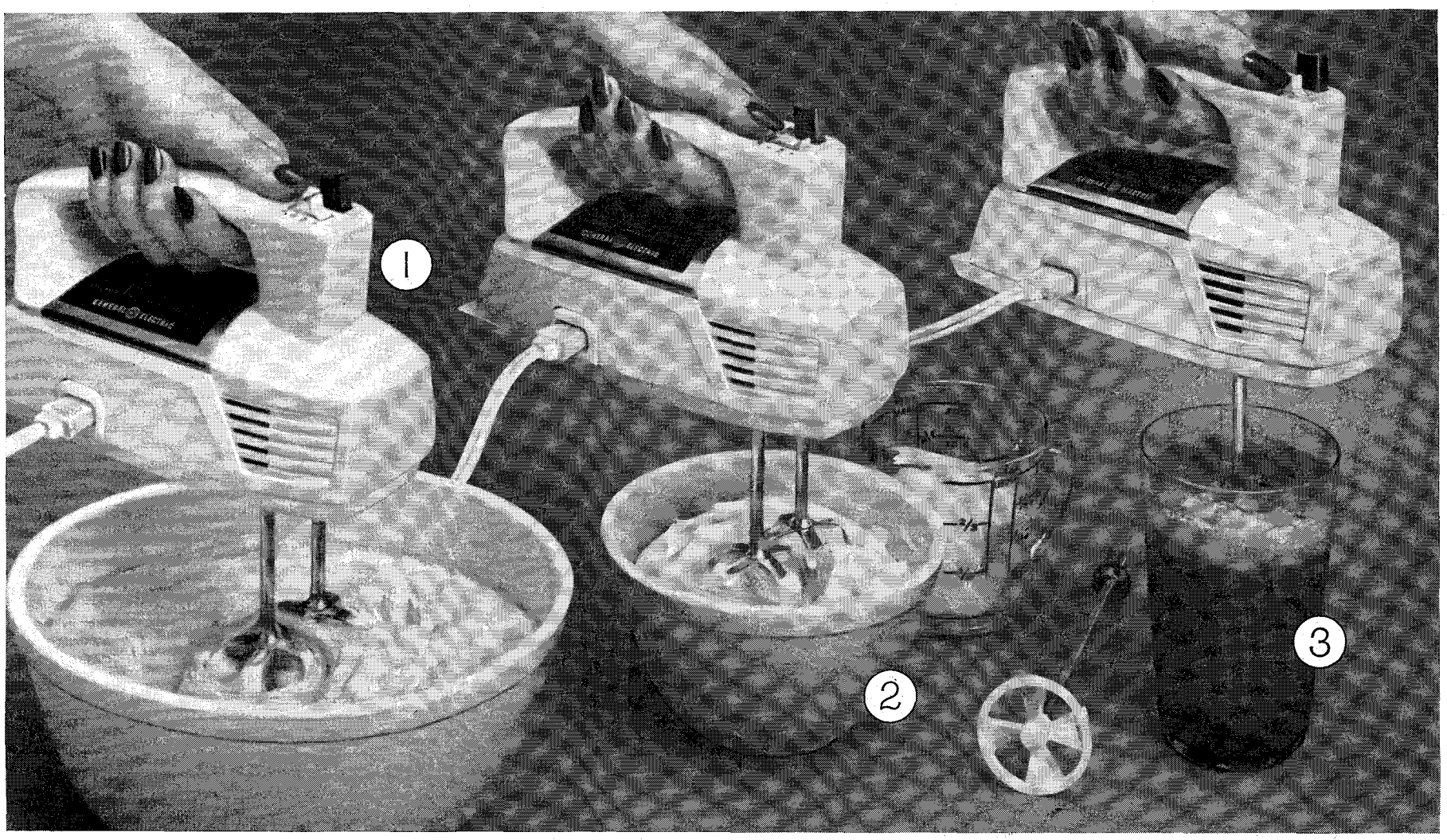
D. GRAHAM FOSTER, JR.
Richland, Wash.

(Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEATS...WHIPS...MIXES DRINKS!

It's the <u>new</u> General Electric Portable Mixer



1 Lightweight, yet powerful—Enough power to mix the heaviest cake batter, yet the General Electric Portable Mixer weighs *less than 3 pounds!*

It's so convenient to use! Take it with you—*to* the food, whether at table, range or counter. After use, set it on its heel like an iron.

2 Dreamy desserts, feather-light frostings, a mountain of whipped cream can be made with ease. *Three* speeds. Just consult the handy mixing chart for the setting you need.

So easy to clean and store, too! Pushbutton ejector releases beaters for washing—at a touch. Cord removes for separate storing. Mixer hangs on your wall—within easy reach!

3 NEW drink-mixing beater!—A General Electric exclusive! This special *third* beater whips up nutritious malteds, frozen juices, fancy party drinks by the pitcher-full *or* glass—in a *jiffy!*

See it at your dealer's *soon!* In Turquoise, Pink, Yellow and White. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

There's always a <u>PLUS</u> in General Electric!

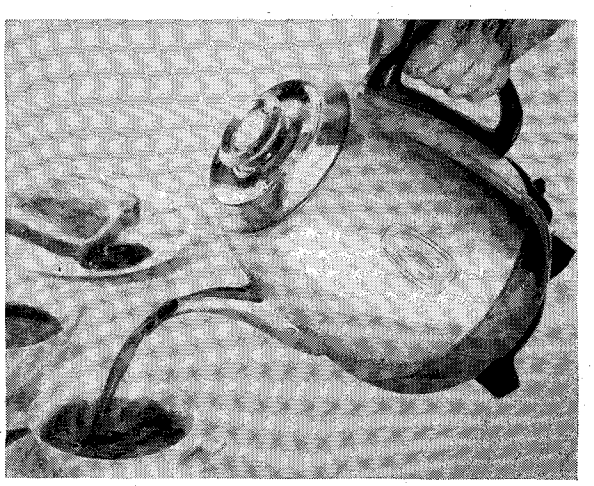
New! Cooks a king-sized meal! <u>PLUS</u> . . . completely immersible

General Electric Automatic Skillet in new *12-inch size*. Accurate temperature control maintains the just-right heat for each food—without constant watching. Fries, bakes and stews to flavorful perfection.

It's an automatic toaster! <u>PLUS</u> . . . a toasting "oven" below

General Electric Toast-R-Oven* toasts 2 slices to your favorite shade on top—keeps 6 slices of toast warm below. Or use it to heat rolls, pastry, muffins. Makes *delicious* melted cheese sandwiches!

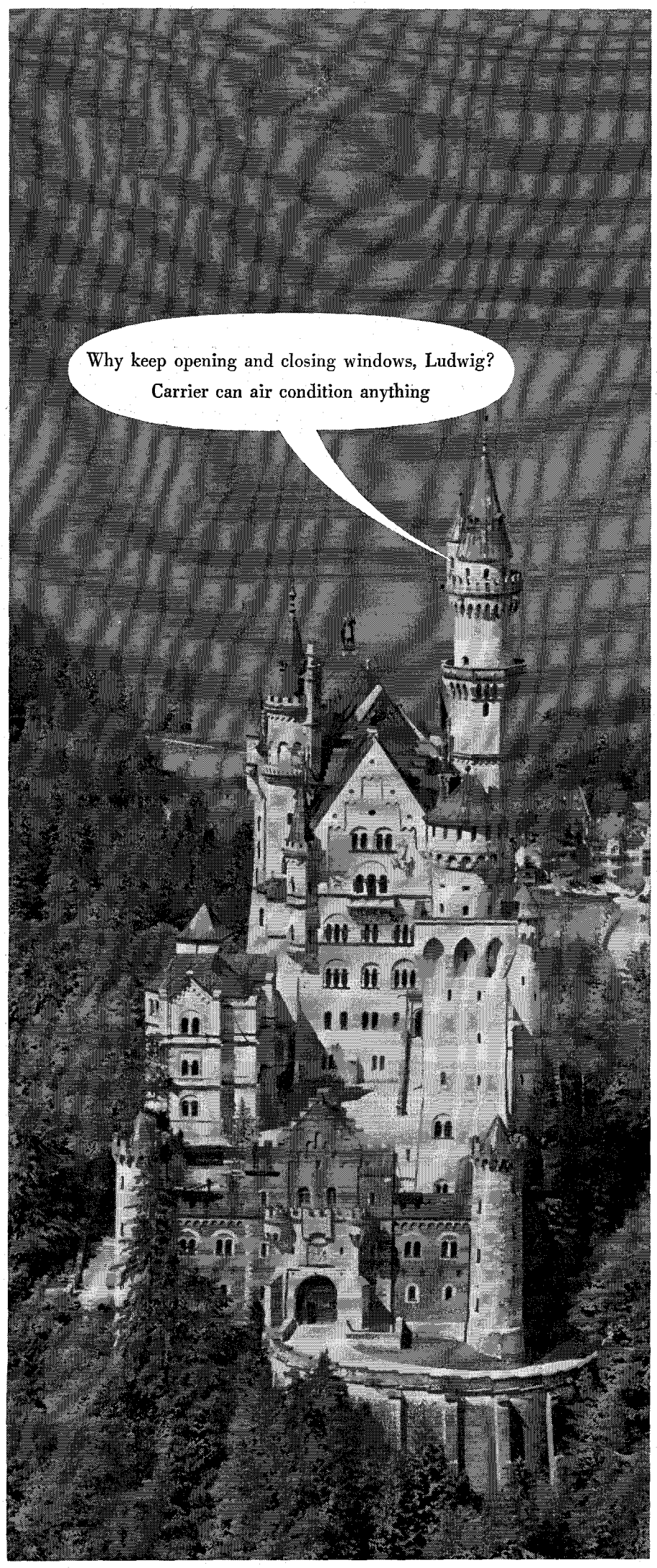
*Trademark of General Electric Company



Brews delicious coffee every cup! <u>PLUS</u> . . . now in stainless steel

General Electric Automatic Coffee Maker brews 2 to 9 cups perfectly. Just set control; signal light glows; then it's ready! Easy-to-clean stainless steel protects flavor. *Reheats without reperking!*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BETTER AIR CONDITIONING FOR EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE
Carrier

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

The Trouble With Blood Banks

Dear Sirs:

Ben Pearse lost his chance for a prize for good reporting [WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR BLOOD BANKS?, Mar. 14] when he made the following statement—"only about 350 of the 3500 establishments that participate in some phase of blood banking require a license (from NIH). For the nation's remaining blood-handling facilities, there are no rules." . . .

In 1939, the California Legislature enacted a law requiring licensure of blood banks. Regulations have been revised . . . several times in subsequent years.

W. MAX CHAPMAN, M. D.
Berkeley, Calif.

● *Blood banks are also subject to regulation in Michigan, New York and Massachusetts, says the Joint Blood Council.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

The volunteer donor represents the human race in its finest hour. . . . My only complaint would be that too many recipients of transfusions look upon this free Red Cross blood as just their due, along with other hospital facilities such as the . . . bedpan.

RALPH H. MORSE
Concord, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Pearse neglected to include the Blood Bank of Delaware. . . . For just one dollar a year, a member and his family are entitled to unlimited amounts of blood at no cost. . . . The only agreement he must make is to supply, if asked, one pint of blood a year, no more. Actually, at the present time, a member is called once every seven and a half years to donate. When a member needs blood, the hospital provides it immediately from its own bank. The blood bank is notified, and members are called in rotation on the membership list, to go to that particular hospital and give a pint. [The hospital collects] two for every one administered to the patient. . . .

It is called the Bloodless Blood Bank because the office is nothing more than file cases containing the membership roster. . . . If unable to give blood themselves, the members can send a substitute or give $25. Members are covered in out-of-state hospitals should an emergency arise while on vacation or during a business trip. In such cases the bank buys the blood at the going rate.

DON MATHEWSON
Wilmington, Del.

Dear Sirs:

Since June, 1950, when the Connecticut program began, no one, regardless of residence, has had to pay for or replace a single unit of the more than 700,000 pints of blood distributed to Connecticut hospitals through the Red Cross.

MARY M. SHAW
Hartford, Conn.

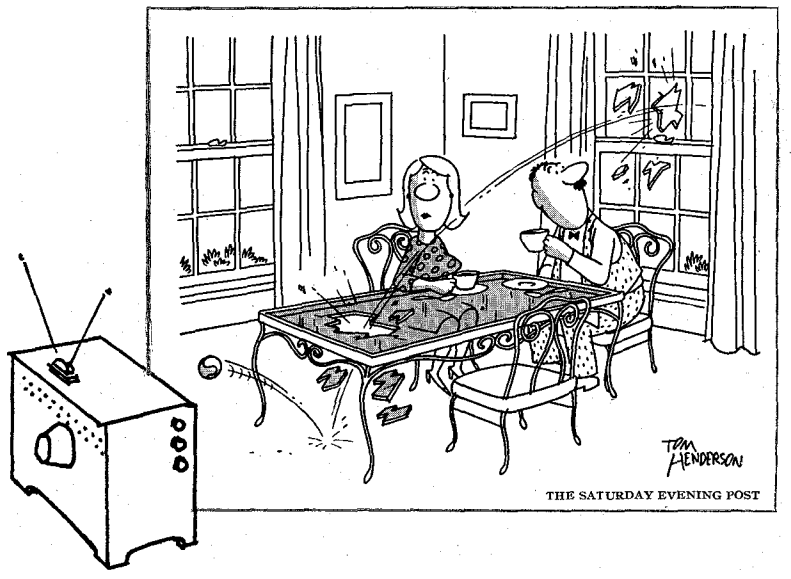
COFFEE BREAK

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed Tom Henderson's cartoon in the Mar. 14 issue. But I felt he could have carried it one more step. See below:

MYRON LESTER FETCH
Levittown, Pa.

● *"Not in our house," says cartoonist Henderson. "There is always a human wall (ages 6, 7, 10 and 11) in front of the TV screen."* —ED.

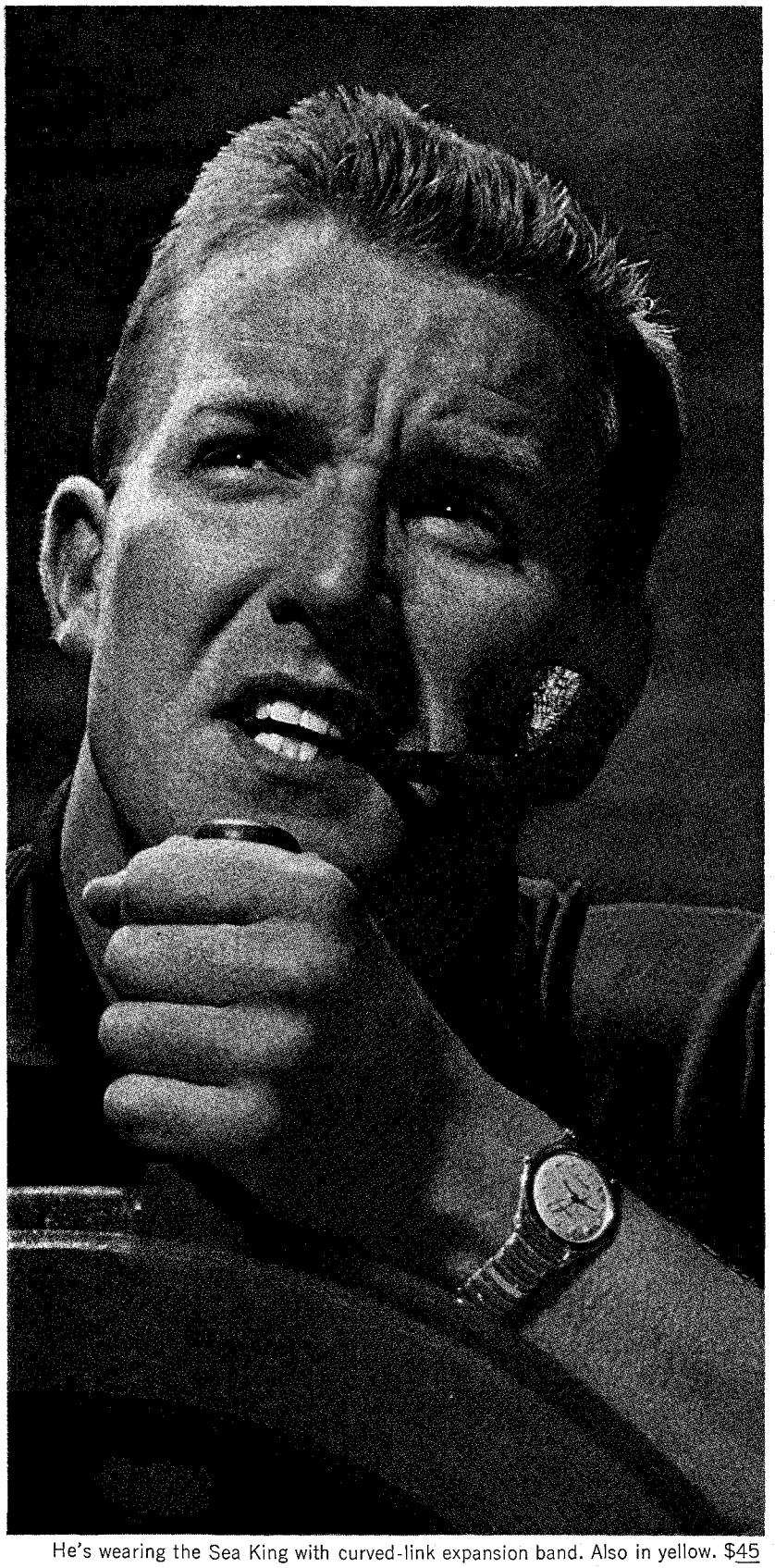


Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

23, 24–Ollie Atkins. • 25–Five by Ollie Atkins; U.S. Army. • 26, 27–Robert Meyers. 28, 29–Farrell Grehan. • 30–Kurt Ard. • 31–By special permission of New York Herald Tribune. • 32, 33–John Launois. • 34, 35–Arnold Newman. • 37–Bernard D'Andrea. 38–Two from United Press International; Sovfoto. • 39–Ollie Atkins. • 40, 41–Robert Moore. • 42–Hans Knopf. • 43–Cosmo-Sileo; Three from Ralph Schoenstein. 44, 45–Earl Mayan. • 48–Harold Von Schmidt. • 101–From Ralph Schoenstein. 116–Arnold Newman. • 124–Ollie Atkins; anonymous; Two by Frank Powolny; James Bingham.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



He's wearing the Sea King with curved-link expansion band. Also in yellow. $45

NEW BULOVA sea king

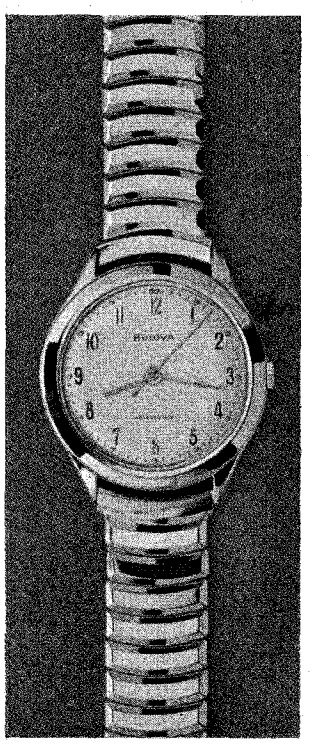
The thinnest waterproof* we've ever made to sell at this price **$39.75**

Crisp, modern and slim! This Sea King comes with padded leather strap. Also in white. $39.75

Now—for the man of action—a watch with a totally new design . . . lean, clean and uncluttered. A shadow-slim waterproof*. . . with that "ready for action" look, and all these "ready for action" features:

- Certified Waterproof* by the United States Testing Co., Inc.
- Shock-resistant
- Anti-magnetic
- 17-jewels
- Unbreakable mainspring
- Radium dial (7 models)
- Sweep second-hand

The Sea King looks and acts like a lot more than it costs: as little as $39.75. Other fine Bulova watches are priced from $29.75 to $2500. Visit your authorized Bulova jeweler soon.



Sea King with curved link expansion band. $45

All prices include Federal Tax.

Shown with charcoal dial, this Sea King comes with straight-linked expansion band. Also with white dial. $49.50

Sea King with gold-colored, non-luminous dial—basket-weave expansion band. Also with white radium dial. $59.50

LOOK FOR THAT BULOVA DIFFERENCE

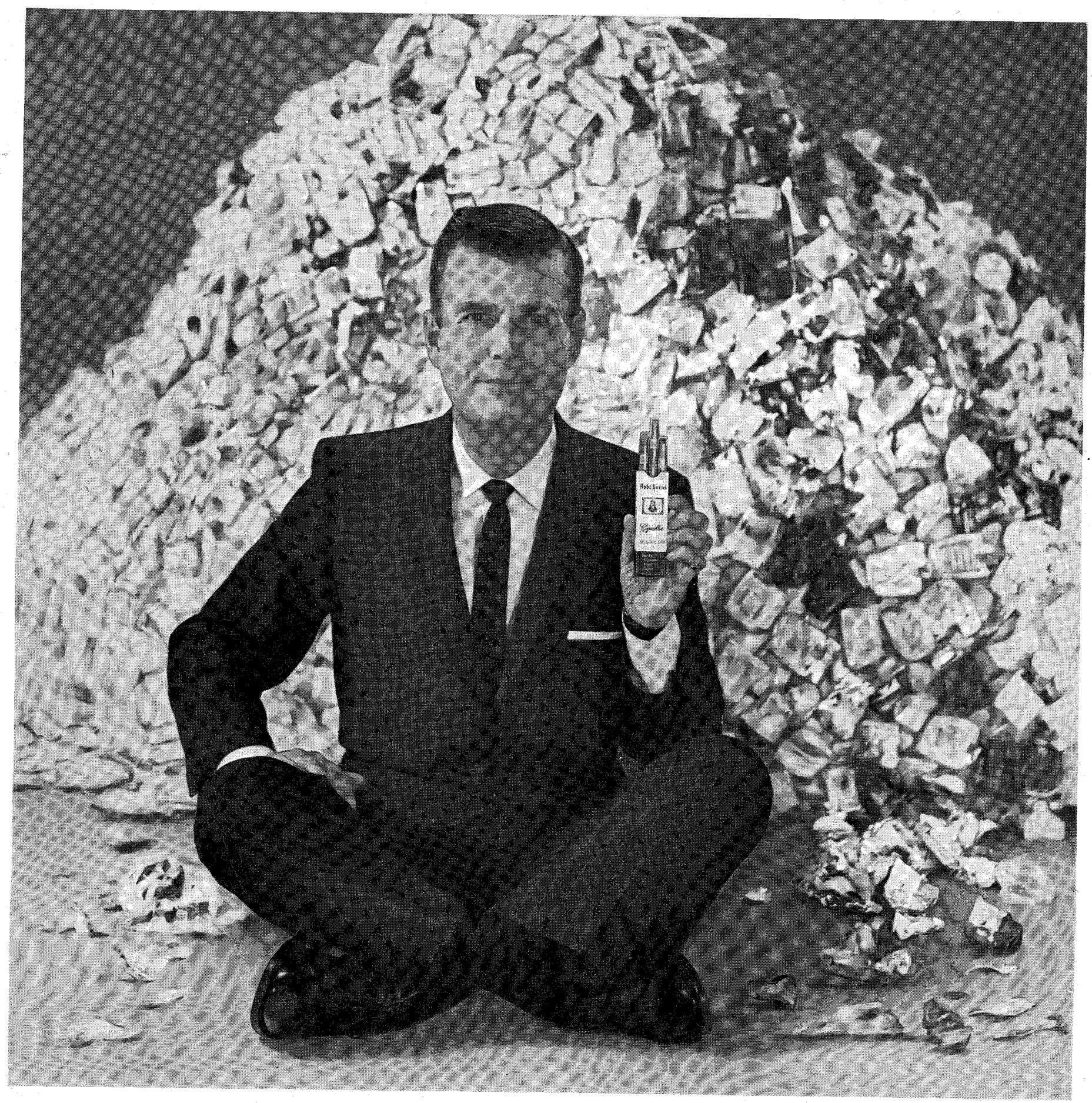
*When case, crystal and crown are intact.

© 1959, Bulova Watch Co., Inc., New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONFUSED ABOUT SMOKING?

Switching from cigarette brand to cigarette brand? Stop! **SWAP**...your empty cigarette pack for a sample pack of Robt. Burns Cigarillos —America's favorite Change-of-Pace smoke. Discover how a Robt. Burns Cigarillo combines the mildness of a cigarette with the mellowness of a cigar... for a refreshingly different smoke. So, today, send your empty cigarette pack—any brand —with your name and address to: Robt. Burns Cigarillos, P. O. Box 9, New York 46, N. Y.



Robt. Burns Cigarillos... light and mild as a cigarette . . . mellow and satisfying as a cigar. The best of both rolled into one. Remember, send your next empty cigarette pack—any brand—to Robt. Burns Cigarillos, P. O. Box 9, New York 46, N. Y. Do it now! (*Offer expires August 30, 1959 at midnight*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...and others pray for rain

Last summer they were asked to conserve water. Now they are fighting a flood. It's a destructive cycle that the nation cannot afford much longer. For our population is growing at its fastest rate in history... and so is the nation's thirst. In 16 years, we will be using 1½ times as much water as we do today.

We have plenty of water for our needs... present and future. But the job ahead is to store, regulate and distribute it where it is needed. Too little parches the land and reduces bustling agricultural communities to ghost towns. Too much creates an angry destructive force that flashes ruinously into our cities and carries away priceless topsoil from our farms.

By 1975, these farms must feed an additional 65 million people. They will need 29% more water for irrigation. And in cities, industry will need 66% more water to produce goods for this growing population. Domestic consumption will also increase more than 63%.

Fortunately there are ways for communities to collect and store their rainfall in times of plenty in order to fill their needs in times of drought. One is the Federal Watershed Program. It helps both the farmers and city folks living in watershed areas to carry out their joint plans for flood prevention and water storage.

Under this program, Caterpillar earthmoving machines now are building dams, clearing channels and carving out dikes and levees in many watersheds. But we will have to quicken our pace to catch up with our present water needs... and to provide for the demands of the future.

Caterpillar Tractor Co. has long been identified with... and is wholly dedicated to... the task of developing quality machines that work economically towards the goals of human betterment. But preparing for our nation's future needs is a job for all of us. After all, if *we* don't do it... who will?

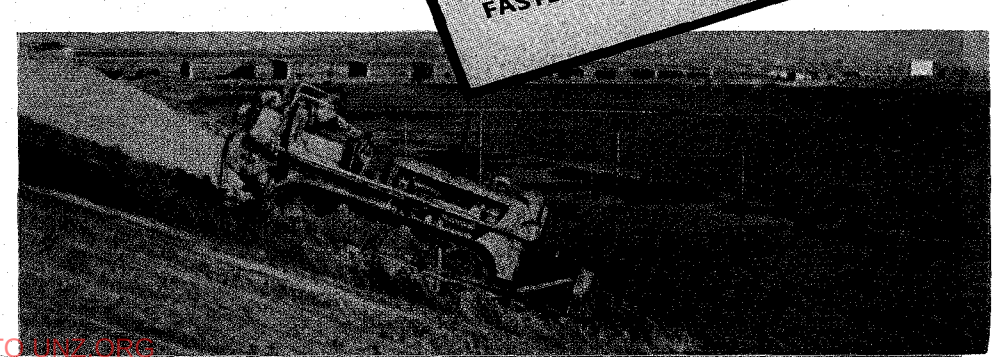
Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

CATERPILLAR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS • ENGINES
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

NEEDED NOW: 302 BILLION GALLONS OF WATER A DAY
NEEDED IN 1975: 453 BILLION GALLONS OF WATER A DAY



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

Before Abandoning Nuclear Tests—Check With Doctor Teller!

Experts representing the East and the West met in Geneva last summer and agreed on recommendations for a system of detecting underground nuclear explosions. But early this year the President's Science Advisory Committee, headed by Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., issued an extraordinary statement. It said new data had been obtained which indicated that our experts at Geneva had greatly underestimated how hard it is to tell the difference between a nuclear explosion underground and an earthquake.

This means that if we made an agreement with Khrushchev to stop all nuclear tests, he would be able to break the agreement and we would not know it. He could conduct sneak tests underground and thus improve his atomic weapons.

The announcement by the President's Science Advisory Committee is a vindication of Dr. Edward Teller, who warned the United States against rushing into an agreement for suspending all nuclear tests. At the time, Doctor Teller's warning was treated with contempt. An underground nuclear explosion by the United States in September, 1957, was detected by earthquake experts. Then came a loud cry from some senators and many "peace" advocates and scientists, "Aha, Teller is wrong! Underground tests can be detected. So let's go ahead right away and reach an agreement with Moscow to suspend all tests."

But Doctor Teller—who is known as the chief architect of America's hydrogen bomb, and insisted that it could be produced when many other leading scientists denied it—argued that ways could be found to conceal nuclear tests. "Halting the tests . . . is dangerous. . . . Stopping the tests is something that one cannot really check," he warned in a Meet the Press television interview last year. "If we agree with the Russians to stop testing, we, a democratic country, a free country, will actually stop testing. . . . I am virtually certain that they will find methods to cheat and to continue with their testing programs."

Not only was Teller's reasoning attacked but he was personally vilified. One leading scientist charged that "Doctor Teller is motivated by a deep-rooted hatred of the Soviet Union." Teller was born fifty-one years ago in Budapest, Hungary. When he was eighteen he went to Germany as a student. In 1933 Hitler became dictator. In 1934 Teller left Germany, a refugee, and soon he was in the United States. He hated the Hitler tyranny and he hates the Stalin-Khrushchev tyranny.

Despite his warnings last year, the Geneva conference of experts was held. Basing their conclusion almost wholly on the single United States underground test in 1957 which had been detected on seismographs, the experts agreed to recommend a control system. Doctor Teller objected that the Geneva inspection system could be evaded.

Suddenly, in January, the President's Science Advisory Committee issued its announcement. It said our earthquake specialists had studied new data obtained from four underground nuclear explosions in Nevada last October. They learned "that it is more difficult to identify underground explosions than had previously been believed. . . . There are . . . twice as many natural earthquakes equivalent to an underground nuclear explosion of a given yield as had been estimated by the Geneva conference of experts." . . .

In short, Doctor Teller was right, and the eager appeasers were wrong. But they remain active and unabashed. Only recently the Soviet news agency Tass reported that a number of prominent Americans had written to Khrushchev expressing the belief that "the new data on the detection of underground blasts will not make the governments depart from their expressed desire to reach agreement on the ending of all nuclear tests"!

Ride Home for a Noonday Nap and Help the Subway!

A transit expert, Henry K. Norton, gave himself a little fun recently by journeying 20,000 miles throughout Europe to look at transit facilities in twelve countries. It was purely a pleasure trip. Mr. Norton is a retired chairman of the board of the New York, Susquehanna and Western Railroad. He is also a former member of the New York City Transit Authority, which runs the subways there.

On his happy holiday Mr. Norton found a remarkable situation in Madrid. Nearly all transit systems in Europe are publicly owned, but the Madrid system is run by private enterprise. Not only that, but it makes money. If you were a stockholder in the Madrid subway, you would receive a dividend of 8 per cent. Naturally Mr. Norton's eyes opened wide at this news.

He sought the explanation, and he found it. "The real secret of Madrid's success," he says, "is the siesta. In New York we have two riding peaks—the morning and evening rush hours. In Madrid there are four peaks, with the highest at about one-thirty P.M., when everyone goes home to take a siesta. The Madrid subway gets four rides a day out of everyone instead of two."

It is disappointing to note that Mr. Norton, despite his acute intelligence, did not draw the logical conclusion from what he himself had observed. If the siesta is what makes the Madrid subway system prosper, why not introduce the siesta into the United States?

In every American city—from Bangor, Maine, to Honolulu and from Miami to Seattle—everyone who uses public transit to get to work would go home about midday to take a siesta. Instead of a hasty bite in a crowded eating place, there would be a leisurely lunch, followed by a refreshing nap. Then back to the bus, the streetcar, the subway, the commuter train or the ferry for another ride to the job.

All this would take only two hours for most people, three for those living in the farthest parts of large cities or in the suburbs and four for exurbanites. Isn't it pleasant to think that such a mild little reform, with such a slight loss of time, would bring back prosperity to the transit companies?

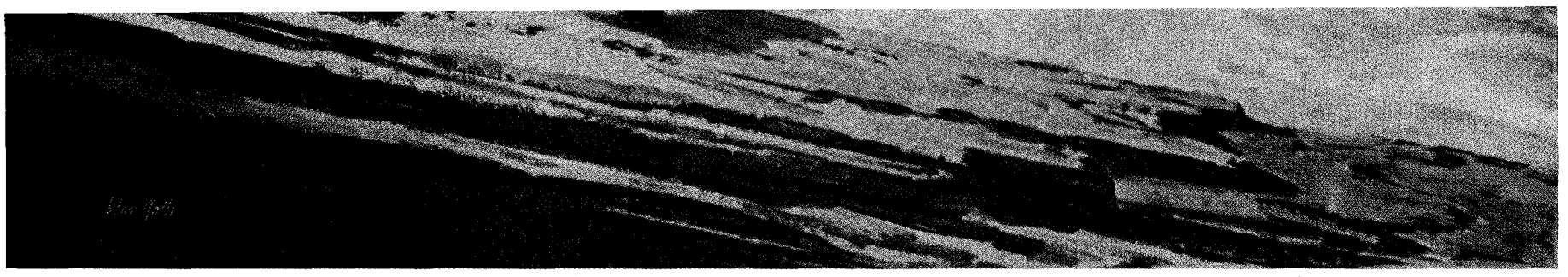
Industries Prefer to Aid Colleges Whose Graduates Give Most

One of the privileges of the college graduate is to be periodically tapped by the old alma mater for funds. The alumnus who hasn't griped about the persistence of these perennial appeals is pretty rare. Nevertheless, graduates of our colleges have become increasingly serious about their responsibilities. Contributions by individuals to alumni fund-raising campaigns have almost doubled in the last four years, increasing from $77,000,000 in 1955 to $143,000,000 in 1958.

Alumni willingness to help their "old schools" has a double-barreled effect. Not only do alumni fund drives provide colleges with much-needed funds; they also provide industry with a check on alumni loyalty, which has a bearing on a corporation's willingness to contribute. In awarding Texas A. and M. highest honors in the recent American Alumni Council's first Alumni Incentive Awards Program, Dr. William W. Whitehouse, president of Albion College and of the Association of American Colleges, said, "If our own graduates do not believe in their colleges and back up that belief with their gifts, why should business and industry be asked to contribute?"

Significantly, the United States Steel Foundation donated the funds that made the Alumni Incentive Awards possible this year. For some time corporation grants have been based to a considerable degree on alumni support, but this is the first instance in which national attention has been focused specifically on the importance to the future of American education of the alumni-industry relationship. As the vast private fortunes that used to endow our educational institutions have dwindled and the necessity for Government aid threatens the independence of many institutions, it is heartening that private industry and private citizens are taking positive steps to meet the challenge of the times.

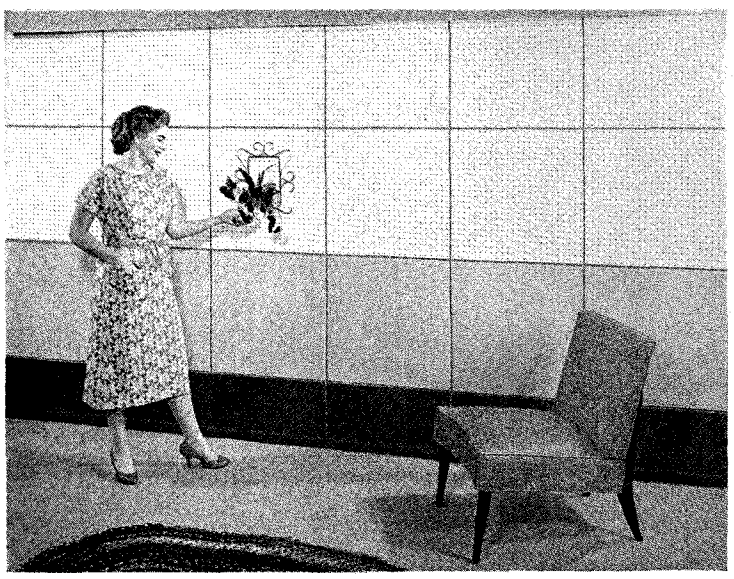
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MOTHER BEAR AND CUBS on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm. On this managed land, timber is grown, protected, harvested and replaced in repeated cycles. As a result, the area will continue to supply wood, water, wildlife and other forest benefits for both present and future generations.

benefits for everyone...from land that grows timber as a crop

A quality hardboard, Weyerhaeuser Weytex is popular for a broad range of building and industrial applications. Here, perforated and standard types are used as attractive, functional paneling.



On a western tree farm, a turbulent stream casts sun-flecked darts of spray into the air as it cascades over a time-worn ledge. Rushing headlong toward a distant lake, it flows on year after year...a part of the water supply provided by the vast timberlands of the Pacific Northwest.

The land on which the stream is born will always be kept productive by skilled Weyerhaeuser foresters. As trees are harvested to meet America's demand for wood, new trees will take their place. Under this planned program of reforestation, the tree farm will continue its primary function of producing timber for the nation. It will also maintain its value as a natural watershed and wildlife habitat, and as a hunting, fishing and recreational area.

In carrying out our business of growing trees and producing forest products, we work to perpetuate not only our forests, but their benefits as well. *Write us at Box A, Tacoma, Wash., for a free booklet,* ***Forest Products from Tree Farm to You.***

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

WEYERHAEUSER
4-SQUARE

MANUFACTURING AND SELLING THESE FOREST PRODUCTS: 4-SQUARE® LUMBER AND PLYWOOD
WOOD PULP AND PAPER BOARD • SHIPPING CONTAINERS • FOLDING BOXES • MILK CARTONS
SILVATEK PLY-VENEER®, HARDBOARD AND PARTICLE BOARD PANELS, BARK AND FIBER PRODUCTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What's Olds Got...

that makes it sell so well?

Here are the reasons why... and what they mean to you!

Olds Is Stunningly Styled To Stay In Style! Fresh, clean, crisp styling that will stand the test of time . . . look good in the years ahead!

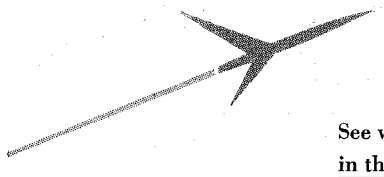
Olds Sales Leadership Is Based On Its Engineering Leadership! Oldsmobile is the car with balanced design . . . the car with a pleasing personality! And everyone acquainted with the facts knows that Olds is *first* with advanced comfort, safety and driving features—all to bring you the finest car for the money!

Olds Costs Much Less Than Many Guess! Surveys show that many people think an Olds costs much more than it actually does. Let your Olds dealer show you how easy it is to get out of the ordinary . . . into an Olds!

Olds Is A Quality Car Through And Through . . . that's why more Olds owners come back to buy again! Any Oldsmobile owner will tell you how Olds delivers lasting pleasure and performance—because Olds is built right . . . *right from the start!*

Only Olds Holds Its Value So Well! Official used car figures show that year after year, Oldsmobiles return a higher percentage on their original cost at trade-in time than any other car in their class!

Olds Delivers Excellent Fuel Economy, Low-Cost Maintenance! There's still nothing like Rocket Engine performance! Ask your local Olds dealer to demonstrate how the Rocket can give you fuel-saving economy when you want it . . . responsive, spirited power when you need it! And owners report their Oldsmobiles cost less to operate in the long run than other cars in the same price class!



See why Olds is first in sales in the Medium Price Class . . . At Your Local Authorized OLDSMOBILE Quality Dealer's

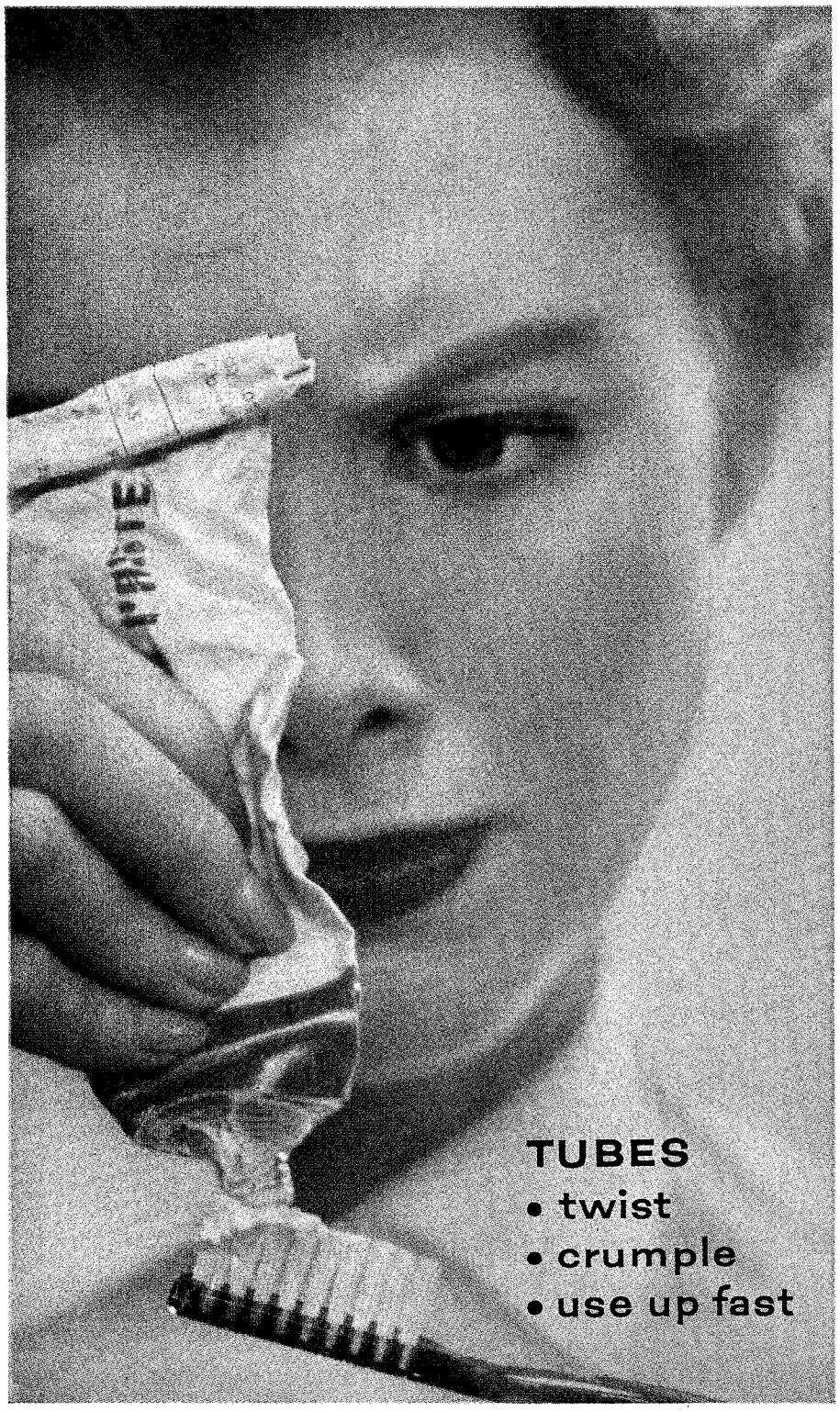
OLDSMOBILE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

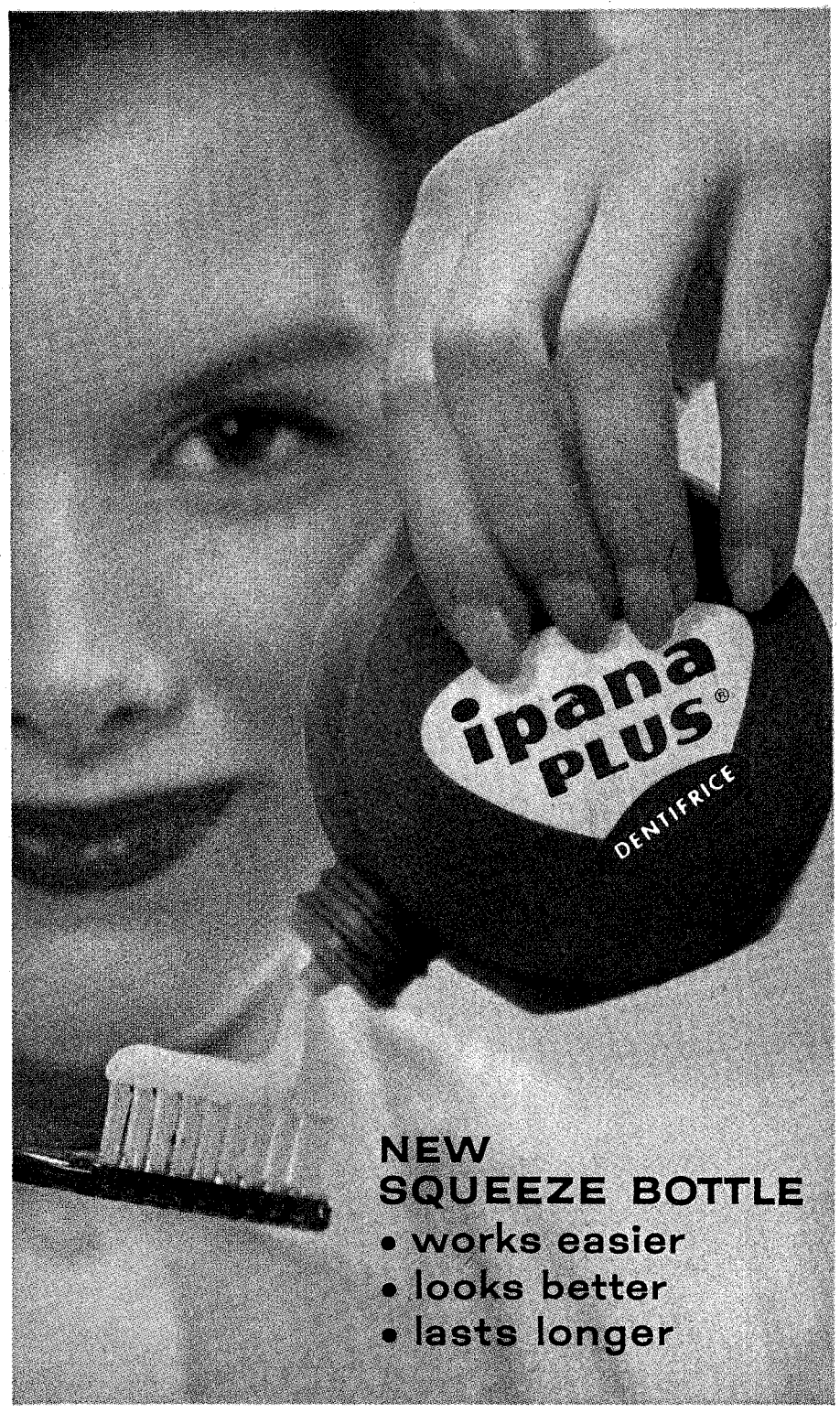
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

April 25, 1959

Why fuss with messy tubes?

COMPARE!





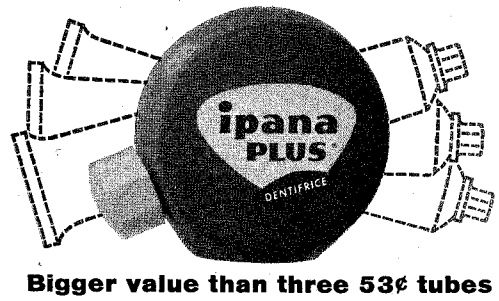
...and compare when you brush!

Here's the most convenient, attractive container ever...*plus* a wonderful new dentifrice! People say the special flowing formula of Ipana Plus® leaves teeth feeling cleaner and breath fresher than ordinary tooth paste. And they're right!

Because Ipana Plus is a free-flowing formula, it deep-penetrates tiny crevices where your tooth brush can't reach. Makes your teeth, your breath, your whole mouth not only clean, but *antiseptically clean!*

Laboratory tests prove it has twice the decay germ-killing power of any leading tooth paste.

Ipana Plus has a wonderful new minty flavor, too. Special sale...now only 99¢!



Bigger value than three 53¢ tubes

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Built-in shaving angle designed for tough beards.
24-carat gold-plated.
Horizontal grooves on lather bar set up tough whiskers for closer shaving.
Blade guards make sure you get the right blade exposure every time.
Longer handle, deep-grooved for firm grip.
PUSH it's ready for blade
PUSH you're ready to shave

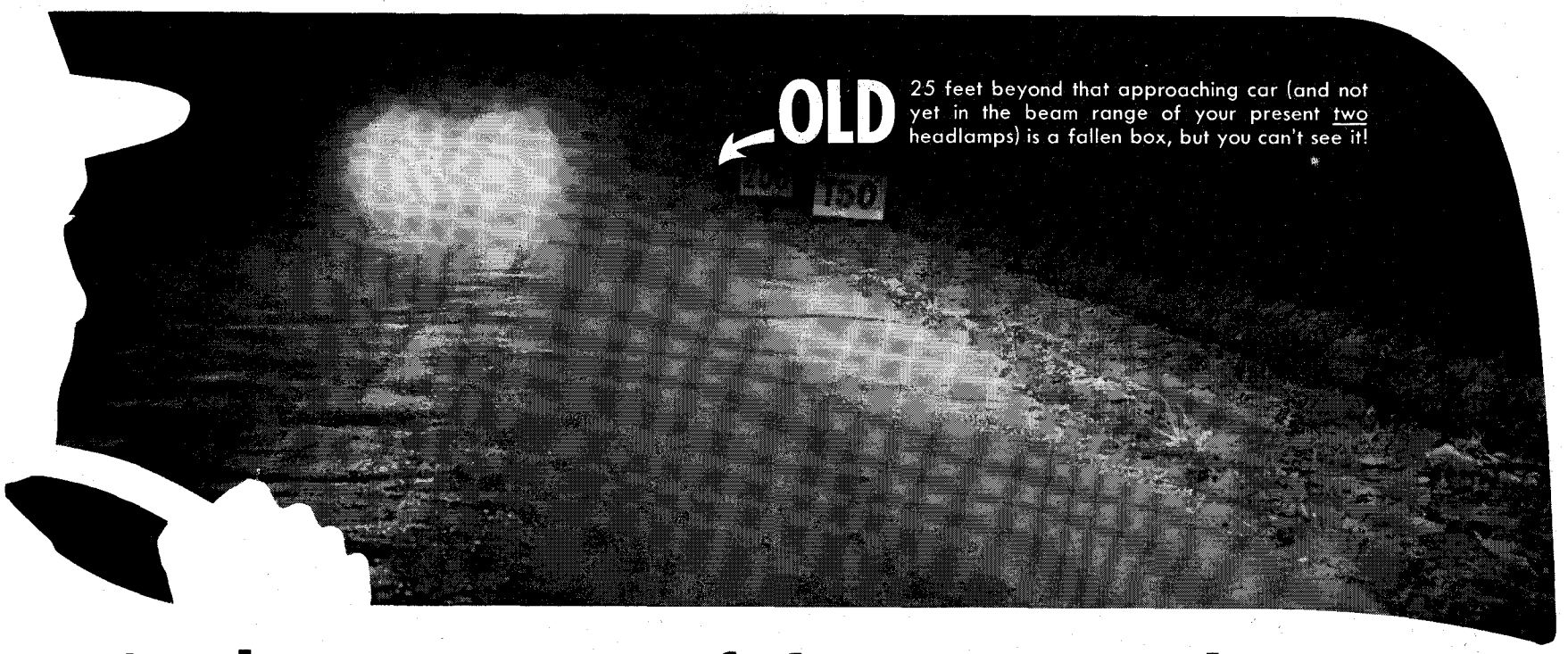
PUSH RIGHT HERE—AND THIS NEW GEM *PUSH-BUTTON* RAZOR IS READY FOR YOUR TOUGH BEARD

Handsome Presentation Case contains Gem Push-Button Razor and Blades in Dispenser. **$1.00**

Push the button! The Gem Blade is automatically positioned at the correct shaving angle with the precise blade exposure. This new Gem Push-Button Razor shaves tough beards with ease and authority—closer than any electric shaver, smoother than any paper-thin blade. Why? Because the New Gem Push-Button is the first razor made especially for tough beards . . . the first razor to give you the full benefit of extra-heavy, extra-sharp Gem blades. Stop hacking away at your tough beard. Start enjoying the new Gem Push-Button Razor with your next shave. Gem's guarantee: NO "5 o'clock shadow."

PRECISION A·S·R PRODUCTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


OLD
25 feet beyond that approaching car (and not yet in the beam range of your present two headlamps) is a fallen box, but you can't see it!
150

See better in spite of the other car's lights!

NEW
There's the box 225 ft. ahead! This is how a pair of new G-E SUBURBAN Headlamps helps you see better against oncoming cars' lights!
200
150

Get NEW G-E SUBURBAN Headlamps with the "built-in spotlight" effect in the low beam

. . . especially designed for all cars with two headlamps

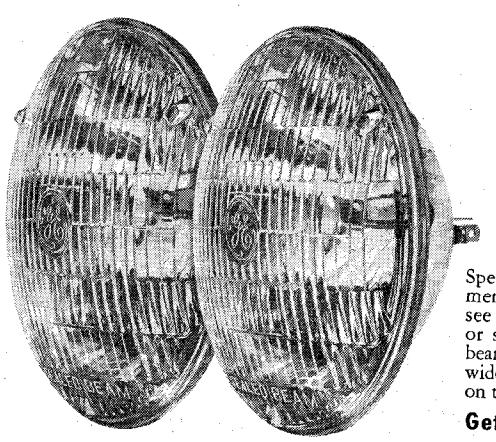
Only the new General Electric SUBURBAN Headlamps have the low beam filament *optically centered* in the reflector. Because this filament is on-focus, it provides *twice* as much light in the "spotlight" area as any previous headlamp. You get ample light to the sides of the road, with no added drain on the battery.

The additional light enables you to see better beyond the oncoming car in spite of *its* lights—when both cars are from 75 to 200 feet apart. And it helps you recover your vision more quickly after the other car goes by.

See the dramatic difference; get General Electric SUBURBAN Headlamps. Have a pair installed and aimed now. General Electric Co., Miniature Lamp Dept., Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Special low beam filament shield lets you see better in fog, rain or snow. The upper beam reaches far and wide for safer driving on the open road.

Get a pair today

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHEVROLET

More car than this is very hard to find at any price

(and, besides, what more car could you want?)

It's easy enough to find cars that cost more. But we don't know where you can hope to see a better looking car. Or a smoother riding car. Or a sweeter running car. That's the reason so many owners of other makes—high priced and low priced alike—are trading for new Chevrolets.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's a full line of new Chevrolet Impalas this year. This one is the Impala Sport Sedan.

Here's a sample of some of the things your Chevrolet dealer has in store for you. Why not drop in and let them do their own sweet talking?

Slimline design—fresh, fine and fashionable with a practical slant.

Roomier Body by Fisher—wider interior, more luggage space, plus that famous Fisher Body soundness.

Sweeping new overhead curved windshield—and bigger windows—all of Safety *Plate* Glass.

Hi-Thrift 6—up to 10% more miles per gallon, improved normal-speed performance.

Vim-packed V8's—eight silk-smooth versions to choose from, 185 to 335 h.p., up to 11.25 to 1 compression ratio.

Full Coil suspension—further refined for a smoother, steadier ride on any kind of road.

Easy-Ratio steering—brings you reduced wheel-turning effort, new ease of handling.

Magic-Mirror finish—a new type that keeps its shine without waxing or polishing for up to three years.

New, bigger brakes—deeper drums with better cooling for safer stopping and up to 66% longer life.

Triple-Turbine Turboglide, Powerglide and Level Air suspension head a full list of extra-cost options that make for happier driving.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan

CHEVROLET

The car that's wanted for all its worth!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Based on Company file 26A37685)

A weekly check is a welcome sight when you're flat on your back and can't earn a nickel!

Like most men, I guess, I often wondered how we'd get along if something happened and I couldn't work. I finally decided that "income protection insurance" would be a worthwhile investment.

It was! Less than three months after I had taken out my policy with the Hartford, I was in an auto accident. My injuries kept me in the hospital six weeks.

But that wasn't the worst of it. I had lost completely the use of my right arm, and suffered continuous pains in my shoulder. *I couldn't return to work.*

My disability lasted several years. We'd never have managed if it hadn't been for the insurance checks. The Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company paid me $50 a week the whole time. All told, their payments under my policy, including medical expense benefits, came to more than $26,000.

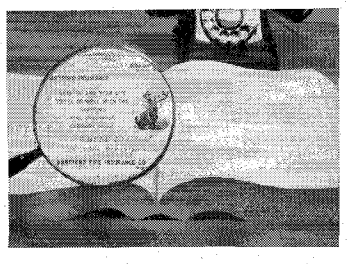
What's more, the Hartford people were really interested in my welfare. They even put me in touch with medical facilities and specialists I didn't know existed and that I *never* could have found myself!

* * *

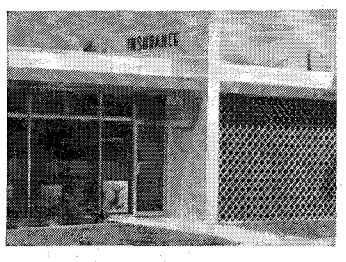
The most certain thing in life is the uncertainty of what tomorrow may bring. But you can remove some of that uncertainty – and safeguard yourself and your family—with a Hartford disability income plan.

With this protection, you need not fear financial disaster because of sickness or accident. You have 24-hour-a-day protection. You do not have to be confined to a hospital or even to your home to collect. And your benefits are paid directly to you.

Whatever your family responsibilities . . . whatever your budget . . . the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company and the Columbian National Life Insurance Company have income disability plans to fit your needs. Your local Hartford Group Agent or your own insurance broker will be glad to give you full details. Call him now. Remember—year in and year out you'll do well with the Hartford.

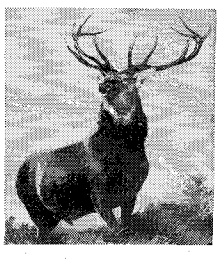


Save Time—Look in the Yellow Pages if you don't know your local Hartford Group Agent. In the larger communities you'll find him quickly under the "Hartford Insurance" heading of the "Insurance" listings.



3 Benefits for You. When you're insured with a Hartford Group Agent, you get capable insurance counsel, country-wide service, and the peace of mind that comes from dealing with a strong, sound company.

HARTFORD
Fire Insurance Company
GROUP
Protection for family • home • car • business



HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY • HARTFORD LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY • CITIZENS INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY, HARTFORD 15, CONN.
COLUMBIAN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, BOSTON 12, MASS. • NEW YORK UNDERWRITERS INSURANCE COMPANY, NEW YORK 38, N.Y. • TWIN CITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS 2, MINN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New appliance décor...and

NATIONAL STEEL

Fresh colors and textures, custom-tailored to fit any designer's imagination, are on tap at National Steel for the appliances in your future.

How so? Through our Enamelstrip Division's two lines of beautiful pre-coated steel in coils. One: steel with tight-bonded enamel coatings in almost every imaginable shade and hue. The other: steel with laminated vinyl coatings in an almost limitless variety of colors, patterns and textures from pebble grain to wood, from linen to leather—every last one of them highly resistant to abrasion, fire, scratching and staining.

Think of it—practical new beauty in hundreds of different ways through the freshness of new colors and the richness of new textures on refrigerators, TV sets, radios, washers and other home appliances. And on filing cabinets, metal desks, water coolers and other commercial appliances. All that plus many built-in manufacturing economies that can easily bring important cash savings to the appliance makers and to you.

Now enamel-coated and vinyl-laminated steels take their place alongside the fine cold rolled sheet steels and zinc-coated steels with which National has long served the appliance industry and others through its six major divisions: Great Lakes Steel Corporation, Weirton Steel Company, Stran-Steel Corporation, The Hanna Furnace Corporation, National Steel Products Company and, of course, Enamelstrip Corporation.

NATIONAL STEEL CORPORATION, GRANT BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

NATIONAL STEEL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

from here
to the
golden gate

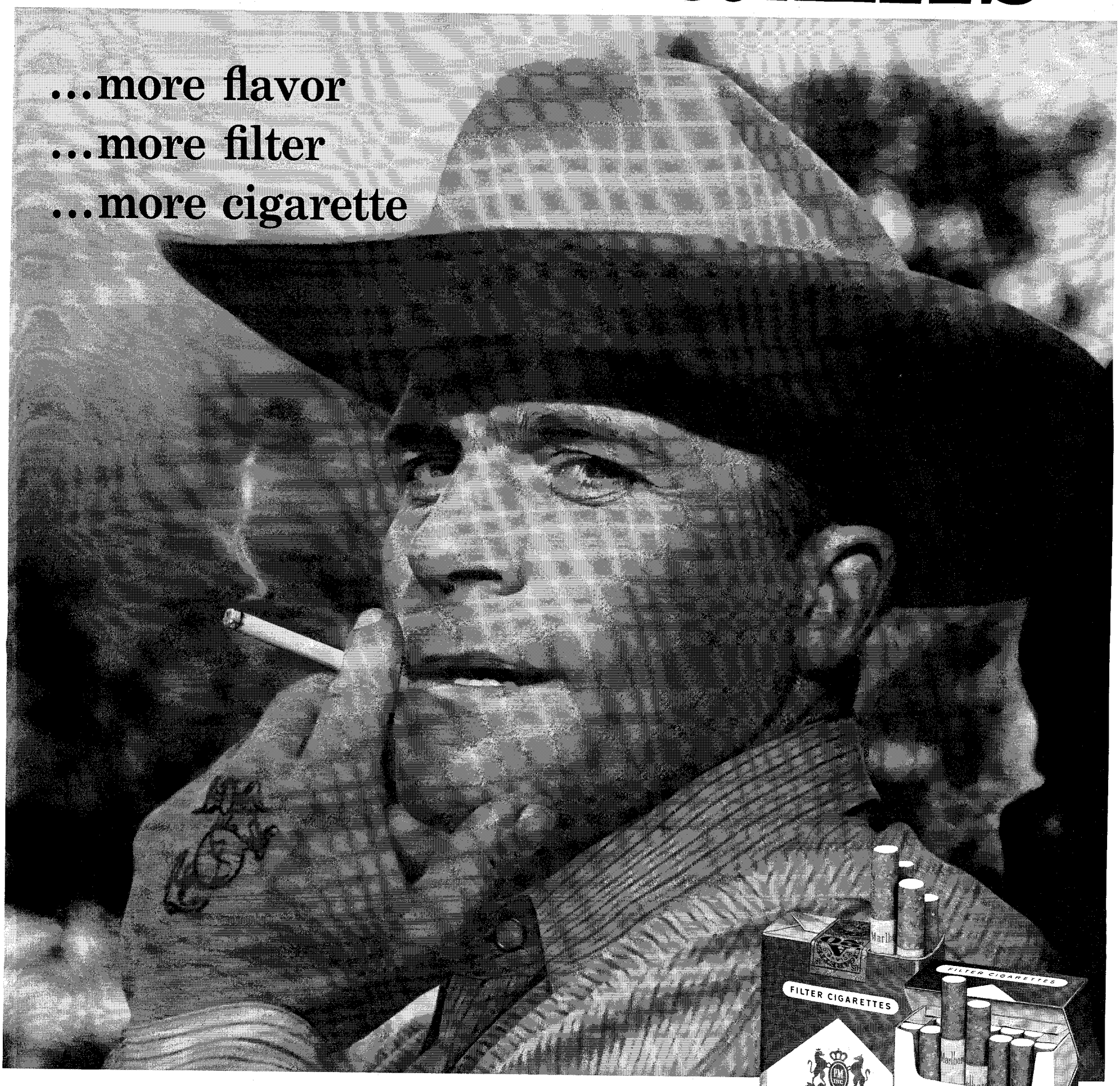
it is the first and foremost whiskey in the land

SAY Seagram's AND BE Sure

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Better "makin's"

...more flavor
...more filter
...more cigarette



The secret is in the Marlboro recipe

It was created in Richmond, Virginia, from better "makin's" ... choice, mild tobaccos made up our own special way to put more flavor through Marlboro's improved filter. You get a generous helping of flavor in a smoke of surprising mildness.

You can tell today's Marlboro by the new gold crest on the package.

A lot to like: filter, flavor, pack or box

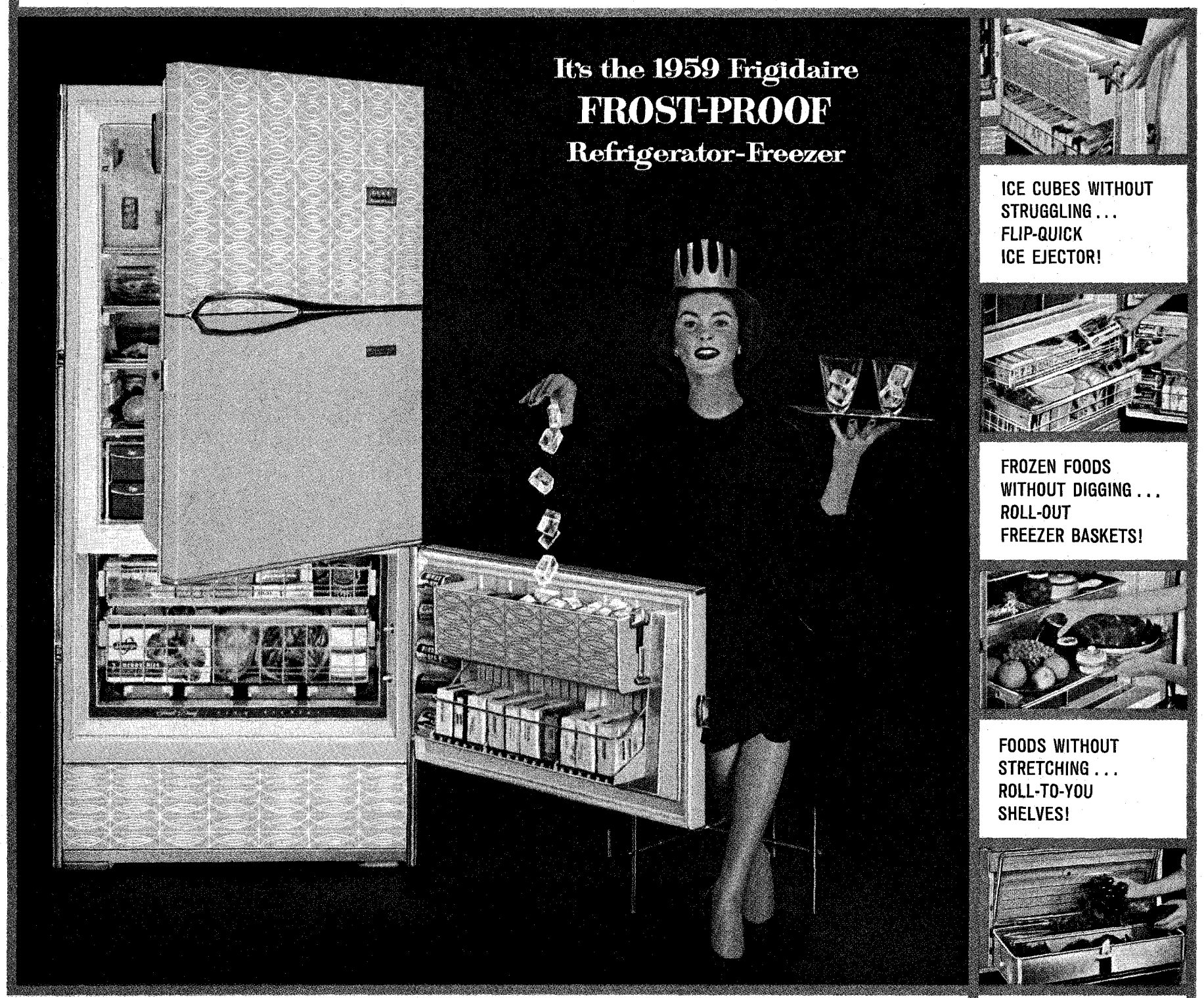
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No more ice jams when your guests are waiting! You'll never have to pry trays loose, chip at cubes, scrape off frost, break nails.

Now FRIGIDAIRE brings you FREEZING WITHOUT FROSTING!

You'll feel like a queen with no frost-fighting ever. For this is not just automatic defrosting, but something absolutely new and different! *No frost at all*—in either the freezer section or the refrigerator section! The secret? Heat and moisture are whisked away so no frost can ever form.

Ice trays slip out easily, quickly. Ice cubes store so dry and crisp they pour out loose and free. You'll never have to touch frosted-up food packages. And no defrosting *at all* means no flavor loss from thaw-outs. Frozen foods stay perfectly frozen month after month. Fresh foods stay marvelously fresh, too, in Frigidaire exclusive "Flowing Cold." Isn't it time to see your Frigidaire Dealer?



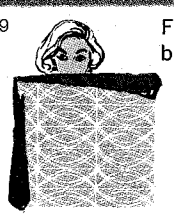
ICE CUBES WITHOUT STRUGGLING . . . FLIP-QUICK ICE EJECTOR!

FROZEN FOODS WITHOUT DIGGING . . . ROLL-OUT FREEZER BASKETS!

FOODS WITHOUT STRETCHING . . . ROLL-TO-YOU SHELVES!

VEGETABLES WITHOUT WILTING . . . GIANT PICTURE WINDOW HYDRATOR!

Model FP-142-59



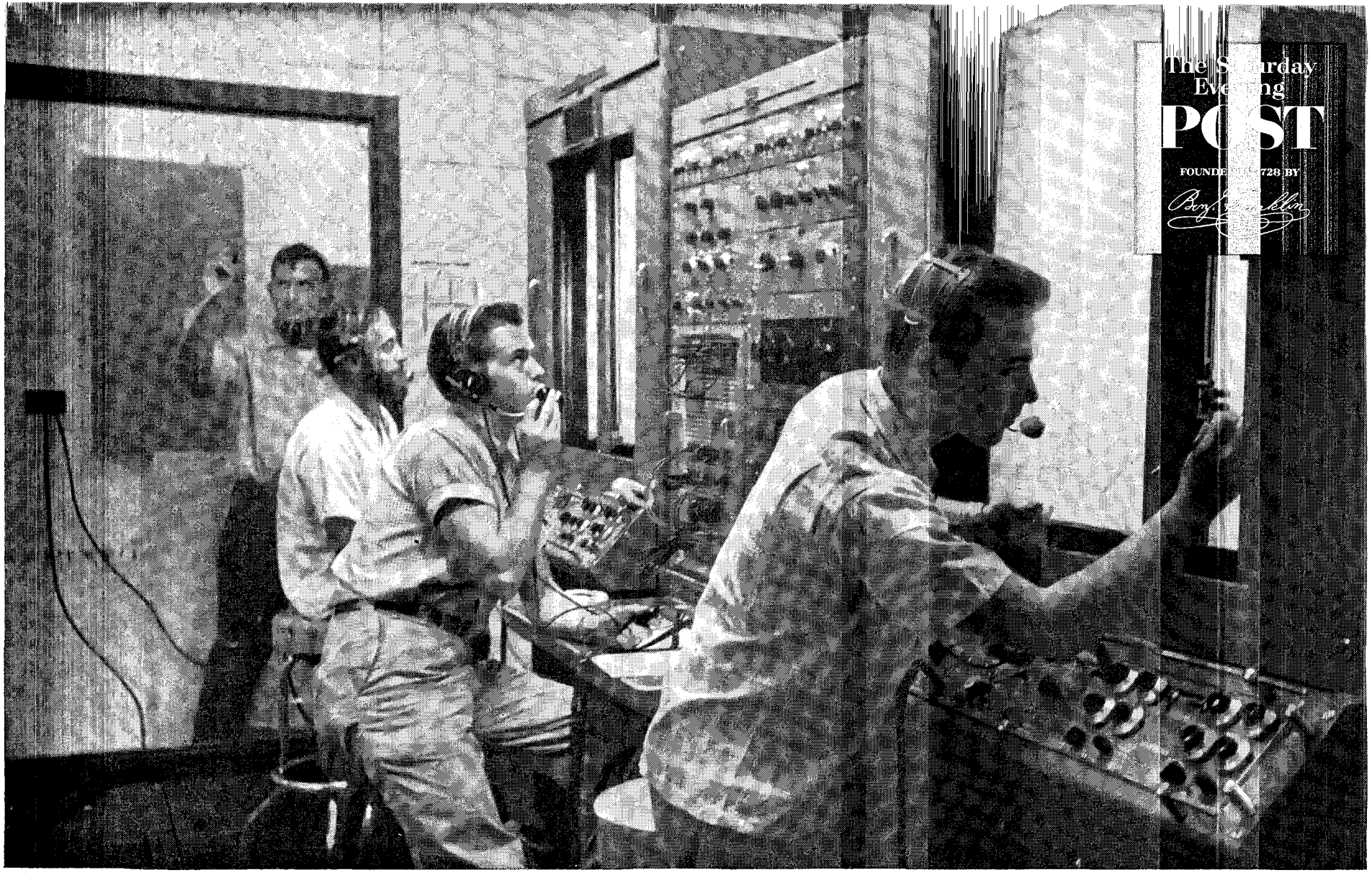
For a feminine kitchen—new Lacework Styling on the outside makes the Frigidaire Sheer Look more beautiful than ever. Choose from 5 colors including new Aztec Copper, and Snowcrest White.

FRIGIDAIRE

GM GENERAL MOTORS Built and Backed by General Motors

ADVANCED APPLIANCES DESIGNED WITH YOU IN MIND

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The operations room at Grand Bahama Island, the first station to pick up a missile's signals after it rises from its Cape Canaveral launching pad.

THE MEN WHO CHASE MISSILES

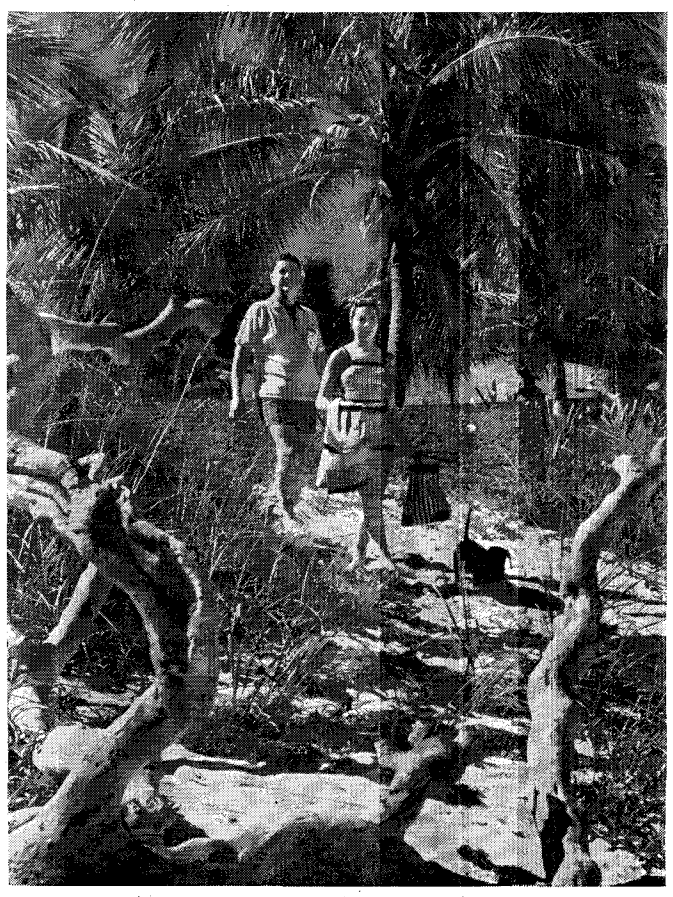
By HAROLD H. MARTIN

A Post editor reports from our "down-range" island outposts where life is a mixture of fun and boredom, with occasional spectacular interruptions: missiles in flight.

The most dramatic spectacle of our time, with the possible exception of the explosion of a hydrogen bomb, is the sight of a long-range missile blasting off its launching pad at Cape Canaveral. Thousands of Americans, watching from Florida beaches, have witnessed this stupendous show and, on television and newsreel screens, millions more have seen the smoke and flame and heard the unearthly roaring as a giant rocket took off on its long journey.

Relatively few men, though, have seen a sight that is almost as spectacular—the flight of a missile in mid-course, arching across the night sky from horizon to horizon, setting the upper atmosphere aglow with a shimmering light. And fewer still have seen, and heard, the end of one of these long flights, when the missile's nose cone, white-hot and trailing sparks, drops like a falling star into the sea, to float there, flashing lights and beeping plaintively like a struggling swimmer crying for help.

Those who do witness these scalp-tingling displays are a few Air Force officers and men, and the 1500 employees of Pan American World Airways and the Radio Corporation of Amer-



Between missiles, Pan-Am range-station manager Harry B. Girdler and his wife can make like beachcombers on lush Eleuthera Island, which is 127 miles southeast of Grand Bahama.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ica, who work "down range," manning the tracking stations and picket ships that stretch southeastward for 5000 miles, from the Air Force Missile Test Center at Canaveral, to Ascension Island, a lonely pile of black volcanic cinders off the coast of Africa. Operators of what Maj. Gen. D. N. Yates, commander of the test center, has called "a four-hundred-million-dollar shooting gallery," they watch the missile with electronic eyes from the moment it lifts above the horizon, record its speed, altitude and attitude, and blow it up if it shows signs of straying from its path. They ask it questions as it streaks past and listen to its answers with electronic ears, transmitting this information instantaneously back to Canaveral. Later, the raw data, recorded on tape, film and graph paper, is flown back to Patrick Air Force Base, where—in a large building crammed with electronic brains— huge computers grind out a thick report, intelligible only to the scientist, which tells how the bird behaved during each split second of its flight from lift-off to final impact.

The instruments which collect this information are miracles of precision. Cameras capable of taking 6400 pictures a second watch the lift-off. Others that can photograph a baseball at a distance of eight miles watch its fall. Radars so precise they could, at a distance of eighty-eight miles, tell whether a ball hit out of Yankee Stadium was fair—or foul—watch it in mid-flight. Telemetry receivers so powerful that three of them can cover the whole range record the radio signals the missile itself is sending.

The R.C.A. technicians who operate these ponderous but delicate devices may not know whether the beeps they record on magnetic tape or the squiggles traced on a piece of paper as the missile passes represent the heartbeat of a mouse or the impact of micrometeorites on the nose cone. Their job merely is to make sure that their black boxes are tuned to receive and record a strong, clear signal, whatever that signal may represent. They are proud of the fact that rarely is there a hold on the countdown at Canaveral because some down-range instrument is out of kilter and that on nearly every shoot they get close to 100 per cent of the data needed.

Most of them are young high-school graduates who learned their basic electronics while in the military. Once out of uniform, they went back to school under the G.I. Bill, at one of the many two-year technical schools which have sprung up since the war to train men in a new and complicated technology. They know little of literature, history, art, philosophy or language, and they have no profound interest in such things, for it requires all their intellectual effort to keep abreast of their own constantly expanding field. As their knowledge grows, they begin to specialize, like doctors, becoming experts in radar, telemetry, communications and the techniques of measuring time in microseconds.

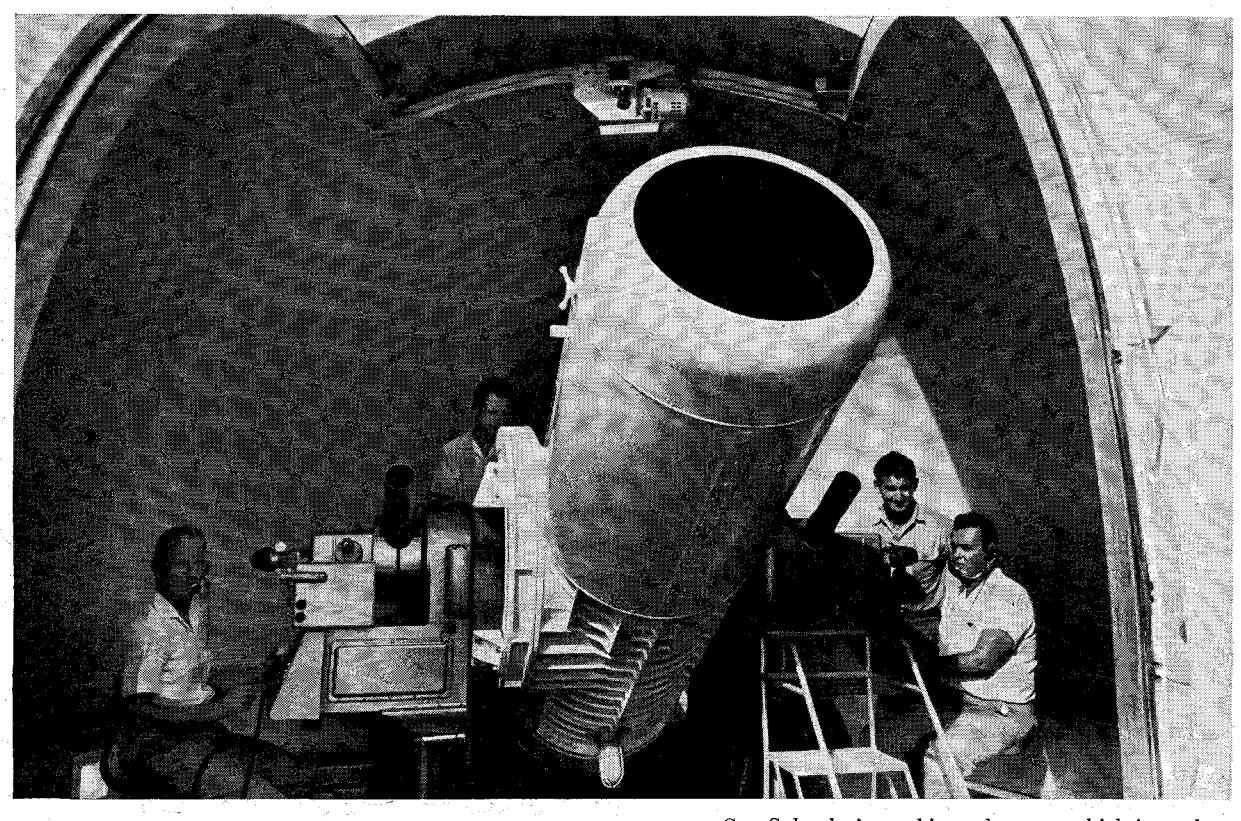
The employees of P.A.A., which under contract with the Air Force is responsible for overall operation of the missile range and its activities, are men of more varied skills. The base managers are trained administrators. The others are cooks and carpenters, painters and plumbers, cops and firemen, bulldozer drivers, mechanics and operators of power plants, and they differ but little from their counterparts in the States.

They share with the R.C.A. technicians, however, the same mixed motives for choosing the lonely, sometimes boring, life down range, where, on isolated islands, most of them bleak and barren, a few of them beautiful with palms and flowers, only the flight of a missile comes to break the routine of calm, clear, tranquil, tropic days.

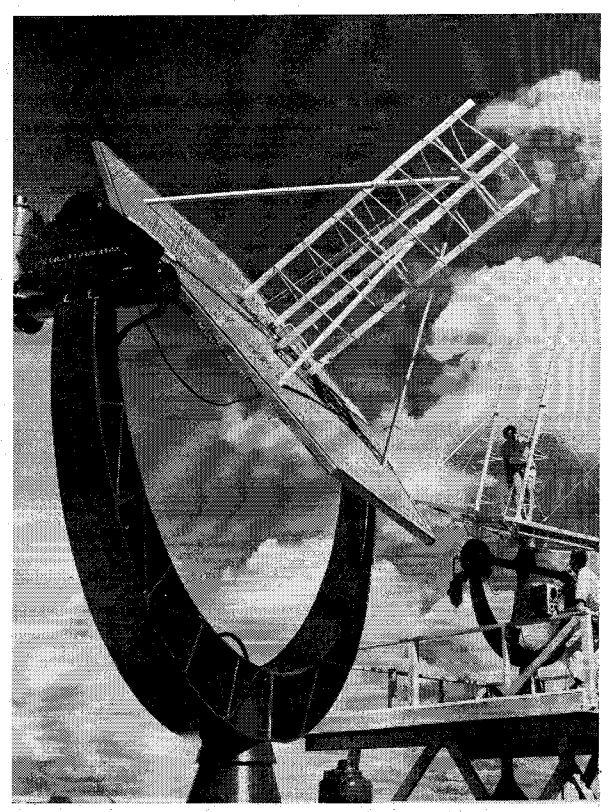
It is this isolation—and this peace—that many of them came to find. Weary of what they describe profanely as that "damned rat race back home," they came seeking a place where a man, without neglecting his job, can still find time to fish and swim and putter with his hobbies and lie on a sandy beach, watching the clouds drift by. They are tired of commuting, fed up with the routine of a desk job, tired of the tensions that build up in a man tangled in the fierce competitive web of an industrial society. Some of them admittedly are running away from some tangible unhappiness—from a querulous and nagging wife or family responsibilities heavier than they can face or some old failure they are trying to forget.

Antigua: A party of range people and tourists perform a dance called the Limbo to the rhythms of a steel band.

Many, on the other hand, are spurred by ambition, pursuing some secret dream of their own. They come for the money, for the pay is good. With his bonus for service out of the country, a man can make 30 to 40 per cent more down range than he would be paid for the same skills back home, and salaries run from $95 to $210 a week. Bed and board are free, there are no take-outs for union dues, and the man who spends eighteen months out of the country can get a refund on his income tax—a largess which, of course, the Air Force officers do not share. Except for those who spend too much during "happy hour" at the bar—and



San Salvador's tracking telescope, which is used to photograph missiles, can reproduce an image of a baseball at a distance of eight miles.



Telemetry antennas on San Salvador in position to lock on and track a missile.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grand Turk Island: Local color and a gay British social life help make up for the barrenness of this Bahama outpost.

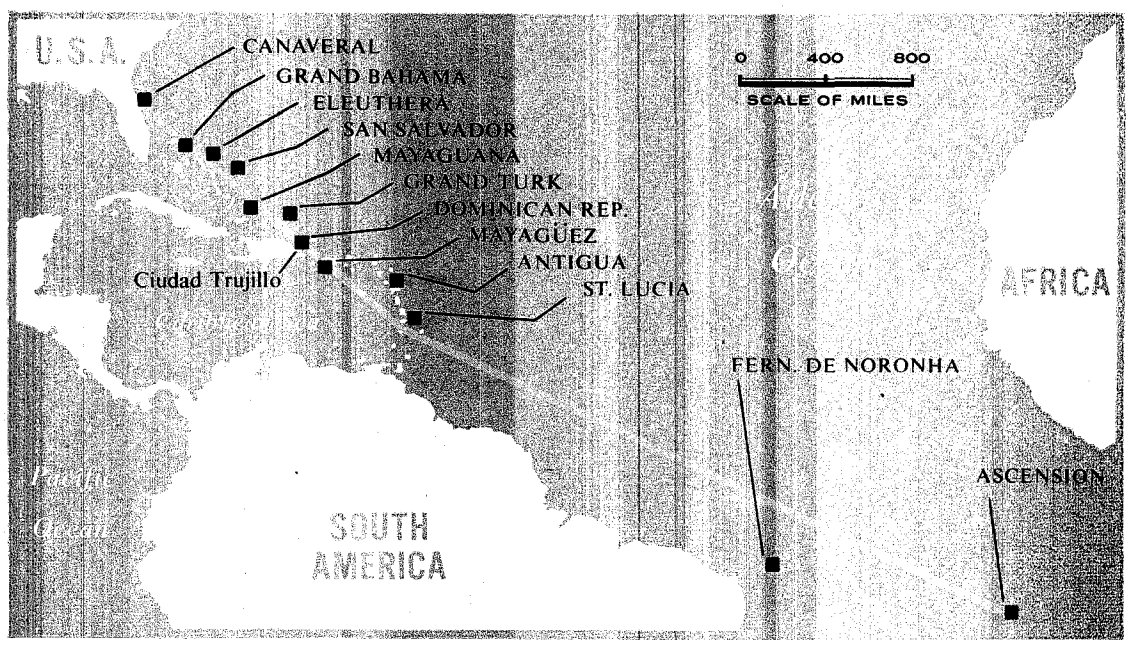
Eleuthera: Range-station supply officer Robert Husby and his family on the main street of Governor's Harbour, the island's largest town.

there are few of these—the money mounts up fast. The younger and more ambitious men lay it away against the time when they will take leave of absence from R.C.A. and go on to college. Family men use it to send kids to school, to buy a house for their wives back home, to build up a chunk of capital with which they hope someday to start a little business of their own.

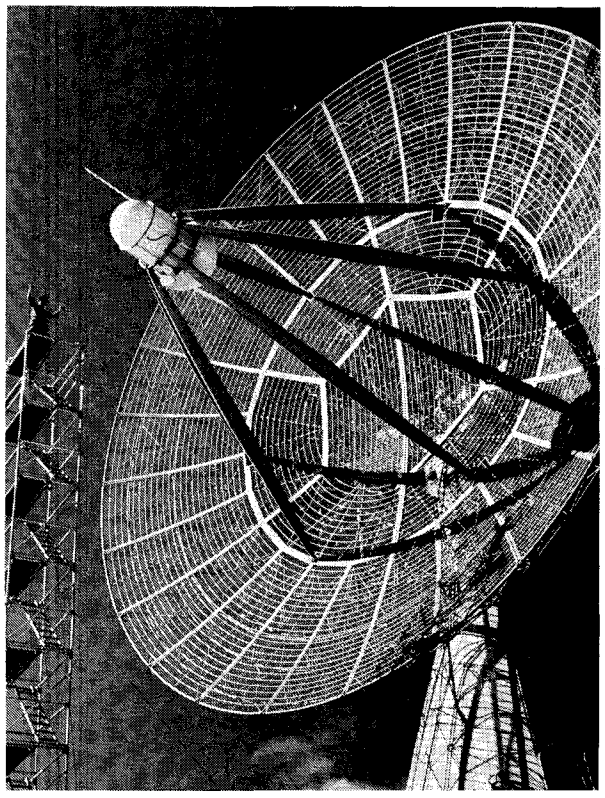
"We are all a little offbeat down here," one philosophical observer said. "Something's gnawing at every one of us, some fear or some ambition."

Whatever inner fears and longings may harass them, no sign of it is reflected in their work. Tracking missiles is a demanding business, requiring a high degree of technical skill and a capacity for utmost concentration over a long period of time, and the man who goofs soon find himself on a plane headed for the States.

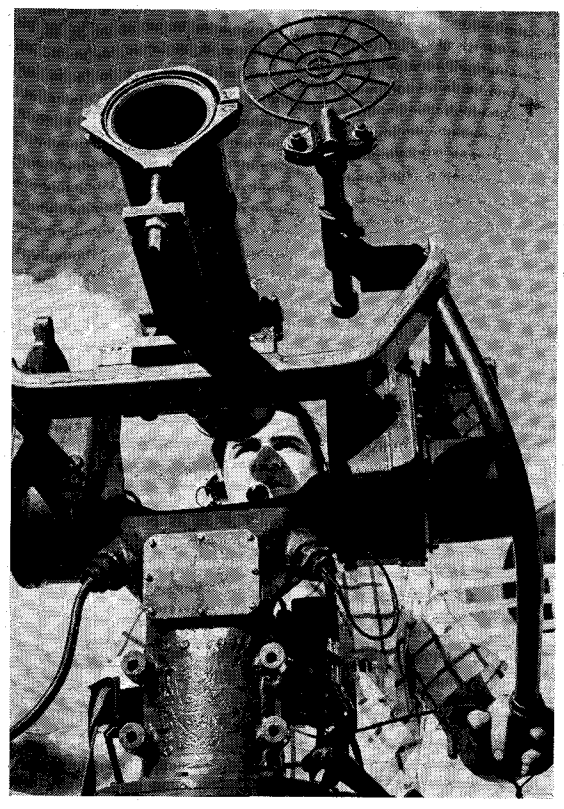
"We screened seventy-three thousand applicants to find the three thousand people we wanted for (Continued on Page 82)



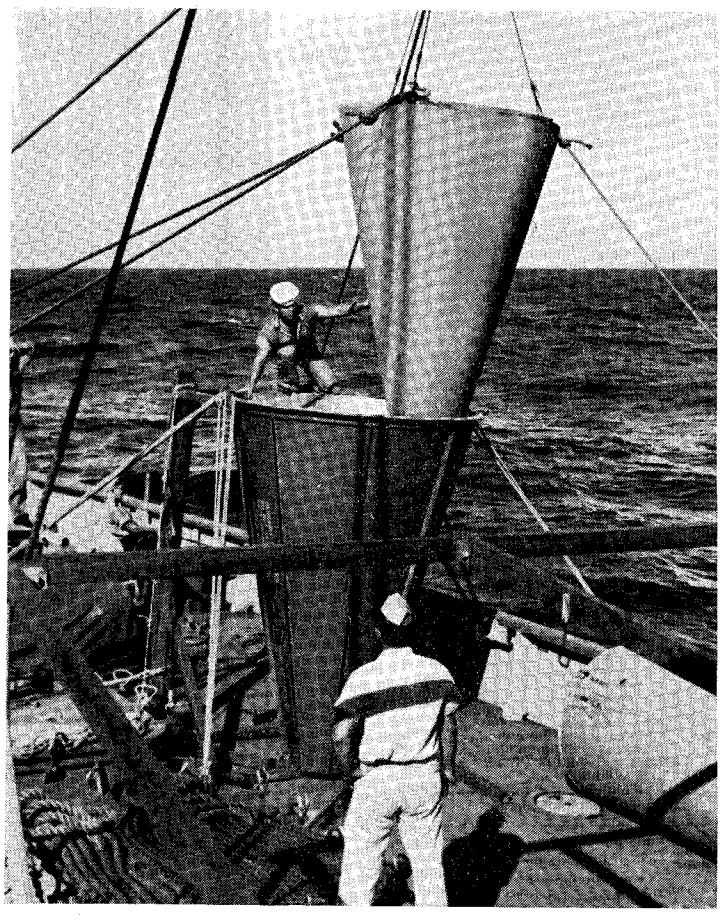
The Atlantic missile-testing range extends 5000 miles southeast from Cape Canaveral to bleak Ascension Island.



Huge antennas, such as this one on Antigua, pick up radio signals from missiles in flight.



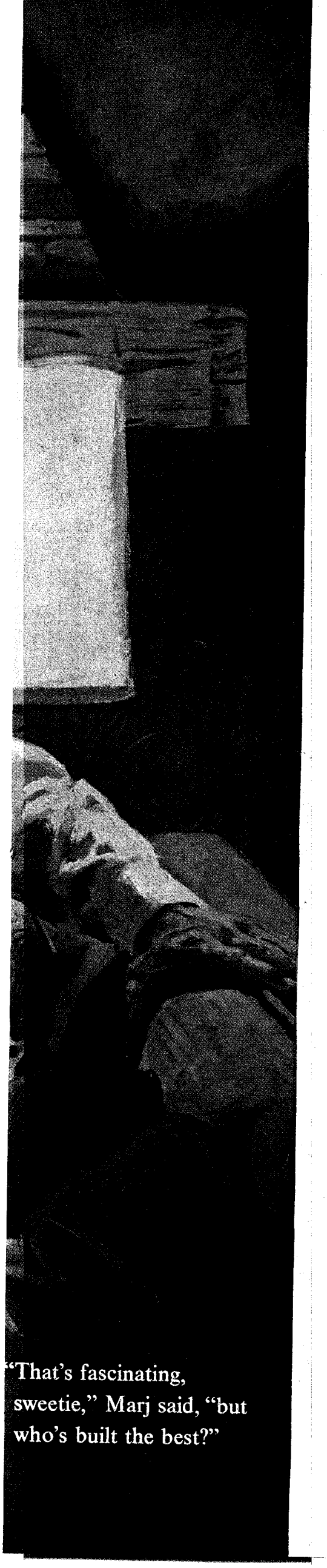
This optical tracker on San Salvador feeds position information on flying objects to the station's radar sets.



An hour and a half after its launching from Cape Canaveral, a recovered Jupiter nose cone is lowered into a special container aboard the Navy salvage vessel Escape.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"That's fascinating, sweetie," Marj said, "but who's built the best?"

What Husbands Don't Know

What should a woman do when a man overlooks her most obvious assets?

By PEG BRACKEN

Sometimes you have to lose your figure to find your husband. Anyway, I did. I started to lose it on a black wet morning in early March. I'd bundled Patty and Peter off to school (they are my seven-year-old twins), and I had bundled Andy (that's my husband) off to Nelson-Chaney Advertising Associates, where he would doubtless put in a hard day Associating. With all the Nelson-Chaney crew, of course. And also with all the ladies at the Venus Triumphant Figure and Charm Salon, which was Andy's newest account.

Well, then I put on my blue jeans—not everybody can wear blue jeans the way they ought to be worn, but I can—and then I did an enormous wash. Which is when the drier conked out.

So I called Mr. Ditlow at Ace Electric, and then I hung the wash on the basement lines, enjoying the slap of the wet sheets and the way my hands stung from the soap—they always do in raw weather—and wondering what was going on down at Venus Triumphant, and whether Andy was there.

But of course Mavis O'Toole was. Yes indeedy.

Mr. Ditlow finally arrived. He is a handy man with a drier, and it didn't take him long to figure out that all she needed was a shot of oil in the glammis where the freem plates hit the hose trapple. Then he wrote out a bill for $10.50 and grinned.

"You know, Miz Bidwell," he said, "it's like the family car. You don't pay 'er no mind till she starts to knock."

"That's right, Mr. Ditlow," I said. "The wheel that squeaks gets the grease."

"That's right, Miz Bidwell," he said. "The cow that bellers gits the hay." I'll bet he knew more good ones, too, but I eased him out the basement door. Mr. Ditlow had galvanized me.

All right for you, Andy Bidwell, I said, moving into the kitchen. I made up a double waffle recipe, fried six pieces of country-sliced bacon, heated the maple syrup and poached me an egg. Then I sat down in the breakfast nook and started eating my way through more groceries than I'd ordinarily take aboard in a week. I was going to lose my figure. And it couldn't happen to a more deserving husband.

I say that's when I started to lose my figure. But, of course, beginnings are never that simple. They go way back. Trace the cause of anything and presently you're face to face with Eve.

Still, you have to start somewhere. Maybe as good a time as any would be the first time I saw Mavis O'Toole. That was the evening of the big Venus Triumphant cocktail party when Andy introduced Mavis as the winner of the Why-I-Want-to-be-Beautiful contest who would ride the Venus Triumphant float in Garden City's annual Rose Festival Parade.

Perhaps I had better explain about Venus Triumphant. It is part of this national chain which does a marvelous job of redoing girls from stem to stern, with particular emphasis on the stern. They opened in Garden City a year ago.

But their first advertising agency was a no-talent outfit which ran ads full of Greek statues which, as Andy said, would be fine if you were selling Greek statues. So the manager, Evelyn King, was getting restless; and when Andy walked in one day with this jet-powered promotion plot, she was a trout in a barrel.

Why not, Andy said to Evelyn—why not run a Why-I-Want-to-be-Beautiful contest and award the winner a free

(Continued on Page 51)

Illustrated by Robert Meyers

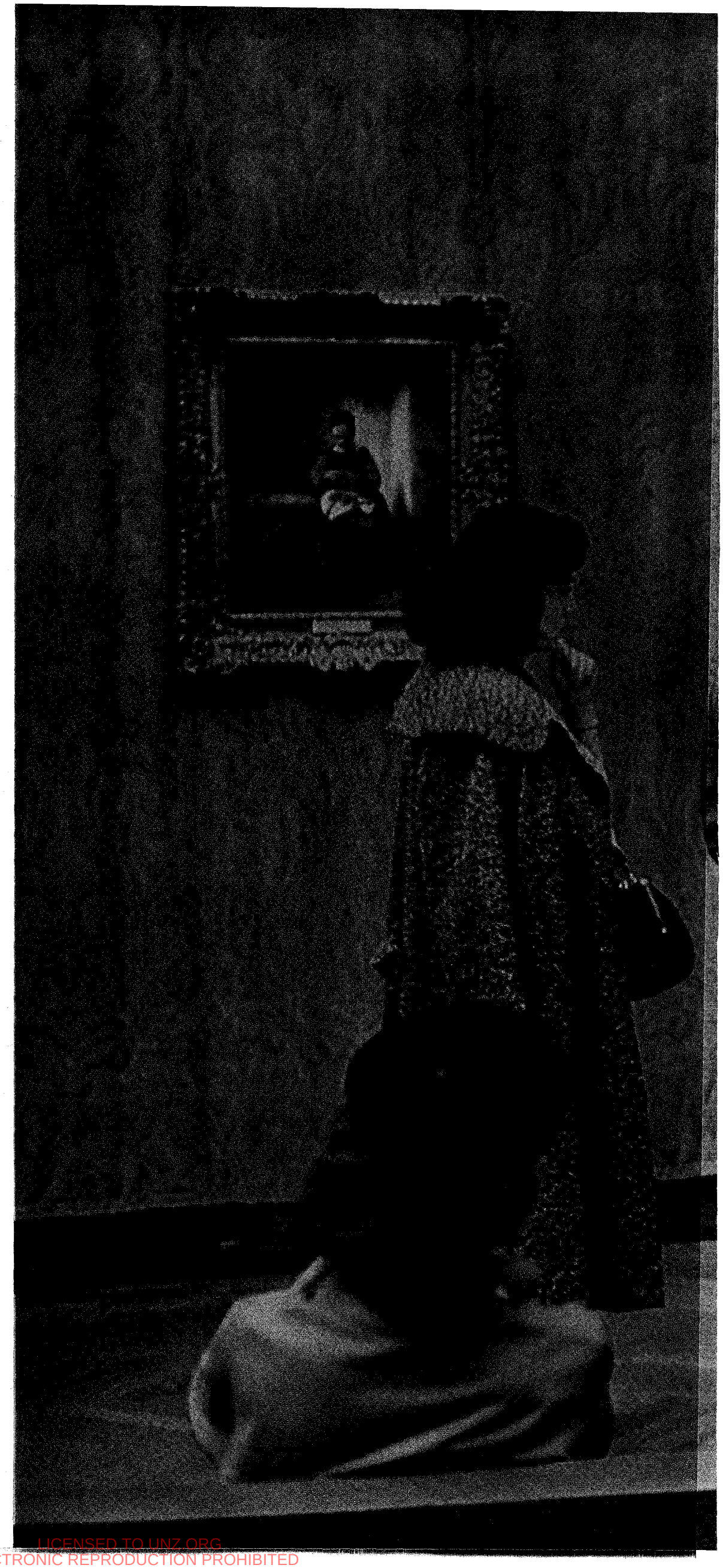
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Face of AMERICA

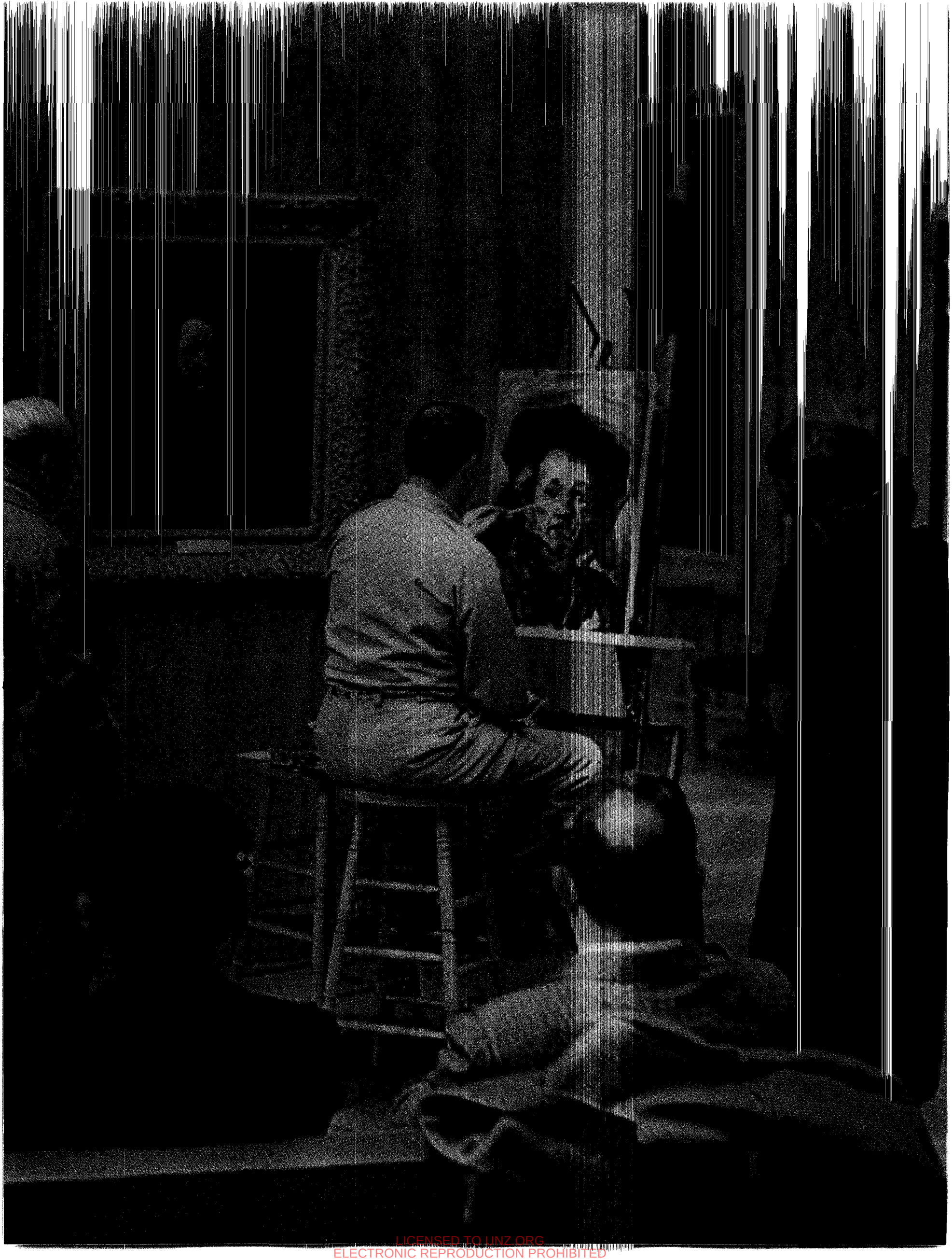
Imitation of Greatness

Anyone can make like an old master at New York City's treasure-laden Metropolitan Museum of Art. Here, in gallery upon gallery, the art of 5000 years is available for students and amateurs alike to reproduce, each according to the dictates of his own inner fire. Bernard Safran, the left-handed painter perched on the stool at right, is a successful commercial artist—portraits, illustrations, book jackets and magazine covers. He still resorts to the museum regularly to refresh his technique by imitating the works of genius—in this case, Rembrandt's Portrait of the Artist, which will reach the age of 300 next year. Rules for copying specify time, location and duration of the labor, and require that the copy differ in dimension from the original by at least 10 per cent. This is to prevent a skilled but crooked copyist from palming off a fake as an original, or from substituting his own painting for, say, Rembrandt's and escaping detection long enough to make off with the masterwork. Once there was a thriving market for legitimate, handmade copies. Today, inexpensive, mechanical—but faithful—reproductions have made the hand copyist a laborer for love.

• Photograph by Farrell Grehan



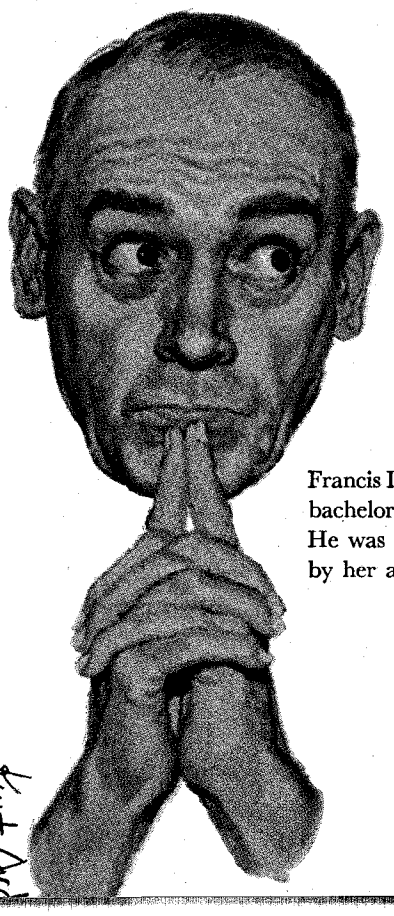
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beau Brangle, showman. He asked her the big question.

Margaret Ardry. Was she really the famous Meg Burke?



Francis De Courcy, bachelor. He was baffled by her answer.

Was she hiding her true identity? Or was she just going along with the fun?

SECRET IN HER PAST

By JOSEPH CARROLL

The hotel was called the Breakers because it was near the ocean and the waves broke all day long, in whispers or shouts according to wind and weather, on the grainy, pebbly, yellow beach below it. They were breaking now in noble murmurs, the autumn afternoon being a golden mildness in that hour when sunset is close; but it was doubtful whether any of the several people on the sun porch heard them except Mr. De Courcy and, possibly, one lady (she looked very much a lady) who sat well outside the circle of the others and was silent.

The silence was a point in her favor with Mr. De Courcy and he was keeping an open mind about her. The rest of them he was inclined to detest, and the inclination alarmed him; he was not used to ill-humor in himself. It was the aftermath of the long illness, he supposed, and the sense that the years had caught up with him at last and were baying like hungry dogs. The doctor at the hospital, smugly young, had rather rubbed it in when he recommended the Breakers. "It's really a hotel and not a rest home, but it's for people who are not getting any younger and need to feel that they're vacationing in a safe sort of way."

Whatever they needed to feel, it was all too evident how they felt: they felt terrible, and said so often. The women had pinched, querulous faces—all but the silent lady, whose face was sad but without self-pity—and the men looked as though they were waiting for dreadful news from home. The day was freakishly warm, but the women wore furs and the men were bundled in lap robes.

"I must remember to send for my parka," Mr. De Courcy said.

"I beg your pardon?" the man in the next reclining chair said.

Mr. De Courcy had not meant to speak out loud. "Nothing. I was thinking of something." He felt like someone who had laughed in church. He had a notion that the silent lady smiled briefly, but it was probably only gas, as kill-joys always said of the first smiles of infants. She had the rueful, leftover prettiness of one who in her time might have been a beauty. She was in late middle life, and he, damn it, was—well, in even later middle life. She was dressed in rumpled tweeds, sensibly for the day. And she had soft white hair with here and there astonishing strands of red, like coals burning in ashes.

It seemed to him that she sometimes glanced his way, but he couldn't be sure. What could she see anyway? She could not know that not all the lines in his face were from illness and age; that some of them were the creases of laughter, of perplexity, of many humble anxieties about new debts and old sins, and of fear. The fear was recent and unaccustomed. He was afraid that Francis De Courcy, bachelor and a merry man by lifelong principle, might be ending up an old grouch like the other old grouches being pampered for a fee at this ridiculous hotel. He wondered if his corduroy pants, plaid shirt and white pull-over seemed to the silent lady a loud, tasteless, pitiful grasping after the tokens of youth. Then he touched his temple, where hair grew thinly, and wondered why he was wondering.

He looked out the window, almost a glass wall, facing the sea. A mile or so southward from the hotel lay a village fronted by a boardwalk. The village was a resort in season, but it was out of season now and the boardwalk should have been deserted. The booths should have been shuttered, the rides shrouded with canvas. But under its parti-colored umbrella hood the carrousel was moving, its painted horses riderless. The tracks of the roller coasters shone in the sun and now and then a car flashed dizzily over the dips and loops, without passengers. Of human life he could see no sign.

"You're retired, of course?" he heard someone asking him, and reluctantly he turned his mind from the boardwalk's putative ghosts to the bleakly real cadavers on the porch.

"No," he answered shortly, annoyed by the "of course."

"What are you in?" (Continued on Page 57)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DAY NOTHING HAPPENED

A celebrated humorist contributes his own minute-by-minute reconstruction of one of the least-known dates ever recorded.

By COREY FORD

This book represents nineteen years of solid work—twenty, if you count the year it will take me to get my desk straightened up again. There were endless statistics to be gathered, and newspaper items to be cut out and indexed and filed, and old handbills to be pored over, and eyewitness accounts of survivors to be pieced together. The outlay in paper clips alone was astronomical.

But, of course, that's the whole secret of a book like this: research. You don't even need a plot. Just pick a day when some historic disaster occurred and set down everything that happened in the course of twenty-four hours. The more details you pile up, the more suspense you build. Keep mentioning the time—to the exact minute—and work in an ominous phrase now and then, such as, "Little did he know as he left the White House this night that he was never to return," or, "None of the passengers in that glittering saloon on A-deck would live to see the dawn," and you'll have another best seller to sweep the country with. It looked so easy, in fact, that I decided to try it myself.

The hardest part was finding a day that hadn't been used already. They've been turning out these stop-watch epics so fast lately that there aren't many open dates left. I thought of the day that Lincoln was shot, but Jim Bishop had taken that. John Hersey had covered Hiroshima, and Walter Lord had done Pearl Harbor. The Civil War was pretty well spoken for, from the firing on Fort Sumter to the surrender at Appomattox, and the Titanic had sunk so often that it was becoming waterlogged. I finally decided on Thursday of last week, because nobody else had gotten around to it yet. What's more, last Thursday was completely indistinguishable from any other day, so if someone grabs it before I do, I can always change it to Wednesday or even Tuesday.

For help in amassing all this material, I should like to express my thanks to Mr. F. L. Peters of the information booth at Grand Central station, who supplied me with timetables of both the New Haven Railroad and the New York Central (Harlem Division); the 1958–59 Westchester Telephone Directory; the Rand McNally company, who let me see a map of Manhattan showing the location of Fourth Avenue; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hostetter, of Toledo, Ohio, who sent me a card last Christmas; and the authors of all the other Day books, but for whose efforts this one might never have been written.

On Thursday morning the 7:58 White Plains local pulled into Bronxville at 8:07.

A wan sun pinkened the clouds of the new dawn. Suburban Bronxville was coming alive, and commuters swarmed the long cement platform to board the train for New York, many carrying newspapers under their arms. Headlines of the day spoke of satellites and the national budget, and in the Herald Tribune Joseph Alsop warned of another Middle East crisis. In the smoking car Mr. B. A. Johansen, (Continued on Page 92)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Tokyo's Matsuya department store, autograph seekers besiege their idol, Linda Beech. As usual, her husband is ignored.

I Lost My Wife to Tokyo TV

By KEYES BEECH

An American correspondent tells how his wife became the sensation of Japanese TV, to the disruption of their private lives.

Photographs by John Launois

TOKYO.

Every Thursday night at seven o'clock, the "golden hour" of Japanese television, millions of viewers tune in on a Japanese-speaking blue-eyed blonde who in less than six months has become a top television star and the best-known American, male or female, in Japan.

Her Japanese fans know her by her television name, Shirley-san, or more formally as Shirley Parker, wife of George Parker, correspondent for a fictional American magazine named Slick.

But I'll let you in on a secret. Her real name is Linda Corley Mangelsdorf Beech, and she isn't George Parker's wife at all. She's my wife and the mother of our two children—or she was until Japanese television stole her away while I had my back turned.

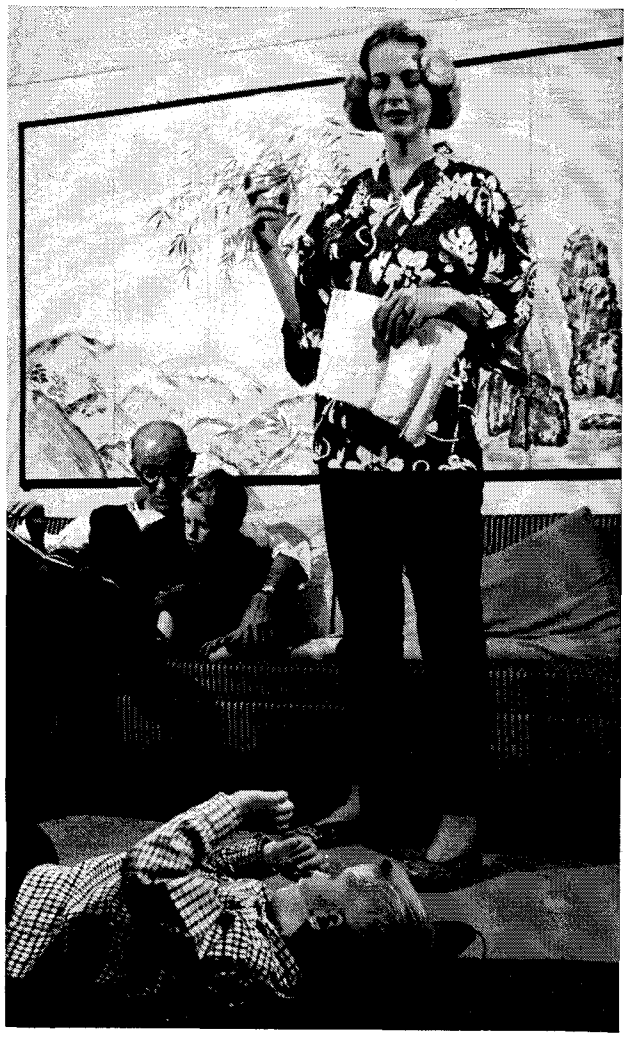
Tokyo is a big city of more than 8,000,000 people where even a white-skinned foreigner can get lost. But not my wife. Wherever she goes people stop and stare—in a nice way, of course. It happens all the time, in department stores, restaurants, art galleries, baseball parks, at the *sumo* matches, or merely while strolling along Ginza, Tokyo's crowded main stem.

Welders take off their dark glasses when she comes into view. Taxi drivers smile and wave. Small Japanese big-businessmen, lost in the cavernous back seats of their big black American cars, look up from their morning papers

For this TV episode, Linda (center) wore a kabuki wig and a kimono. She plays an American wife living in Japan. One of her "neighbors" is George Furness (left), an American lawyer who works in Tokyo.

At right, in an installment of Tokyo Blue Eyes, Linda and Margaret McVeigh sing "Gary, Indiana" for Japanese viewers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



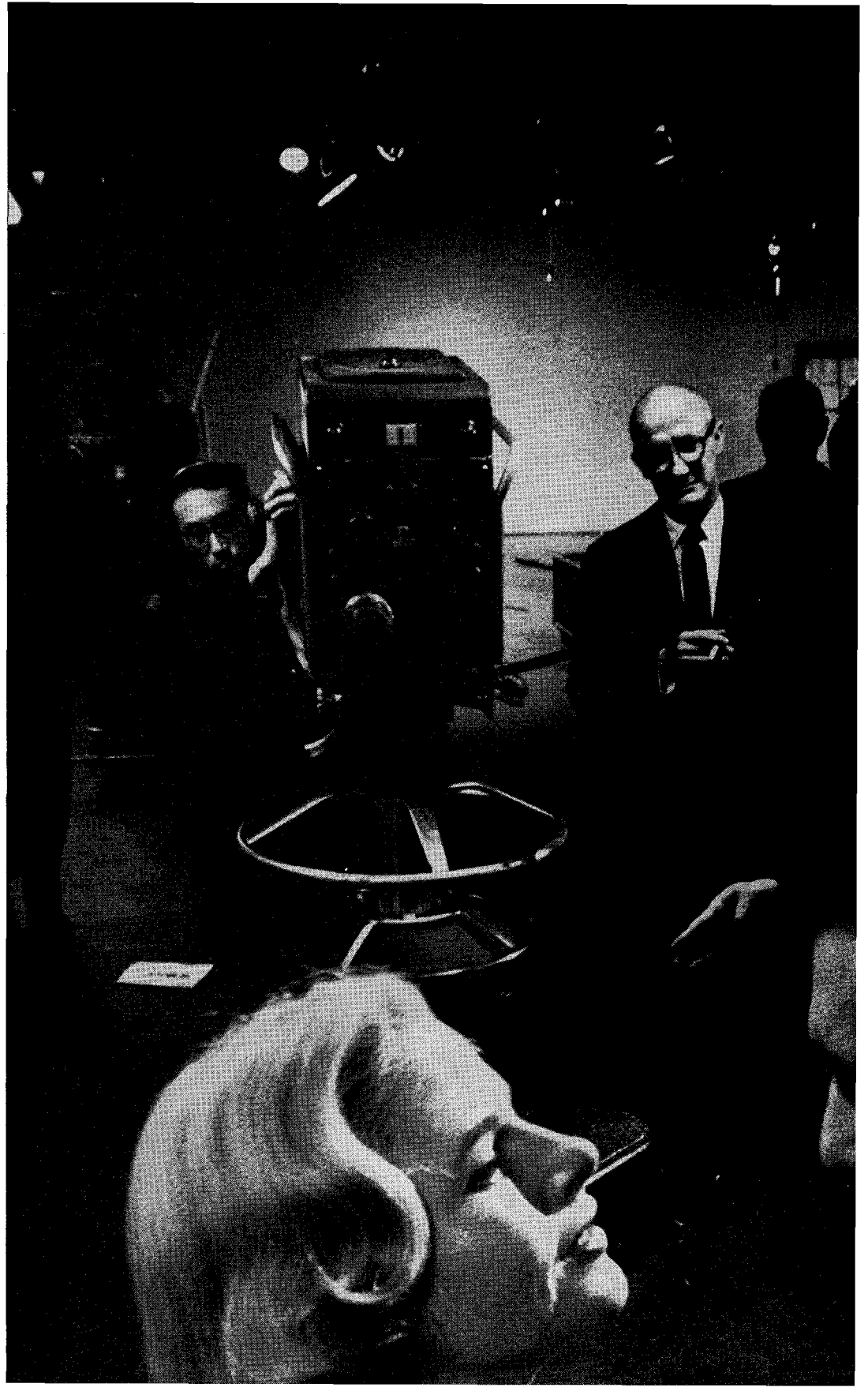
Kimo Beech (foreground), who speaks fluent Japanese, often coaches his mother on her lines. At rear is their younger son, Paki.

and do a double-take as they recognize Shirley-san. The more daring ones wave.

Not long ago we went to an exhibition of Vincent van Gogh's paintings at Tokyo's National Museum, which incidentally drew hundreds of thousands of visitors. People stopped looking at van Gogh and started looking at my wife.

One day she went shopping with an attractive American woman friend visiting Japan for the first time. Everywhere they went Japanese men smiled and nodded. Said the flattered visitor, "I always thought Japanese men were indifferent to American women, but they aren't at all, are they?"

(Continued on Page 89)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Secrets of the Soufflé

This delicate and temperamental dish can be cooked in almost any flavor and served as an entree or a dessert. A soufflé lover shares his favorite recipes.

By GEORGE BRADSHAW

CORN SOUFFLÉ: It looks tricky. But, says the author, "you have to be marvelously inept for it to fail." For recipe, see text.

STRAWBERRY SOUFFLÉ: To the basic recipe for dessert soufflé, add a cup of sliced fresh strawberries. Garnish top with whole berries.

SPINACH SOUFFLÉ: Cook one package of frozen spinach and drain thoroughly. Substitute this for the meat in the author's recipe for "hamburger soufflé."

The first thing I ever cooked was an enormous success. I was in California, living in one of those furnished apartments which had a kitchen stocked with enough pots and pans, dishes and silverware to serve a party of twelve. Until my moment of truth, I had not used this kitchen much—it was just a place I went to for ice.

But then a girl I knew sent me a steak from Kansas City. It was a pretty thing.

The oven was good and hot, for I had had the chambermaid light it at five, when she went off duty.

So I opened the door of the broiler and put the steak under the gas. I then went into the living room and had a cigarette. This took, I should think, about three minutes. I then went back to the kitchen. The entire place was in flames.

Now here is where my recipe becomes a little inexact. I do not know precisely how long that kitchen was on fire. I did not look at my watch. But I do know that when things had quieted down enough for me to get the broiler door open, the steak was done perfectly—charred black on the outside, red rare on the inside. I have never tasted a better.

I suppose the fact that painters had to be called in the next day to fix up the kitchen does not properly belong in a recipe, but it is something to consider if you are contemplating broiling a steak.

I am not one of those fortunate people who have quivering memories of food eaten in childhood. In fact, I haven't the faintest idea what I ate, or how it was prepared.

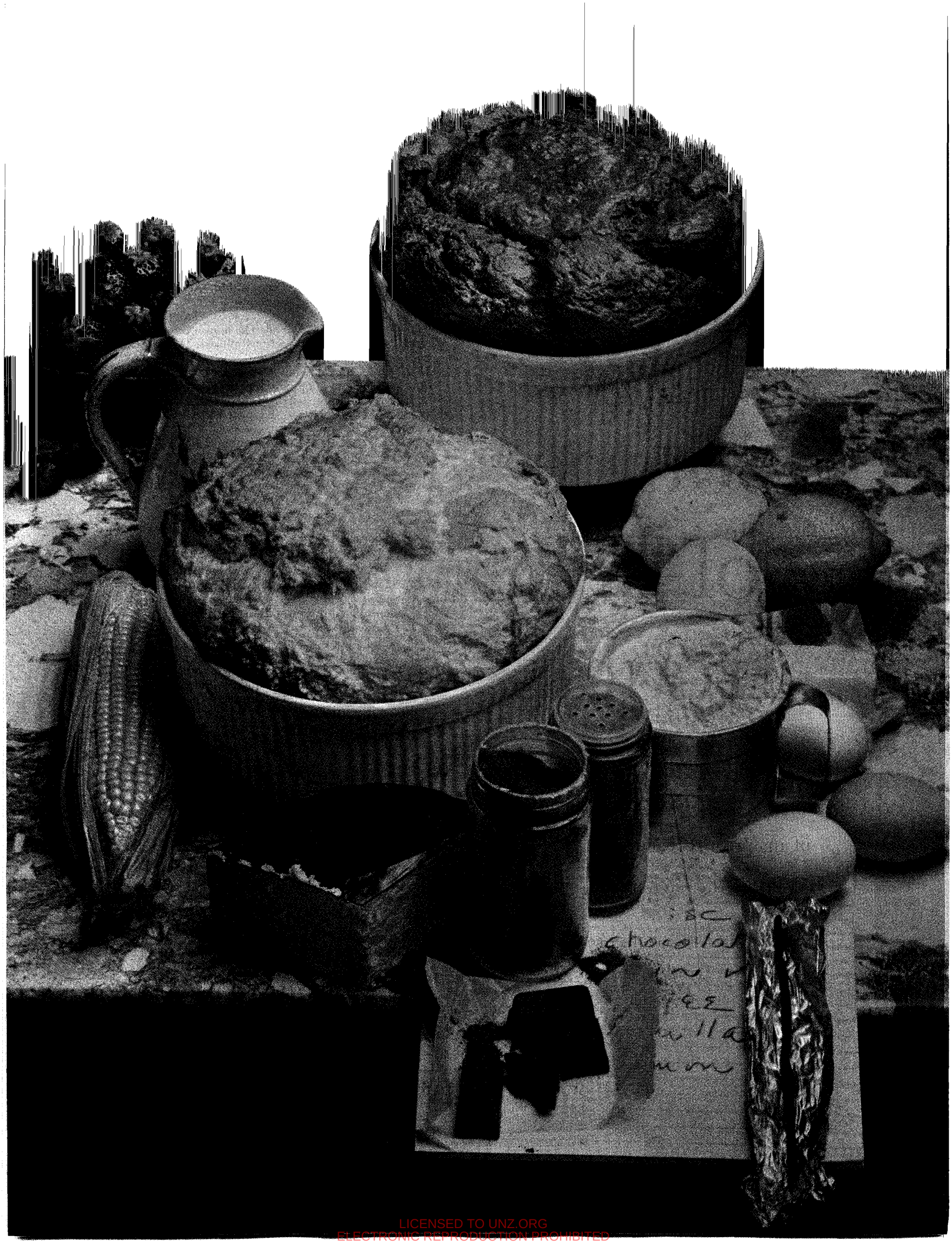
When I was fifteen, I went to a camp in Canada. I made friends with the chef there, a thin, elegant old man in his seventies who shuffled around his kitchen in bedroom slippers, a homemade cigarette drooping from beneath his mustache. I suppose he was some sort of failure, because he lived only to read; George Borrow was his favorite author, and at his insistence that summer I got through both Lavengro and The Romany Rye.

It was this chef who told me the first recipe I ever heard. We were sitting around his warm kitchen one night, the cold August rain dripping off the pines, and he was remembering for me the fifty years he had spent cooking for carnivals and (Continued on Page 116)

Photographs by Arnold Newman

A soufflé of almost any flavor—including the luscious-looking cheese
chocolate versions at right—can be made from readily avail
ingredients, such as strawberries, milk, corn, cheese, instant coffee, cayenne pep
chocolate, vanilla bean, eggs, flour, butter and lem

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Medicine's Legal Nightmare

CONCLUSION

The Source of the Trouble

Why are some doctors and hospitals more often the target of malpractice claims than others? Who are the "suit-prone" patients?

By Milton Silverman

On a rainy winter night last year a speeding car skidded out of control and smashed head-on into a cement wall. In the car were a young seaman and his twenty-two-year-old wife, then in her eighth month of pregnancy.

Thirty minutes later both of the accident victims had been admitted to a nearby hospital. The man was unconscious but seemed to have no serious injuries. His wife, however, was in a critical state.

"She wasn't unconscious, but she was already in shock, bleeding internally and suffering severe pain," said one of the surgeons on the hospital staff. "There were fractures in both arms. On top of all that she started to have labor pains."

The hospital's emergency staff was mobilized. Surgery was commenced immediately to get at the internal hemorrhages, and the bleeding was stopped. The baby—apparently unscathed—was delivered by Caesarean section. Temporary splints were placed on the broken arms. But the woman still remained in shock.

"We couldn't find a pulse," said the surgeon. "We could hardly measure her blood pressure. Her heart was still going, but she was practically dead."

Hour after hour the team of doctors combated that deadly low blood pressure. Finally, in desperation, they injected into a leg vein what they realized were enormous doses of a potent blood-pressure-raising chemical.

"We had to use those doses," it was claimed. "Smaller amounts had failed to help her."

The chemical eventually worked. It brought the blood pressure up to normal and kept it there. Unfortunately it also produced some severe tissue damage at the site of injection. This was later repaired by plastic surgery, leaving a small but quite obvious scar on her leg.

In three weeks the woman was able to leave the hospital. She wept in gratitude as she thanked the doctors and the nurses for saving her life and for saving her baby.

Six months later she and her husband brought suit for malpractice against the hospital and all the doctors who had attended her. They claimed that she had been permanently and cruelly disfigured by the scar on her leg, and that the scar had been the result of gross negligence in her treatment. They asked damages of $350,000.

This case, described at a recent medical conference in Chicago, was eventually settled out of court for an undisclosed amount. Physicians and hospital officials have described it as one of the most glaring examples of patient ingratitude, greed and stupidity. But there is another side to the story which was learned later.

The woman and her husband had been told that it would take about $300 to pay the bills for the birth of their expected baby. They had saved this amount. The hospital, medical, laboratory and drug bills for their care, however, had reached the unexpected total of $3500.

"Gee, we love those doctors!" the woman said. "We'd never dream of suing them or doing anything to hurt them. But those big hospital bills came in, and we couldn't pay them, and they said we had to, and they wouldn't give us any time or anything. And then the man from the collection

(Continued on Page 119)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOVE-STRUCK

By WILLARD TEMPLE

How would he behave when this silly season was over?

I hate the summer. I loathe and despise it. I also loathe and despise men, especially Dan Hanley, and particularly in July and August when the summer people arrive. The boys stand around down at the boardwalk and watch the new crop of summer girls and nudge each other. Louts! I go by in the pickup truck and they wave at me the way they wave at old Pete Malone the milkman. It is my fate to be an all-year girl in a summer resort, and I would get out of here except that I tried it once.

I got a job in a department store in the city selling costume jewelry. I had a room with a view of an air shaft and at night I sat in my room with my chin in my hands and my elbows on the window sill and listened to the traffic and breathed in the smog. I kept thinking about the hills surrounding Birch Lake and how the water looked early in the morning with the mist rising off it, and after two weeks I went back home.

Dan Hanley came by the first night. I was helping my mother with the dishes. Dan is taciturn and a pipe smoker, and while most of the boys who grow up around the lake, head for the city, Dan had stayed. He opened a rental service. If any of the summer people need a high chair for the baby, Dan will rent it to them. If your Aunt Emma arrives unexpectedly and you need a folding bed, Hanley's is the place to go. That was how he began and presently he was also looking after cottages in the winter, and repairing them, and building fences and walks and getting rid of mice. You name it and Dan Hanley will do it for a fee. All of the summer people are helpless and cannot get along without Dan Hanley.

When he came by that night he fiddled with his pipe and looked at me solemnly and said, "Mary, I want to ask you something."

It was the city that did it, I told myself. He thought he had lost me. I hid the dish towel behind my back and said, "Yes, Dan, what is it?"

"I'm swamped," Dan Hanley said. "I need a girl in the office. To answer the phone and take care of the books."

(Continued on Page 74)

He kissed her, and she put her arms around his neck.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hustling Hubert Makes His Bid

Some say he has the "spark of greatness." Others call him a publicity-seeking opportunist. Can the outspoken senator from Minnesota become our next President?

By Walter T. Ridder

If Hubert Horatio Humphrey were inclined to bitterness, he would broodingly remember the 1956 Democratic National Convention as ample demonstration of man's perfidiousness to man. The Minnesota senator had sought nomination as Adlai E. Stevenson's vice-presidential running mate. His attempt had been publicly and humiliatingly rebuffed. The convention chose Estes Kefauver by the narrowest margin over John F. Kennedy. Humphrey, deserted by all on whom he had counted for support, viewed the wreckage of his candidacy and muttered, "They've stolen all my clothes."

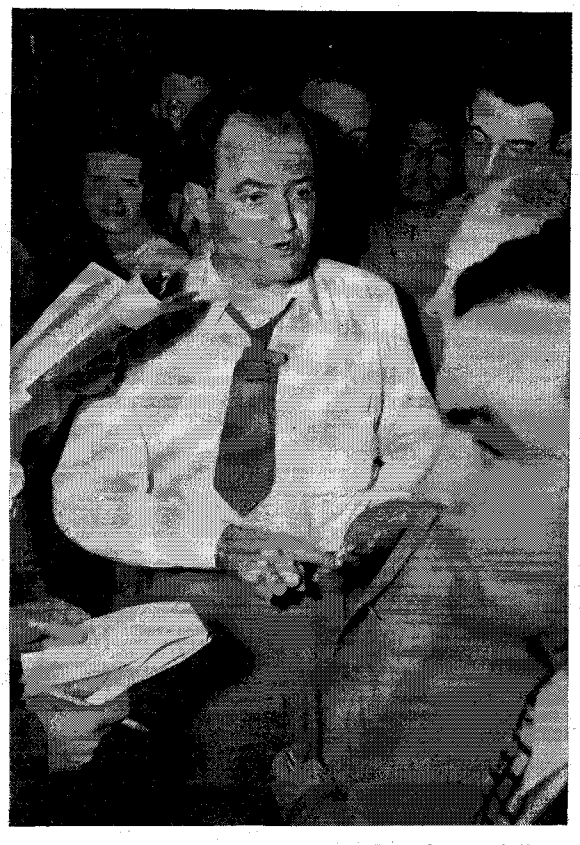
Yet the man who then stood naked before his adversaries is today one of the four major contenders for the 1960 Democratic presidential nomination. Kennedy, Stevenson, Sen. Stuart Symington and Humphrey stand out most clearly on the Democratic political horizon. That Humphrey could so rapidly graduate from passed-over vice-presidential candidate to seriously considered presidential prospect is proof of his recuperative powers and ability to learn lessons from defeat.

In pursuit of the top nomination Humphrey will use his tongue, his imagination and his inexhaustible energy, all of which have been his most potent assets and at the same time his gravest handicaps. Particularly his tongue. Words come to Humphrey as easily as water flows over Niagara Falls. They come in staccato bursts, more like the chatter of a Gatling gun than the weighed pronouncements of a statesman. Many first-time listeners later wonder whether they have been victims of a verbal shell game. His readiness to voice opinions and the speed with which the words cascade create an illusion of mere glibness. In reality, Humphrey's mind moves as rapidly as his tongue; behind the façade of words lies a brain continually in motion.

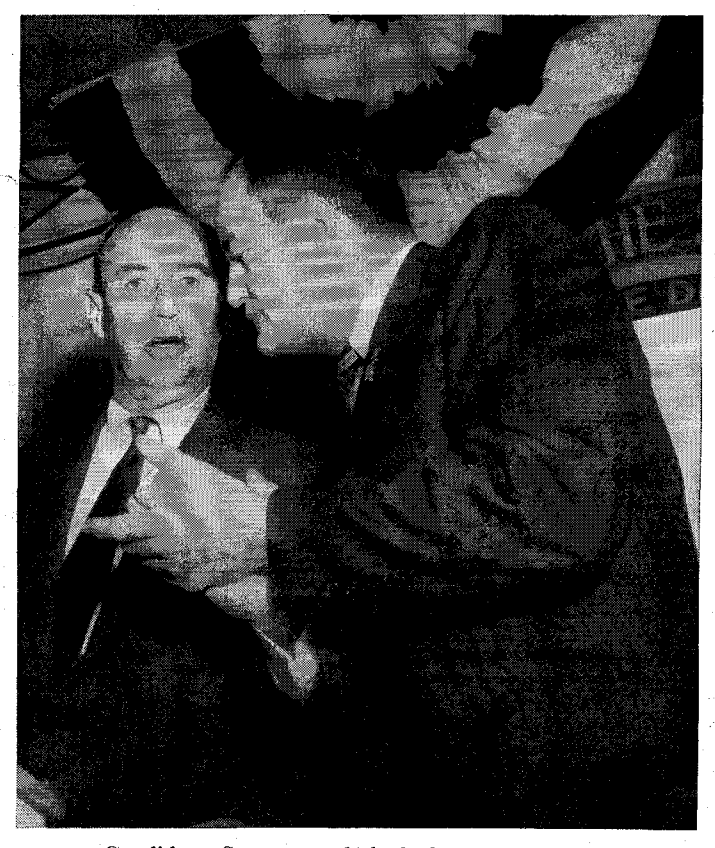
"That so-and-so," said a nonadmirer admiringly, "is always thinking." Ideas come to Humphrey in such profusion that his office staff is hard put to keep up with them. "He drives to work in the morning," explained a Humphrey aide, "and he has nothing to do for twenty-five minutes. When he gets here, he's had a thousand ideas and expects us to go to work on them immediately."

His interests are as varied as the work of the Senate. In the course of ten days during the last session of Congress, Humphrey proposed legislation on such diverse matters as establishment of an international health year, creation of a Youth Conservation Corps, expansion of export of American dairy products, retention of the phrase "civil defense" in a new agency, loans for increased college and university construction, more aid for small business, denunciation of Russian "barbarism" in Hungary and insistence that the United States give backing to international action on human rights.

He also offered a four-point international "Works For Peace" program, a six-point program to make disarmament inspection feasible, a thirteen-point program for an American trade fair in Moscow, a five-point program for revitalizing Northeastern Minnesota and an eleven-point program for challenging the Soviet economic offensive. He deplored the Russian lead in outer space and demanded more support for the Coast and Geodetic Survey because "we are badly lagging in our knowledge of the ocean depths."



At the 1948 Democratic convention, Humphrey's civil-rights speech precipitated the Southern walkout.



Candidate Stevenson dashed the senator's vice-presidential hopes at the 1956 Chicago convention.

Moscow, 1958: His celebrated talk with Khrushchev gave him new stature in foreign affairs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

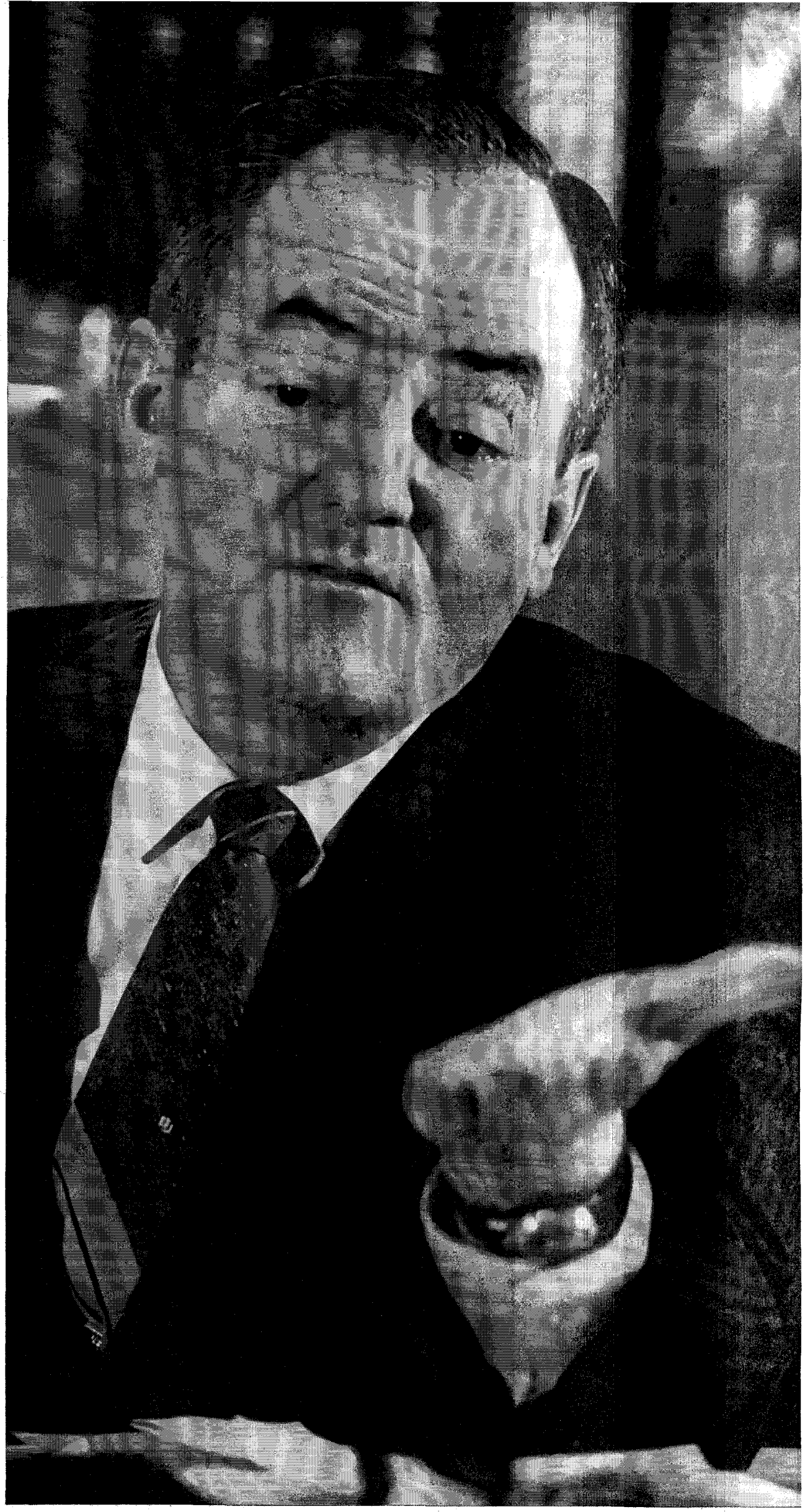
The range and multiplicity of Humphrey's ideas have propelled him from pharmacist in Huron, South Dakota, to the Senate. As with his eloquence, the ideas themselves are not an unmixed blessing. He has been charged with mental shallowness and "going off half cocked." But those who have challenged him in debate have learned to their dismay that the senator from Minnesota does his homework. Opponents may not agree with his conclusions, but they rarely best him on questions of fact.

He does, too often, go off half cocked. There are few topics on which he does not have immediate, ready-made opinions—some of which he is later forced to change. For every problem, Humphrey proposes a multipoint solution which sometimes contains more points than practicality. His speeches are needlessly long. "You don't have to be eternal to be immortal, Hubert," a dinner chairman once scribbled to him. Listening to him reel off a speech in which he was solving many of the world's ills, a friend remarked, "The trouble with Hubert is that he should be an entertainer." For the sake of audience reaction, he tends to quip and sometimes sacrifices dignity for a laugh.

Humphrey's mind drives his body at a pace which men of lesser energy find intolerable. "Keeping up with Hubert is impossible," another friend reported disconsolately after a tour. "Every morning we were up at four to shake farmers' hands and we were on the move until midnight. I'd flop into bed, but Hubert invariably found friends and would stay up talking. The next morning he'd be out there as bright and fresh as ever." The man-killing schedule is not confined to campaigns. He tries to cram more activity into his Senate day than his time will permit. As a result he usually is seen racing from one appointment to another, which contributes to his reputation as a young man in a hurry.

He moves with grace and ease. Washington ladies rate him as one of the capital's better dancers. His figure appears slight, but it is a solid 170 pounds. He seems smaller than his five feet eleven inches, an optical illusion created by his aura of frenzied activity. People reason that nothing large could move so fast. His face, though broadening, is essentially boyish. His features are extraordinarily mobile and seem to reflect the passage of his thoughts. This supports the belief that Humphrey "thinks too fast." The sum total of Humphrey's physical characteristics adds up to something quite different from the popular image of a President. He just doesn't look like a President. This is a public-relations problem which will give Humphrey much concern in the months to come.

Humphrey is acutely aware of this problem. Much as Averell Harriman sought to overcome his public image as an inarticulate individual so Humphrey must erase from public mind the vision of a brash, young buttinsky. He will do this by pausing deliberately before answering a question, by limiting the number of topics per day on which he is willing to make a speech, by slowing the pace of his oratory and by directing his energy to topics of prime national and international import. There will be no "new" Humphrey; there will simply be a toned-down version of the old. For instance, when asked for his reaction to President Eisenhower's 1959 State of the Union message, Humphrey astonished reporters by replying, "No comment"—a (Continued on Page 94)



"I know now where the pressure points in a convention are." Humphrey learned valuable lessons in his unsuccessful vice-presidential bid of 1956. In the next few months he will tour the country and sound out his 1960 chances.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by Robert Moore

TERROR IN THE TOWN

No one dared oppose El Gato—after all, his uncle was the most notorious bandit in Mexico. . . .

By HUGH B. CAVE

It was in February, *señor*, that the American, Richard Randall, came to Pescadero. Our former teacher had resigned during the holidays, and Mr. Randall was sent by the university in the capital to take his place. The ugly reputation of Pescadero had spread from one end of San Marlo to the other, and we could get no one else.

He came by bus, not having a car of his own. I, Felipe Artega, having agreed to provide accommodations for him, went down to the plaza to meet him. At sight of him I knew he would not last. What we required in this time of tension was a man with the strength of a bull and the courage of a matador. Richard Randall was but a college boy, attractive, but much too young. El Gato and his gang of ruffians would crucify this man.

But he was here; he had to be given his chance. I introduced myself, shook his hand, took his bag. As we walked up the hill, I pointed out the school.

The fight lasted for half an hour and was the strangest thing ever seen in Pescadero.

"You are having a little trouble here, I understand," he said.

"Trouble?"

"With some of the students. Or so I was told at the university when I accepted the position."

I hesitated. We had discussed this matter at great length and decided to tell him no more than he might already know. What could be gained by telling him? To be forewarned in this case was not to be forearmed; no one could guess what El Gato would do next. The truth would only make the new teacher afraid.

"You may find a few of the students troublesome, perhaps." I shrugged.

A slouching figure stepped from a doorway to block the narrow sidewalk, and the skin tightened on the backs of my hands as I halted. So the battle was to be joined at once, even before the new teacher unpacked his bag!

"Why, good morning, Papa Artega!" The youth gave me a languid smile, his thumbs curling under his carved leather belt. "Who is this with you?"

"Your new teacher." There was no point in lying; the whole town had known that the new teacher would arrive this morning. With dry lips I made the introductions, not feeling it necessary to add that this slender fifteen-year-old youth, Lico Morales, was the infamous El Gato himself.

El Gato allowed his insolent gaze to linger on the teacher's face a moment, then smiled again and bowed. Bowed low—much too low. "Allow me to carry the great man's suitcase." His fingers covered mine on the bag handle and their pressure made me wince.

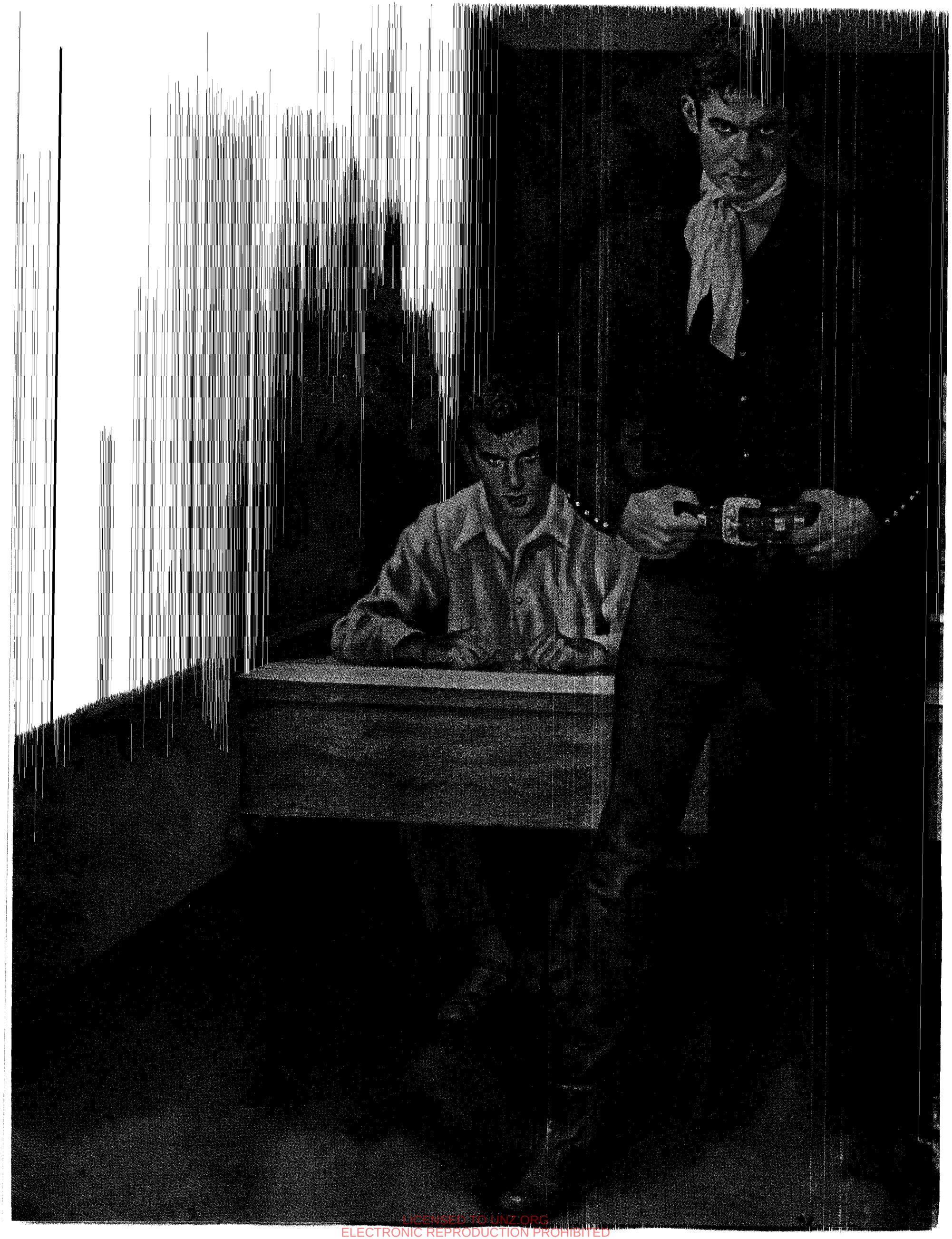
Up the hill we went, El Gato in his sleek black trousers and red silk shirt lazily leading the way. I saw his cronies now, watching from a dozen doorways. A chill sped over me. We reached the corner and stepped off the curb to cross the intersection. Water flowed down the gutter there from a pipe in Diego Chamorro's wall, just ahead.

El Gato stumbled, the bag leaping from his hand to strike the side of the gutter with a great splash. The lid flew open. Clothes and books spilled out

(Continued on Page 103)

El Gato lifted his limp hands lazil
to his belt and said with a smile
"Try it, *mi profesor*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Block I Lived On

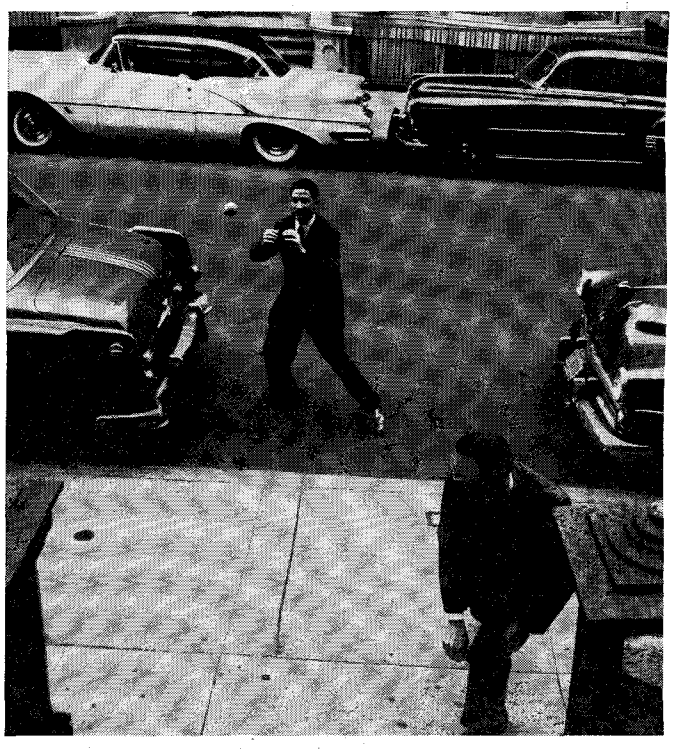
Here is how one city boy and his pals transformed the dreary sidewalks of New York into an amusing and exciting world.

By Ralph Schoenstein

I was not a juvenile delinquent, but during the ten years I spent as a boy on Manhattan's West Side, I compiled a police record that was fairly impressive for its time—a time when it was still unorthodox for boys to assault their teachers, assassinate their fathers or butcher their playmates; a time when most of the blood being shed in New York City was immediately shipped to hospitals in the European and Pacific theaters of war.

During this decade, I belonged to The Block, a proud collective label for the nine friends of West 78th Street—Eddie, Bobby, Dickie, Barry, Joel, Maurice, Bernie, Jerry and Ralph. Unlike New York City's current juvenile tribes, my group had no colorfully defiant name. We didn't call ourselves the Marauding Mesopotamians, or the Jewish Giants, or the Battling Bourgeoisie. We were just The Block.

It seems to be traditional for Americans to remember their childhood either as golden idylls amidst rural charms or as violent struggles in urban jungles. My childhood was somewhere between the two: I lived in a charming jungle adjoining Broadway, on a street thirty-six blocks north of Times Square, a street whose residents drifted either toward the Parent-Teachers Association, the Democratic Party and B'nai B'rith or toward The Club 78, Alcoholics Anonymous and Magistrate's Court.

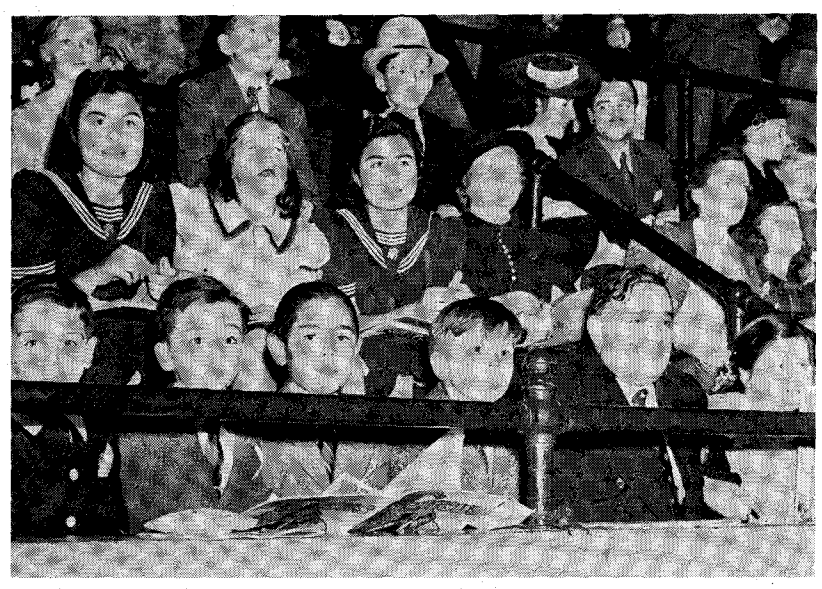


This is where the author and Bobby Simon played stoopball fifteen years ago. They tried it again recently (above), but the auto-clogged street nearly made the game impossible.

Reunion on West 78th Street: From left, Ralph Schoenstein, Richard Gilbert (Dickie) and Robert Simon (Bobby), three veterans of the original neighborhood gang. Today they are, respectively, writer, public-relations man and insurance broker.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some members of The Block with cowboy star Roy Rogers at Madison Square Garden in 1942. At left, Barry; third from left, Ralph; at right, Dickie and Bobby. Half hidden is Maurice, Ralph's archrival.



Fiorello LaGuardia (right), late mayor of New York, took Ralph and his friend Frank (second and third from left) to the circus.

Nine-year-old Ralph had a dream come true—he shook the hand of baseball idol Joe DiMaggio.

West 78th Street, from Broadway to Amsterdam Avenue, contained a heterogeneous assortment of transients surrounding a core of well-to-do Jews with whose sons I tried to grow up. With the exception of Bernie, all members of The Block belonged to comfortable, bourgeois families in the three large apartment houses—210, 215 and 229 West 78th.

Yet growing up on that street was anything but comfortable. The most vivid memories I have of myself as a youngster are images of a pathetically short and emaciated boy running from the authorities or their deputies. I was perpetually fleeing from police in patrol cars, from tavern owners who tipped the police to ignore the double parking of patrons, from prostitutes who needed daytime sleep, from bookmakers who wanted quiet in which to meditate, from irascible doormen and building superintendents, and from grim, public-spirited citizens who simply advised us to "get the hell off the street and play somewhere else—away from the people."

It was all right for these humorless characters to harass us; that was part of the game of trying to grow up on West 78th Street. But when passers-by heckled us, we were goaded into retaliation. Maurice and I often retreated to the window of my sixth-floor apartment to drop water bombs and marbles in front of people moving along the sidewalk below. Pretending that we were American fliers bombing the Japanese navy, we used principles of bombing that we studied from bubble-gum cards (about 1942 gunnery replaced ballplayers in certain brands of bubble gum). I remember our singing Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition while we attacked—until a "battleship" that Maurice sank with a marble steamed up to the bomb bay and threatened to take my mother prisoner.

In spite of the fact that we were not street fighters, but sons of proper middle-class homes, The Block always seemed to be making the sneaky detour and the fast getaway. We ran from the police, who nimbly bypassed the bookmakers, drunks, traffic violators and prostitutes to chase from the street our menacing games of stickball, stoopball, association football, handball, flies up, infield, wallball and punchball.

The police attack usually made us retreat to the park between Riverside Drive and the Hudson River, where we again were put to rout, this time by parkmen who flourished spiked sticks as soon as our illicit ball game had been organized on the grass. (We couldn't play on the two asphalt ball fields provided for the hundred (Continued on Page 99)

As a 19-year-old college junior (above), the author returned to The Block but found it sadly changed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He shot quickly again, and th

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When the American intelligence officer died, he took with him the secret of the undercover mission.

THE DARK ROAD

By JAMES CROSS

"Whatever Daubigny has, you've got to bring back here," Maj. Lou Feldman, Army undercover operator, told Harry Benton.

Benton was suspected of murdering jewel smuggler Bruno Antonescu. But Benton's friend, Feldman, offered to close the case if Benton would undertake a highly dangerous espionage mission into East Germany.

Benton had little trouble penetrating the border and locating his contact, Pastor Daubigny, who lived with his disfigured niece, Magda, in the village of Kronstadt.

The next day the two men found themselves the subject of suspicion during a routine questioning by the police. But the local Communist leader, Herr Stumpf, suddenly intervened and convinced the authorities that everything was in order.

"Why did Stumpf help us?" Benton asked.

"I don't know," said Daubigny. "There will be a bill presented, soon. A large one," he added ominously.

III

If he had more education, Ulrich Stumpf might have been a mathematician, and a good one. He had an uncanny sense of permutations, of combinations, of probabilities. Almost without conscious volition, his mind would assemble significant data, postulate unknowns, allow for chance variations and arrive at satisfactory conclusions.

As a young man, in the depression years and the wreck of the Weimar Republic, he had been a Communist. Two years later, at precisely the correct moment he had become a brown-shirted Nazi S.A. man. This excellent sense of timing had done much to erase the stigma of former Communist membership and give Stumpf some of the status of old party member.

But Stumpf's mathematician's brain also thought in terms of long-range probabilities, of cycles. When he joined the Nazis, he let it be known, discreetly and indirectly, that he was going underground, under orders. He was to be what the Communists called a "beefsteak Nazi"—brown on top, red underneath. In this, he was helped by the fatuity of the Communist leadership. To save face later, it postulated the existence of millions of "beefsteak Nazis," true-blue Communists acting under orders, infiltrating the Nazi organizations and waiting for their opportunity.

Thus, as senior Nazi Party member in Kronstadt, Stumpf was able to give backing to the theory by doing a few small, safe favors to suspects and dissenters. When the Russians came in, Stumpf had already been marked as reliable, an old comrade gone underground for ten years. His status hardly changed. But more and more in recent weeks, the calculator inside him had been assimilating and processing half-perceived facts and probabilities. He had, increasingly, moments of apprehension. Perhaps it was time for a change, a big one.

Benton lifted the unconscious girl in his arms. She was very light.

Even now he was not consciously certain why he had intervened in favor of the stranger, Paul Speyer. But he sensed in some way that Speyer entered into the new feelings of malaise, the incomplete calculations.

Ulrich Stumpf walked slowly back to his inn. He would sleep tonight, very deeply, he thought, and perhaps tomorrow the answer would come.

In the central part of the town, the four street lights were on. They would burn an hour or so more until midnight. But toward the outskirts of town, there were no such lamps. In Pastor Daubigny's house, there was only the light from the study window, where he sat facing Harry Benton.

Daubigny sat with a small notebook in his hand. The writing inside was in German and he had read it all that afternoon for the first time. With that and with the little Orlov had told him, the picture was quite clear. Now he would have to speak to Harry Benton; and as he prepared himself he wondered whether it was worth the trouble; he wondered whether he should not simply give the man the notebook and let him go.

Benton sat patiently. He was not a patient man; but he knew that this was one time for patience. The old man was going to talk a lot first, talk out his indecision. Then, but not before, would be the time to press him.

"You must picture this Orlov," Daubigny said, and Harry Benton unconsciously squirmed impatiently in his chair. "About a year ago, his organization arrested a German bacteriologist brought to Russia to work after the war. The man was shot, and his story is not important. But among his effects was this notebook. Orlov was the only person to see it. He could read German, and a few minutes' reading convinced him he had something very valuable, something he could sell in the West."

"That much I know," Benton said. The old man merely glanced at him and continued.

"Orlov got as far West as he could legitimately, then he simply disappeared. He traveled by night across country, hid in woods and haystacks by day, stole food. The Russians are not very efficient at this kind of chase; they make their arrests before the victim suspects. Still, the fear itself was almost enough. When Orlov knocked at my door at night, he was nearly done for. Wet, hungry, exhausted."

"Why did he choose you?"

"Sanctuary," Daubigny said slowly. "He stayed here a few hours," Daubigny went on, "and when he started out again for the frontier, he left me this. If he should be caught, he did not wish the Russians to have it; if he should succeed, he would tell the Americans and they would come for it."

"What is it?"

"Some formulas. The results of some experiments. The German (Continued on Page 66)

© 1959 by James Cross

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts

Educated Circles

My parents acknowledge
They sent me to college
  To earn enough money to go on
To send mine, in turn,
Who also must earn
  Enough to send theirs—and so on.

LAURENCE EISENLOHR

Night (before) mare

Night before the fishing season,
Horrid dreams might sway men's reason:
Lashing rain or spitting snow;
Mercury at two below;
License lacking; reel misplaced;
Waders cracked from calf to waist;
Trusty fly rod short a guide;
Leader loops ineptly tied;
Landing net mislaid, unstrung;
Osier trout creel splintered, sprung;
Fly book lacking every lure
Other years have proven sure—
But, that night when time seems creeping,
What true fisherman is sleeping?

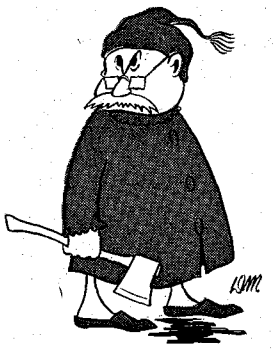
HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

Picture Puzzle

Old TV movies, as everyone knows,
  Have plenty of flaws to blotch 'em.
But ye who grouse at the late late shows,
  Why sit ye up to watch 'em?

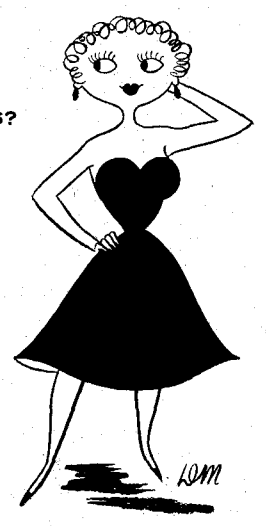
GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Mein Grossfader's Mamma Goosen



HUSHEN DAS BABYKIN!

Hushen das babykin
  in der treetoppen;
Meinself ist demanden
  der screamen ben stoppen!
Unlessen das schtunker
  ist enden der squawlen,
Mit choppen das bough,
  Ich ben causen der fallen!



VAS IST UPMAKEN DER BOYS?

Vas ist upmaken der boys?
  Croakers und snailers
    und poochenpup tailers;
  Das ben upmaken der boys.

Vas ist upmaken der Fräuleins?
  Flirten mit tricken
    und reddisch lipsticken;
  Das ben upmaken der Fräuleins.

DAVE MORRAH

"Seems a bit nervous."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Small Circle and the Big Square

I, Little Muskrat, ran into our tepee and, standing before my father, Big Muskrat, I dropped something green into his lap.

"One hundred skins!" gasped Big Muskrat. "Surely, my son, your trap lines cannot ——"

"Come now, my father," I said, picking up the crisp green pelt. "You are out of touch. I won this skin on a TV contest."

"Tee—vee, my son?"

"Video to you, daddio. The man slipped me the skin for naming the top ten in the nation."

"Ah," said Big Muskrat, his face beaming. "Your category was history. You knew of our great Washington, Clay, Cochise, Franklin and Geronimo. I am proud of ——"

In the air I drew a most common sign. "You are a square, Big Muskrat—like this. Do you read me? The top ten are not of history, but ——"

"Wait!" interrupted my father. "You knew of the top trading-post ten—category of finance. Number one, A. T. and T.; number two ——"

"I'm not getting through, Big Muskrat—adjust your hi-fi. I named the top ten tunes of our nation, and I can do it again. Number one, Herky Jerky; number two, Minnow Bucket; number three, Gibraltar Rock; number four, Mamma Ate a Herring, part one, and ——"

"For that you won one hundred skins?"

"Righto, square man. And one day I intend to become a jockey of the discs. I will learn the lingo. I will say with ease things like, 'Here's a rounder that won't flounder,' and 'Let's cut the chatter and flip the platter.' I will be called The Little Muskrat Show, and I shall also ——"

My father held up his hand for silence. In the air he drew a square, pointing to himself, after which he made a small circle with his finger beside his head, pointing his other finger at me.

Then Big Muskrat laughed, "Ha! Ha!," and this was the first time I had ever heard him do so.

A. R. SWINNERTON

Problemwise

My problems will not run away.
  It might be wise to take a breather.
Tomorrow is another day
  In which I will not solve them, either!

THOMAS USK

The Lady Tackles the Hair Salon

"May I help you, madame?"

"Why, I'd like to make an appointment for a haircut. I'm getting sort of ——"

"Certainly, madame! You're getting tired of last year's look, last week's look! As our Mr. Charles often says, you're as young as your hairdo!"

"Well, no, it's just that I'm getting sort of stringy in the back, and ——"

"And our Mr. Charles will be charmed to create a personal, just-for-you coiffure, designed to ——"

"Well, I wasn't thinking of a coiffure exactly. I just want a haircut, because I'm getting sort of str——"

"But, madame, our Mr. Charles himself will tell you, hair styling has gone Empire in order to go with all your marvelous new high-waisted fashions!"

"Oh, I don't have any of those. I mean, I think the whole thing's going to blow over pretty soon anyway, and ——"

"Or the tossed-salad look, madame! Our Mr. Charles does one that's mad, mad, mad—does all the cutting in a wind tunnel!"

"Oh, goodness, no, I wouldn't ——"

"And wait till you see his Fiji!"

"His what?"

"The Fiji Cut, madame, with all the abandon of the happy islanders! Or the Fetucchini, authentically styled after those marvelous little juvenile delinquents from the slums of old Rome! Our Mr. Charles says ——"

"Who is this Mr. Charles?"

"Our hair stylist, madame! He ——"

"Doesn't he have a last name?"

"Well, yes, his last name is Feuchtersleben, although he ——"

"Feuchtersleben! Not little Charley Feuchtersleben from P.S. 102! Why, I remember Charley when he was greased lightning on the basketball court, a real terrific guy ——"

"Or perhaps you'd prefer the Brigitte? Or the —— You knew him? Well, how about that! Sure he's terrific—I ought to know, I married him. And say, listen: If you want a good haircut, I mean a real jim-dandy trim, no monkey business, he'll be thrilled silly—hasn't had a chance to do one in years. Wait just a sec and I'll call him. Hey, Chuck!"

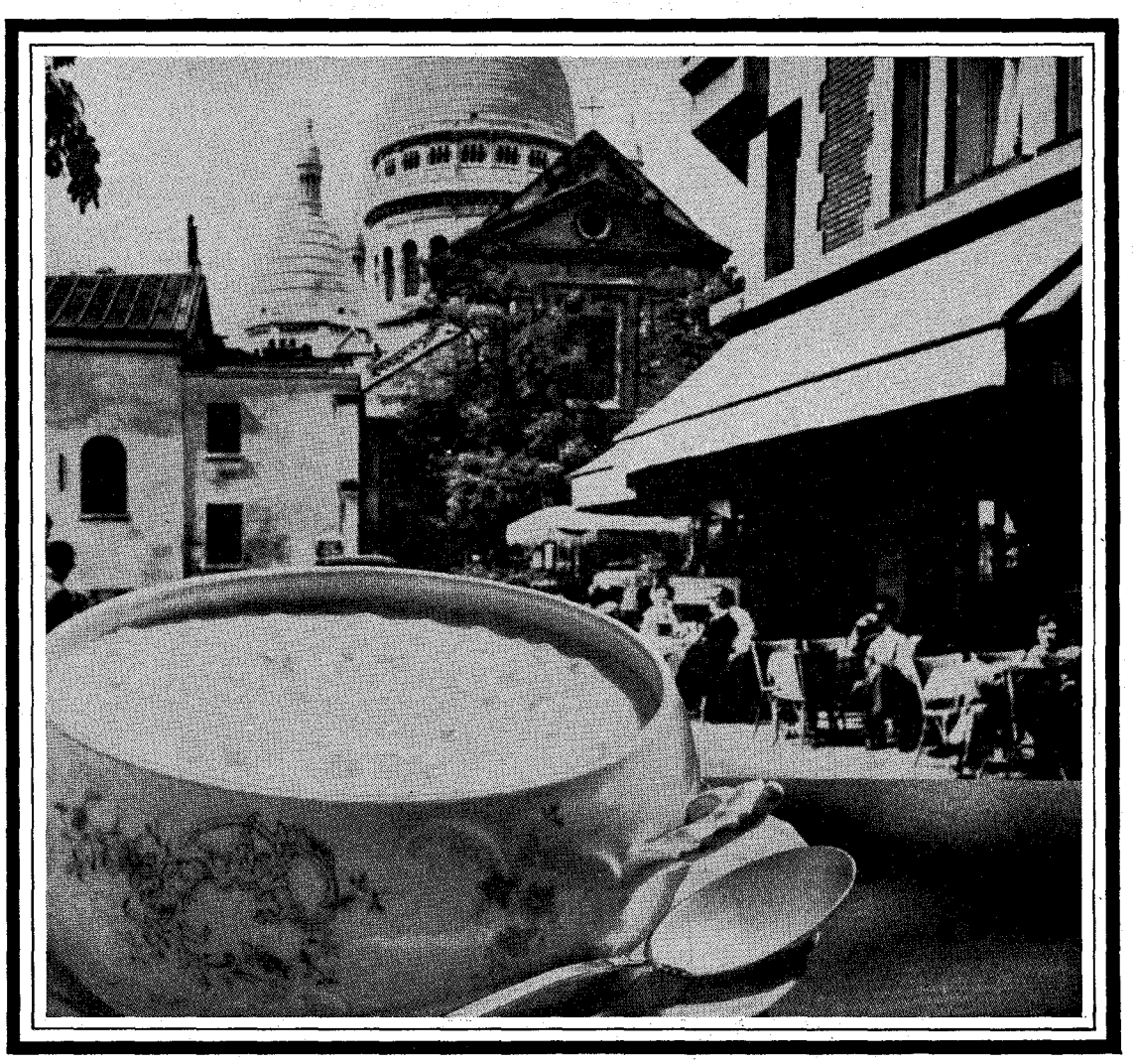
PEG BRACKEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soup like this would cost 500 francs in a fine French restaurant

Campbell's skill and freezing bring it to you for only 45 francs

(11¢ in American money)



Elegant Cream of Potato Soup, now frozen by Campbell's to bring you all its fresh, friendly flavor.

Cream of Potato Soup, or Vichyssoise, its elegant chilled variation, wasn't always a fancy-priced item on fashionable menus.

During colonial days the potato itself was so suspect that it was grown only as an ornamental plant. One of the French kings even wore potato blossoms in his lapel in an effort to popularize this homey, versatile vegetable.

But then a knowing cook discovered cream of potato soup . . . and how beautifully it tempts the nose and palate when generously joined with onions and choice spices. That was the day the amiable potato came into its own.

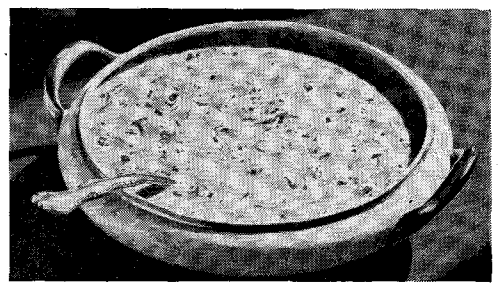
Freezing: a Flavor Saver

Now, Cream of Potato Soup, for all its taste-bud-tantalizing charm, is not an easy soup to make. Particularly for today's homemaker whose time is so taken up.

That's why we brought out our Cream of Potato—and thanks to freezing, it comes to you at its very peak of flavor and freshness. Nobody, not even Campbell's, could have given you the full savor of potato, onions, and fresh milk and cream without this freezing.

A Well-spent Extra Franc

A fashionable French restaurant would charge you a dollar or more for Cream of Potato Soup like this. Now you can enjoy it for only about 11¢ a bowl. Why not pick up a can or two for tonight?



Emerald Bisque. In saucepan, combine 1 can Campbell's Frozen Cream of Potato Soup, 1 soup can water or milk, and half a 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped spinach. Cover; heat slowly until thawed; stir now and then. Simmer about 2 min. or until spinach is tender. Serve as is or blend until smooth. 3 servings.

Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef • Clam Chowder (New England Style) • Oyster Stew Green Pea with Ham • Cream of Shrimp

CREAM of POTATO SOUP

FROZEN by Campbell's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Comanche Captives

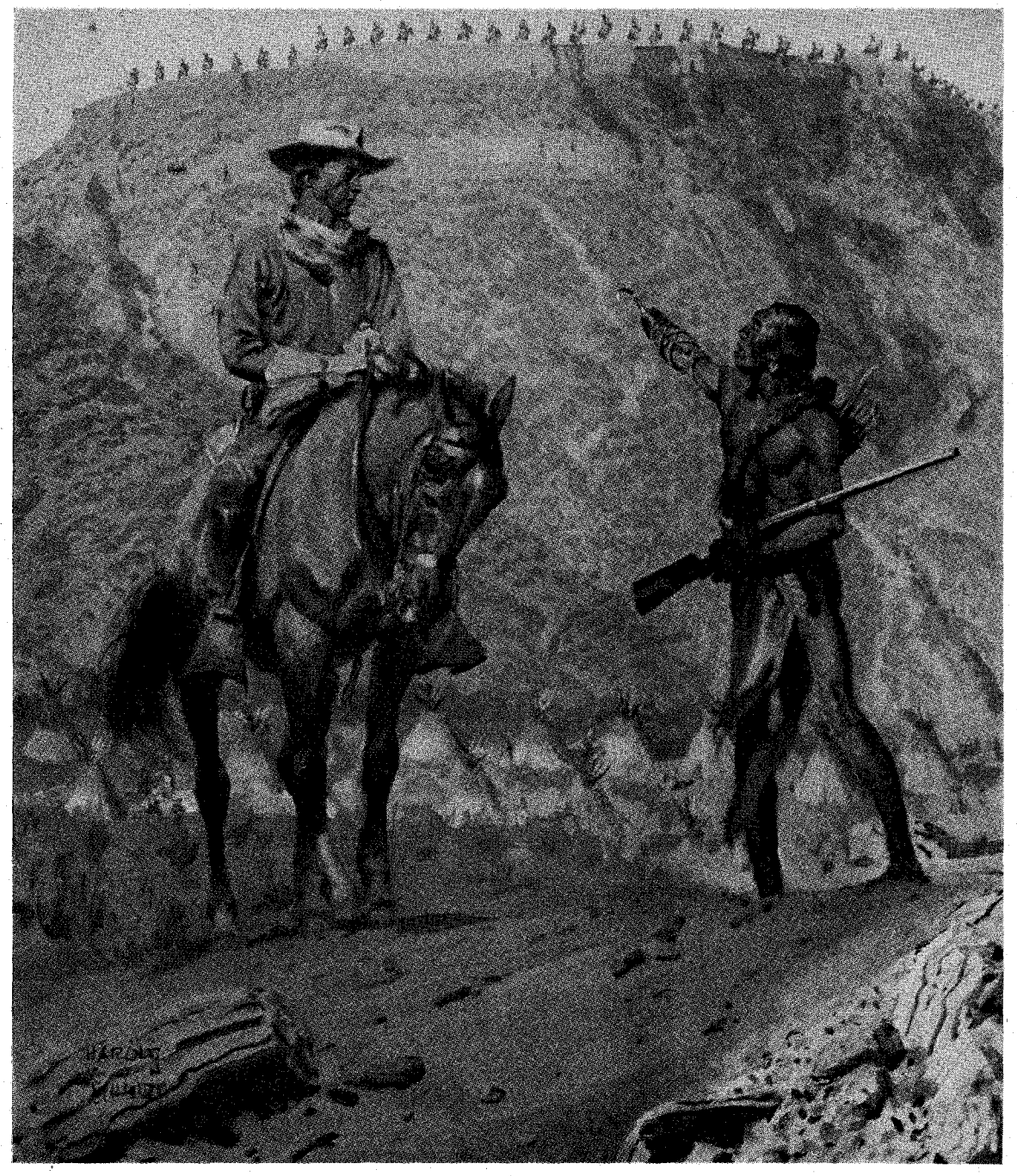
Under half a thousand Indian guns he bargained for human lives.

By WILL COOK

"You'll never get away with this," warned one of Lt. Jim Gary's officers.

Despite the threat of a Comanche attack, Gary led his detail toward the Indian camp. His dangerous and distasteful mission was to bring back to their relatives all the white women and children the Comanches had captured years before. By now, however, the prisoners had forgotten their former way of life and were fiercely reluctant to leave the tribe. Gary was on his own because Guthrie McCabe, who was the key man in the rescue operation, was himself now a prisoner of the Indians.

On an earlier expedition Gary and McCabe brought back two captives. One of them was the Wringle boy, who later was hanged for murder. The other, Janice Tremain, was scorned at Fort Elliott for having been the wife of Chief Iron Hand's brother, Stone Calf. When Stone Calf tried to recapture Janice, Gary was forced to kill him.



"All white soldiers will die," Iron Hand said.

Now, as the rescuers closed in, Gary's private objective was to track down McCabe. For from the start the two had differed violently on how to handle their difficult mission.

CONCLUSION

Although the women and children did not scatter when Gary rode into the village, he saw that they were frightened, but not too frightened, for their men were nearby, waiting for some signal before attacking. Halting his detail before Iron Hand's lodge, Gary said, "Sergeant Ellsworth, take ten men and scour the village. Take into protective custody any white person, male or female, regardless of age. You take the remaining men and do the same, Davis."

"Yes, sir." They formed their groups and turned to ride away, each starting at the far end of the village. Hardly had they begun to move when Ellsworth said "Whoops," and pointed to the south ridge.

Even in this moment of acute danger, Jim Gary thought it was an impressive sight, awesome. And if he lived, he would always remember vividly this moment when half a thousand half-naked men looked down on him with pointed rifles. His heart hammered and his face felt feverish, yet he enjoyed the moment immensely, for this was the test a man always dreams of, when his courage is supremely tested and he finds himself strong.

"Hold up!" Gary said. He cupped his hands around his mouth. "With so many braves, is Iron Hand afraid to ride to meet me?"

He could not distinguish the leader, not until a lone Comanche detached himself from the others and came down the slope, the sun glinting from the polished hook that was his hand. Gary rode to meet him halfway.

Iron Hand was painted for war and he spoke curtly. "Does the enemy of Iron Hand wish to be destroyed?"

"Must we speak of war? I speak of peace."

"With soldiers?" He waved toward Gary's force. "There can be no peace."

"The white soldier chief wants the prisoners of the Comanches," Gary said. "The one called McCabe is the property of the white soldier chief."

"McCabe is mine. He works with the women and sleeps with the dogs. No one takes what is Iron Hand's."

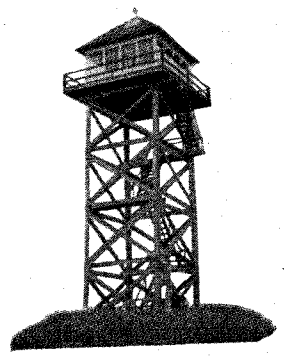
"I mean to take him because those are my orders. But I want to take him in peace."

"No peace. You turn back or die."

"Look to my hill, Iron Hand. How many of my soldiers will die?" (Continued on Page 109)

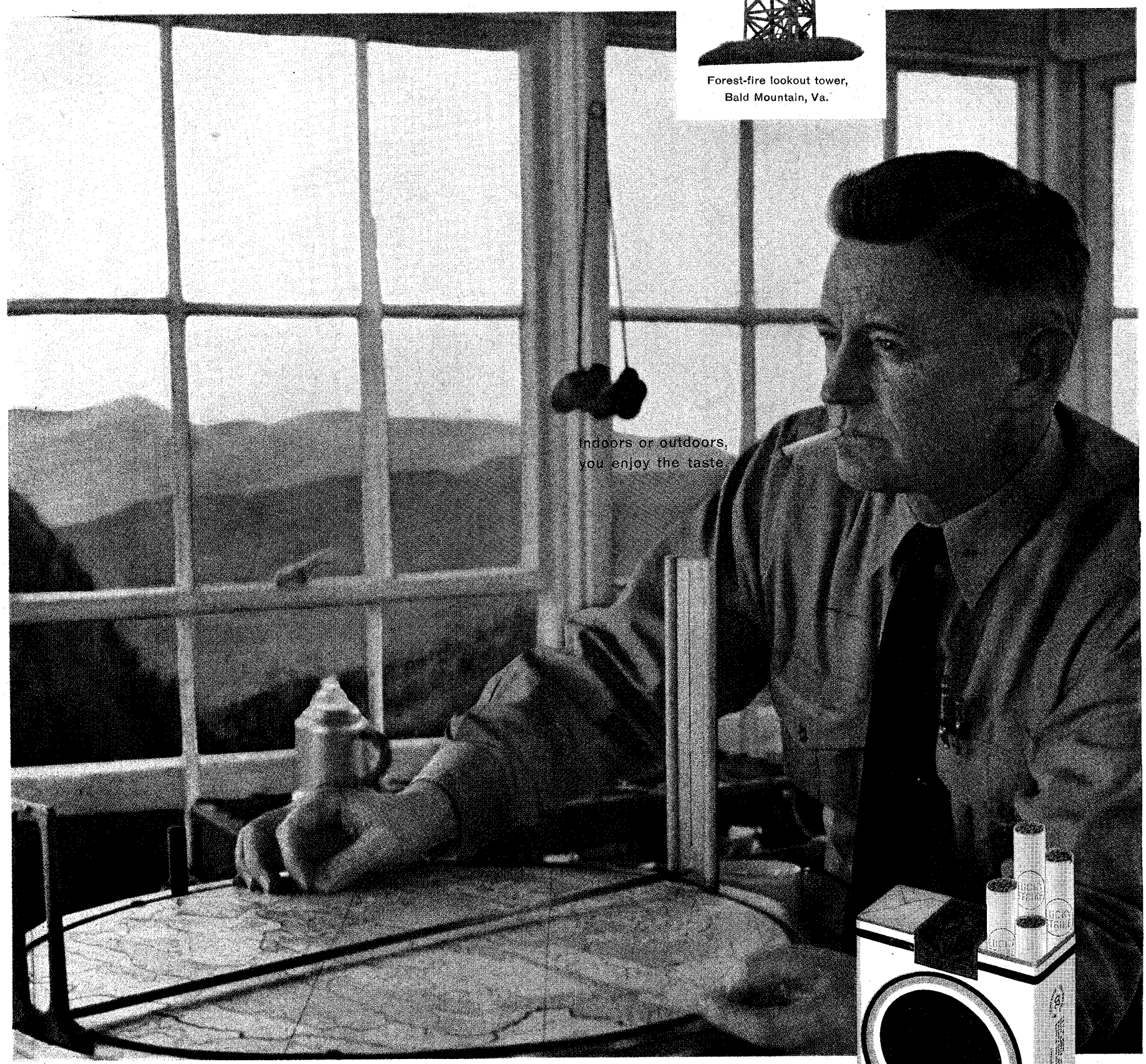
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MONEY'S WORTH. Get full value in your cigarette. Get rich, golden tobacco—and get it clear through. Lucky Strike delivers just that—plus the honest taste no man can forget.

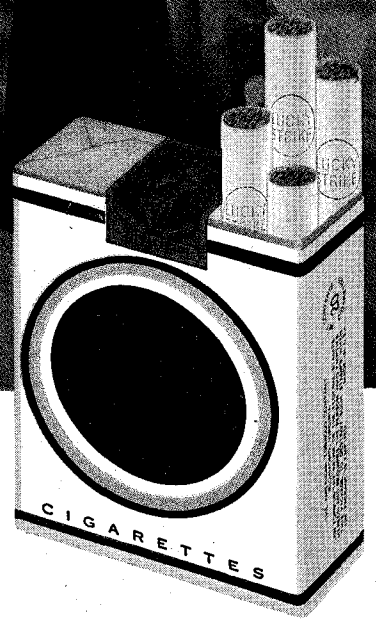


Forest-fire lookout tower, Bald Mountain, Va.

PLAY IT SAFE—especially in wooded areas. Kill your match. Make sure your cigarette's completely out.



Indoors or outdoors, you enjoy the taste.



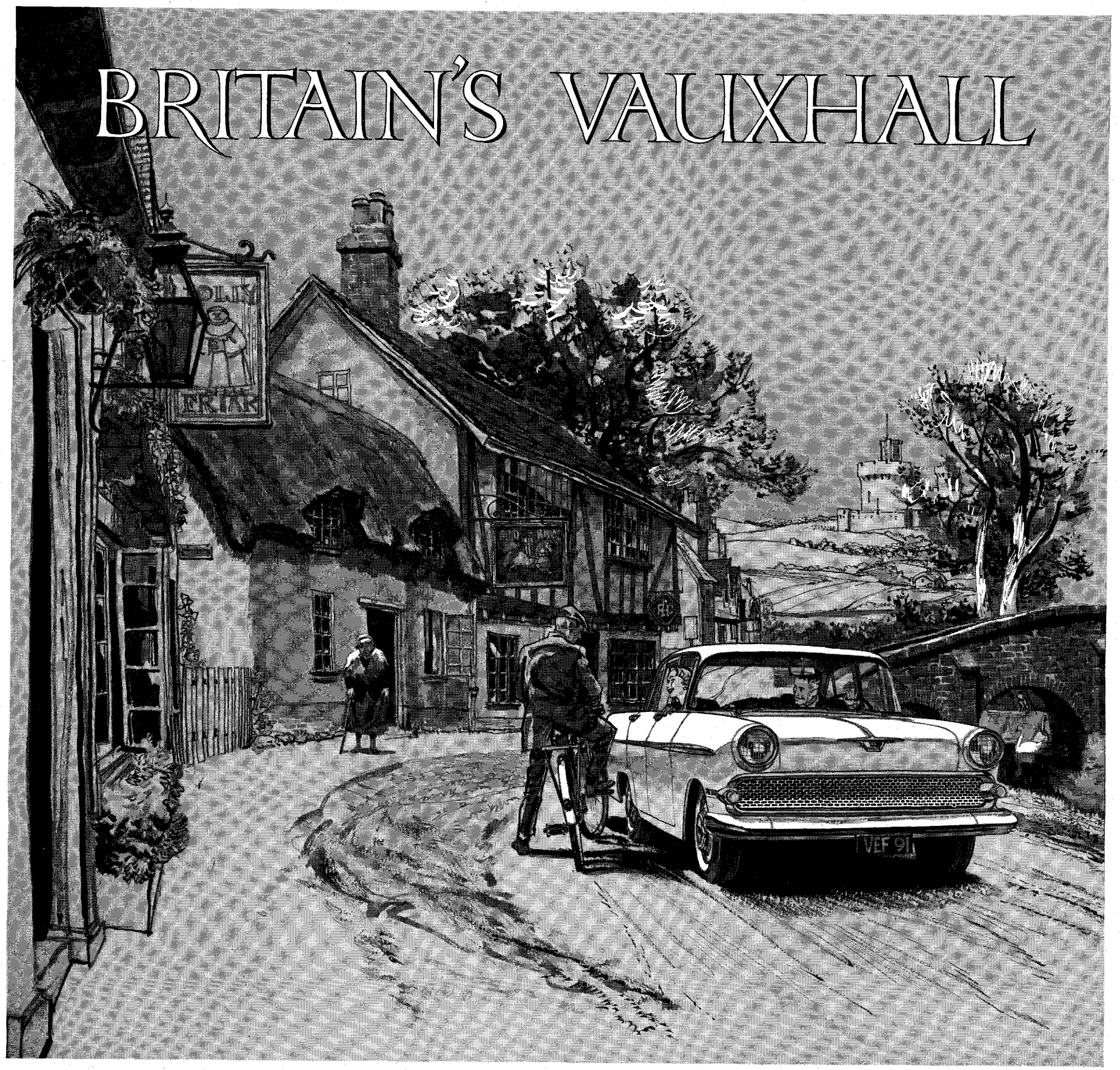
Get the genuine article

Get the honest taste of a LUCKY STRIKE

©A. T. Co.

Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This is the fine small car from England sold and serviced by Pontiac dealers throughout America

MADE IN ENGLAND
VAUXHALL

You'll like the Vauxhall for the same reasons the British do. It's compact, trim, taut, precision-built and more often than not goes thirty-five miles on each gallon of gasoline. Yet nothing has been overlooked to give it the convenience Americans demand.

It seats five passengers comfortably. There are four good-size, easy-to-enter doors. The windshield is the wrap-around type, as is the rear window. There's ample trunk space. The gearshift is American style. And, most significantly, your Vauxhall can be readily serviced by authorized Pontiac dealers located in practically every village and hamlet throughout the United States.

Built by General Motors in England, the Vauxhall is becoming an extremely popular import among Americans who want something distinctive in a small car.

See or call the Pontiac dealer nearest you and tell him you'd like to try out a Vauxhall for a day or so. Test it on a highway, in town traffic, then see how easily it parks. It's quite an automobile.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Husbands Don't Know (Continued from Page 27)

three months' Venus Triumphant Beauty Course, then build her up as the Long-Stemmed American Beauty for the Rose Festival Parade?

Well, Evelyn practically dissolved. Because this parade is a very huge thing. Everybody sponsors floats. I was Miss Associated Pharmacies once, myself, before Andy and I were married. They put me in this big rose-trimmed aspirin bottle with a cotton plug, on this hot June day, and of course I nearly died, but still it was marvelous. Tourists come from everywhere, and the hotels reduce their rates from seven-fifty double to twelve-fifty single, and everybody has a wonderful time except maybe the men hunched up under the flowers, driving the floats.

So Andy walked out with the account in his pocket, and the cocktail party was the kick-off.

A Mavis O'Toole entered the contest and said, in twenty-five words or less, that she wanted to be beautiful because it was every girl's heritage only she couldn't stop eating. I guess this came right to the crux, because she won.

"What's she like, this Mavis?" I'd asked Andy, as he jockeyed around the parking lot, before the party.

"Oh ——" He took his hands off the wheel for a minute and drew a tent on the air. "There's a lot of girl there. A lot of girl." Then he added, thoughtfully, "Nice elbows, though."

That's my boy. Indoors, outdoors, he's a girl watcher. And of course if I'd known the Mavis O'Toole business was going to develop the way it did, I'd have signed Andy up for another hitch in the Navy first. But who'd ever think a girl who weighed in at one hundred fifty-five pounds without counting her nail polish could be a menace to anything but a banana split?

The Venus Triumphant reception room is full of mirrors and blond carpeting and blond sofas. Tonight the sofas were full of people—TV, newspaper, radio—all drinking and talking when we got there. It was a very lively-sounding party.

I looked at myself. I was wearing my copper sheath, very poured-in. My pumps had four-inch heels, too, because Andy always says girls should wear either the highest heels or the flattest flats, nothing in between. Andy also says girls shouldn't wear girdles, so I wasn't wearing a girdle. I didn't even need to wear a girdle. Even after eight years of being married, even after having the twins.

Few girls can make that statement, I thought. And I thought further, few girls have chomped the amount of rabbit food and eggshells I have chomped in order to be able to make that statement. Because I have a 36–22–34 build and a 44–44–44 appetite, although nobody knows about the appetite but me.

"Doll boy!" a lady cried, rushing over the minute we came in. People always notice when Andy comes in, because he is six-feet-six, with an electric-looking crew cut, and he has this air of bringing the party with him.

This was Evelyn King, the manager, a very platinum platinum in a champagne trapeze. Her figure was an age twelve and her face was an age forty-five and I imagine she spent a lot of time replacing the essential oils, although she could have worked a little bit more on her neck. Evelyn's eyes were bright blue, and every time she laughed the dollar signs twinkled. She loved Andy madly right now because of his promotion idea, but you could tell she expected him to get a lot of hay into the barn.

So Andy introduced me, and Evelyn looked me over, up and down and deep X ray, and said any time I'd like to hostess for Venus Triumphant, let her know, which I guess was a compliment, though I decided then and there that I'd rather work for Andy. Then I noticed that Andy had eased over behind a table. He was holding a big girl by the hand, getting ready to introduce her to the mob.

But I didn't need to listen. Anybody with blue-black hair and smoky Irish eyes like that had to be Mavis O'Toole. I concentrated on looking.

Andy was correct. This was an extremely well-larded girl. About my height. But built like an overstuffed sofa, cushioned everywhere, with big fat arms. I felt relieved. Temporarily.

Then Mavis said a few words in a soft little voice, about how it had always been her dream to be beautiful, and how she hoped she would be a credit to Venus Triumphant. Everybody clapped in a dutiful way, and the party went back to being a party.

I milled around a bit. Then I saw Andy standing by Mavis, in a corner, so I headed over.

The closer I got to Mavis, the less I wanted Andy to. Oh, she was big, all right. But her complexion was luscious, and it was the one she was born with, and her eyelashes were the kind you'd have to braid at night. Also, I noticed, Mavis had these little tricks which would have been very potent on somebody smaller, and for some reason they weren't too bad, even on Mavis. Like the way she steadied Andy's hand, which of course did not need steadying, while he lighted her cigarette. Some girl invented this one five minutes after they invented cigarettes, but it still gets a lot of girls a lot of mileage.

"Oh, Mr. Bidwell!" she was saying. I could tell right away she was the sort of girl who'd have said "Mr. Man" fifty years ago, but she even made that "Mr. Bidwell" sound like a valentine. "Do you really think I can lose thirty-five pounds in four months? I'd give just anything!"

"That won't be necessary," I said kindly, moving in. "I'm Mrs. Bidwell." I do not mean that Mavis really aroused the fighting tiger in me. I just feel that a person's cards should be in plain sight.

"Hey! Haven't you two met?" Andy said. "Excuse me! Marj—Mavis O'Toole. No point standing on formality. We're all on the team together!" Andy is a great boy for team play.

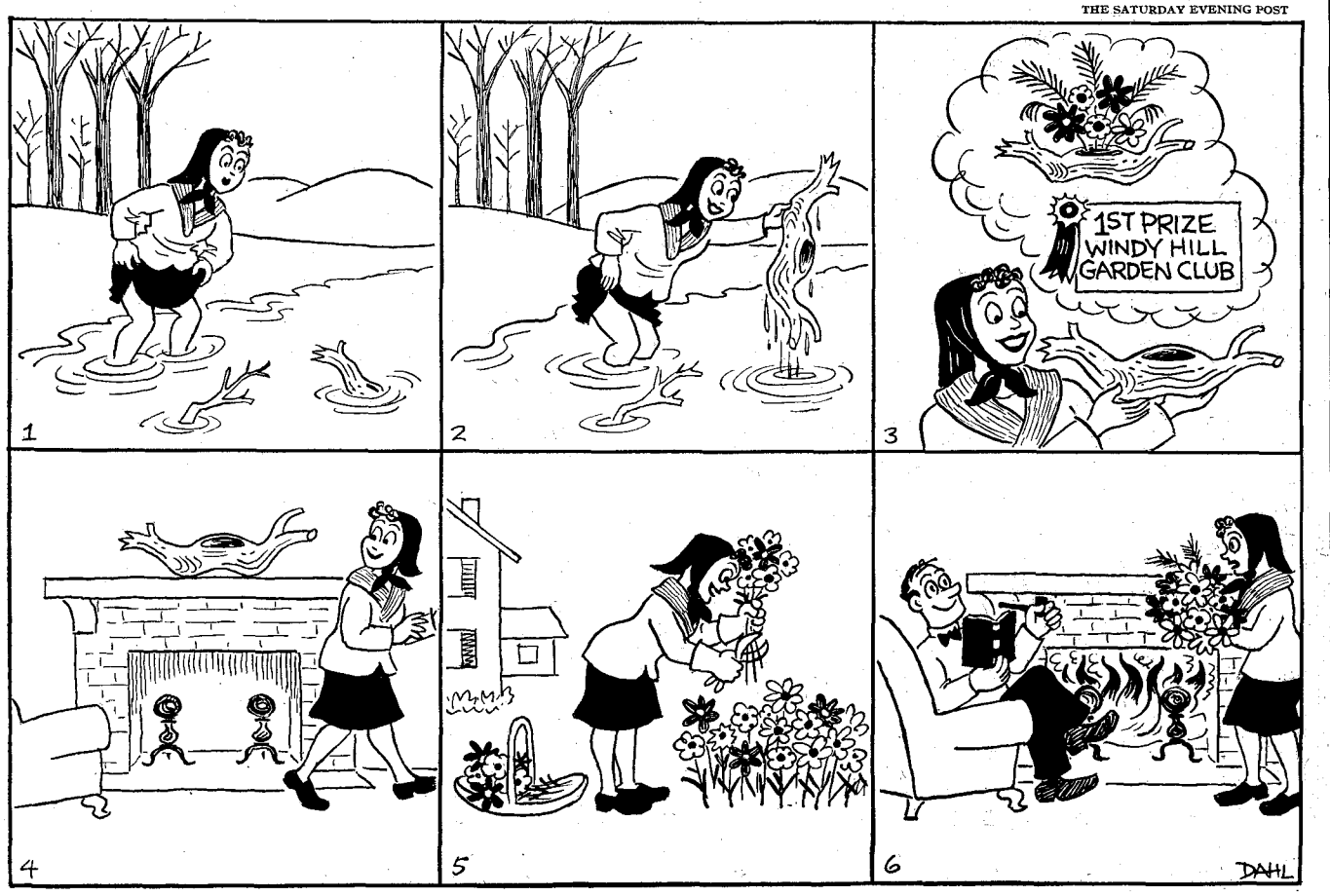
"Oh, Mrs. Bidwell, I think your husband's marvelous!" Mavis said.

"I'm glad you're enjoying him," I said. "I do, myself."

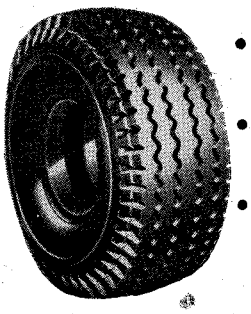
"How about a cocktail, girls?" Andy said, and then he turned to Mavis. "After all, it's (*Continued on Page 54*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



RECAP
TRUCK
TIRES
The Proved
KRAFT®
SYSTEM WAY!



• maximum mileage
• greater safety
• bigger profits

You can depend on KRAFT, the best known name in recapping, to boost your truck tire mileage and profits, coast to coast. Guaranteed service by factory-trained KRAFT recappers.

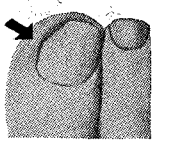
exclusive with your
GENERAL TIRE DEALER

COMPLETE KITCHEN
COMBINES: STOVE • OVEN
SINK • REFRIGERATOR
FREEZER • STORAGE

Other models available with 8 cu. ft. refrigerator including 2 cu. ft. pull-out freezer drawer . . . stainless steel or porcelain tops . . . natural wood finishes . . . garbage disposal.

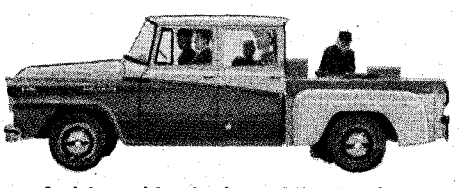
WRITE today for complete details and specifications of General Chef kitchen units.
GENERAL AIR CONDITIONING CORP.
Dept. D-9, 4542 E. Dunham St.
Los Angeles 23, California
General Chef
NATIONWIDE SALES AND SERVICE

INGROWN NAIL
PAIN STOPS FAST! A few drops of Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL in the nail groove relieve soreness, pain — soften embedded part of nail for easy removal. Insist on Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REPORTING FOR DUTY!



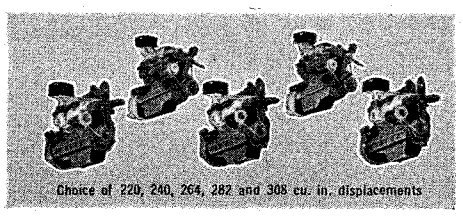
A pickup with a back seat! New Travelette® takes 6 passengers, plus full-size pickup loads.

New Travelall® has more loadspace than any "wagon," more headroom and "spread" room for 8.

NEW INTERNAT

New truck-designed power! New custom interiors!

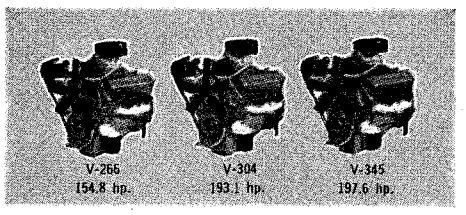
Choose from 5 economy-proved INTERNATIONAL "SIXES"



Choice of 220, 240, 264, 282 and 308 cu. in. displacements

All-time, any-time favorites for efficient power at low cost . . . now better than ever! They're short-stroke, low rpm. engines designed for truck loads, truck speeds, truck work exclusively. Latest improvements through research extend engine life and reduce maintenance. Available in a range of horsepower to suit your needs exactly.

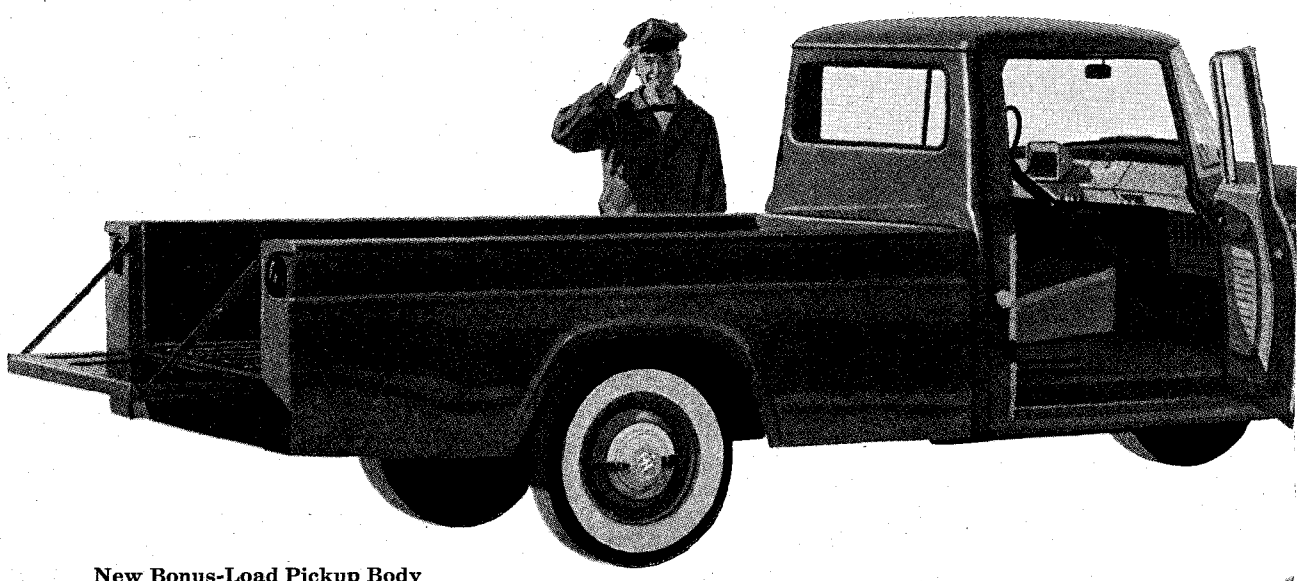
Optional . . . 3 new value-proved INTERNATIONAL V-8's



V-266 154.8 hp. | V-304 193.1 hp. | V-345 197.6 hp.

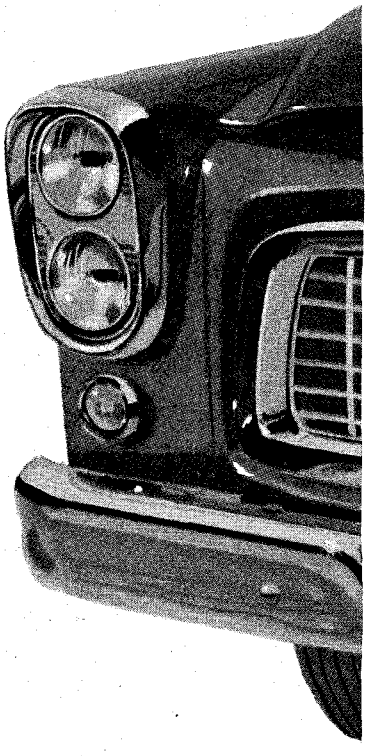
Real money savers that bring brand new economy to V-8 operation! They deliver astonishing mileage from regular gas . . . smooth, lively power with next-to-no oil consumption. Proved by tests. Proved on actual truck jobs. Optional in new INTERNATIONALS from light-duty pickups to medium-duty stakes to heavy-duty six-wheelers.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY, CHICAGO
Motor Trucks • Crawler Tractors
Construction Equipment • McCormick®
Farm Equipment and Farmall® Tractors



New Bonus-Load Pickup Body fits flush to cab to create additional space for cargo. Full-opening, center-controlled tailgate eliminates chain or cable, makes load handling easier. Choice of 7- or 8½-ft. body lengths. Standard pickup bodies also available.

Custom-Tailored Cab is trimmed and upholstered with handsome durable vinyl. Seat is over 5 ft. across. Big windshield provides a safer view with less corner distortion and no awkward doorway projections. From convenient new instrument cluster to newly positioned accelerator pedal, everything's designed for day-or-night, all-weather driving comfort.

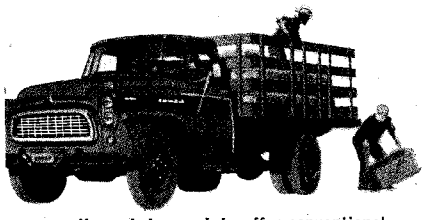


You name it–they do it! New INTERNATIONAL models up to 33,000 lbs. GVW are ready to handle any assignment . . . the tougher the better. They're powered by truck-specialized "six" or V-8 engines. They're distinctively and durably styled with dual headlights and the largest one-piece anodized aluminum grille on any truck. They're the newest additions to the world's most complete truck line . . . at your INTERNATIONAL Dealer's now!

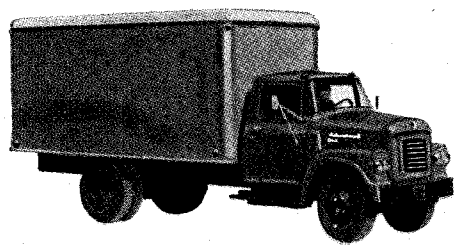
INTERNATIONAL® TRUCKS

WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE LINE

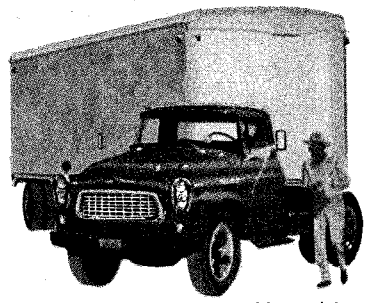
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



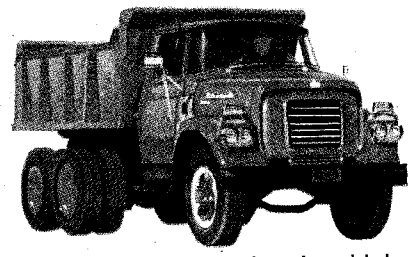
lew medium-duty models offer conventional r all-wheel drive, stake or platform bodies.



New compact-design models are short in length for easier handling of long vans, bigger payloads.



Newest on the road. V-8 powered heavy-duty models are specialized for high-speed hauling.



Rugged on the job. New tandem-axle models have the power and traction for on- and off-highway work.

[ONAL TRUCKS

New loadspace! New look!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 51*) austerity for you, toots, starting tomorrow. A martini?"

"Let's see," Mavis said. "Now is that the one with the cherry? Or the olive?"

Honestly!

I looked to see if Andy was about to explode, too, but he was busily explaining about martinis. To Mavis. Then he went over to the bar. Without asking me what I wanted. Now, of course, when you've been married to a person for eight years, you're apt to know what a person wants. But all the same, when I happened to wake up at three o'clock the next morning, it was on my mind.

Venus Triumphant's crash program started the next day to strip Mavis down to size. Of course, Andy's started too. He had to learn all about the magic tables and beauty diets and exercises and everything so he could write the publicity. He also had to get the float built and Mavis' costume designed. He was a busy boy.

Andy told me about it all, and I made the right wifely noises. For about three weeks, that is. And then one night—the night before Mr. Ditlow galvanized me—I came to a fast rolling boil.

On this particular evening I had bribed the twins into bed a little early so Andy and I could have our dessert in peace. We were sitting on the sofa eating fudge cake. Sometimes I did this. I would eat only three hundred fifty calories all day, which would leave room for a lean chop and some dessert. I had put Mood Music for Married Lovers on the record player, and Andy was leaning back, looking dreamy.

"I guess you could say twenty-two, all told," he said. "Inches, I mean. You start with the N-N measurement and ——"

"N-N," I said. "What's that?"

"Neck to navel," Andy said.

"*Whose?*" I said.

"Mavis'," Andy said. "That is, anybody's," he added hastily. "On the Venus Triumphant chart, I mean. Then you measure her bust, and ——"

"*Who* does?" I said.

"They do," he said. "And then there's Waist and Abdomen and ——" Well, he went on and on about how they added up the Ideal measurements and subtracted them from the Original measurements, but I wasn't listening to the details.

I stood up in the smoke-gray stretch tights I was wearing along with my acey black plunge-neck pullover, and I moved over to the fireplace. I put one elbow on the mantel and the other hand on my hip and I said, "That's very fascinating, sweetie, but who's built the *best?*"

He looked at me. "Well," he said, after pausing to consider the various women participating in the crash program, "Mrs. Purvis is a little elderly, of course, though she's firming up nicely. And Josie and Ruthellen and the rest—well ——" He lapsed into silence. "No," he said finally, "I'd say Mavis has got it, hands down. Peel her down to, say, 36-22-34 and I tell you, Marj, that girl will make history. And you know something? She's a real gutsy kid too."

"Why?" I said.

"Listen." There was awe in his voice. "You may not believe this. But Mavis has lost seven pounds in two weeks."

"What's so marvelous about that?" I said loudly. "Anyway, it's all water."

"You just don't understand," Andy said patiently. "Girls like you who don't have any weight problem simply don't know what it's like to starve. After all, you can eat anything you want"—his gesture included my chunk of fudge cake—"and you never ——"

"Lover," I said, "will you repeat that?"

He looked surprised. "Well, I mean, how would *you* like this dry-toast-and-cottage-cheese bit? Take Mavis. She was telling me, all her life she's had pastries and bacon and eggs for breakfast, with plenty of rich cream in her coffee, and a good hearty lunch, and then ——"

But I had tuned out. I was staring into my past. How many hot biscuits had I split and buttered to look busy, and then didn't eat? How many avocados had I pushed under the lettuce? How many times had I sat watching Andy eat half an apple pie and about a pound of well-aged cheddar before he went to bed, while I sipped a little grapefruit juice?

And why? Because Andy originally fell in love with my figure, that's why. Because I think a girl's figure and how she keeps it is her own business, that's why. Because there's nothing glamorous about dieting and knee-bends, and because I wasn't going to spoil Andy's chicken and waffles, that's why. So I just sold him on the illusion that I liked to cook and hated to eat.

Then, thinking of all I'd been through, I heard an odd noise from way down inside me. It was that fighting tiger I have mentioned before. He was twitching his tail now, and spitting on his paws.

As I look back on it now, I don't think I really intended that things would go as far as they did. All I wanted was a bulge here, maybe a bulge there, just to remind Andy that I, too, needed attention.

At first I was afraid I wasn't going to get anywhere. I ate and I ate, but the scales didn't move. I guess I'd had my metabolism trained like a pet seal for so long that I just automatically burned up everything I ate.

Eventually, though, I moved into high gear. I didn't just eat, I tunneled like a sand hog. I had a wonderful time. And if anybody wants to gain twenty-seven pounds in a hurry, I have news for them: It can be done.

There is a Viennese bakery and delicatessen in Garden City, called Freundlich's. I used to go there sometimes to get a special kuchen for Andy, and I would die, that's all, simply die as I stared at all the gorgeous things in the showcase. Cherry strudel. Rum mocha whipped-cream cake. Schnecken, which is a fabulous pecan roll that packs about four hundred calories per bite.

And now, no holds were barred. I stopped at Freundlich's nearly every day. I majored in the almond-paste fudge roll and had them put a good dollop of whipped cream on top of that. I'd eat several of these, and put lots of Freundlich's thick yellow cream in my coffee, and then I'd munch a schnecken or two on the way home.

Once home, I hardly paused for breath. I cooked, and ate. Mince pie with hard sauce. Cheese-scalloped potatoes with sour cream. Tiny luscious hot walnut-studded caramel buns that you must make three dozen of for two people because you eat them like peanuts.

One evening in late March, I was cooking dinner when Andy whooped in the back door. "38-29-38!"

"Hike," I said. But I knew he wasn't calling signals. This was measuring day at Venus Triumphant.

"And another five pounds off!" he beamed.

"Heavens to Elizabeth!" I said, and I went on mashing the spuds.

"And listen, Marj!" He opened his briefcase. "See how you like the first installment." This was the story of Mavis' transformation, for the newspapers, which Andy was ghosting.

"'I Dared to be Beautiful!' That's what I'm calling it." Then he sort of blushed. "Is that O.K.? I mean, it has to sound girlish."

"I think it's just darling," I said.

"Heavens to Betsy, Abby!
There's a BIG difference in auto glass!"

Margaret Hamilton as Prudence

Nydia Westman as Abby

PRUDENCE: All cars have Safety **PLATE** Glass in windshields. Have to. But only General Motors puts Safety **PLATE** in the side windows, too, of every car made in the whole U.S.A.

ABIGAIL: What's so different about Safety **PLATE?**

PRUDENCE: Gives better vision out the windows.

ABIGAIL: And you can *tell* the difference?

PRUDENCE: Sure can. Not so tiring on the eyes, specially for folks in the back seat. And you can always tell whether a car's got Safety **PLATE** in the side windows by that label there — **P-L-A-T-E.**

ABIGAIL: What's this other word here mean? E-Z-Eye!

PRUDENCE: It's a special kind of Safety **PLATE** tha keeps sun heat from baking you. That blue greer color sort of filters out sun rays. It's the next bes thing to air conditioning. And that shaded band o the windshield cuts down glare even more.

ABIGAIL: No wonder they call it E-Z-Eye!

SAFETY PLATE in every window of every
BUICK • CADILLAC • CHEVROLET • OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC
LIBBEY • OWENS • FORD TOLEDO 3, OHIO

Look for this sign when you need to replace glass.

LICENSED TO CNPIEC
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Then it starts out, 'Listen, girls! Please listen! All I know is, if I did it, you can do it.' Get that hook, Marj?"

"Boy oh boy oh boy," I said.

"Then I go on: 'Like every girl, I've always wanted to be beautiful. It seemed to me, as I grew up dreaming of the Prince Charming I would meet someday—it seemed to me it was my *right* to be beautiful.'" He looked up anxiously. "Is that too thick?"

"No, I can always add more cream," I said before I realized he wasn't talking about the mashed potatoes. I was using whipping cream—there's no law that says you can't—and the potatoes seemed a little firm, I admit, but they tasted simply delicious. So Andy went on reading, but I didn't hear too much of it, because I was thinking if there were any mashed potatoes left over, they would be awfully good if I added an egg and then fried them in butter for breakfast.

So March blew into April, and April melted into May, and Andy wasn't married to me any more, he was married to Venus Triumphant. Evelyn King was hotter than ever for the promotion. She had O.K.'d it with the New York office, of course, and they liked it so well they said they might like to have Nelson-Chaney Associates do the same thing later in key points around the country. *If* it brought in the business. And Andy said that when Mr. Nelson heard that, he wiggled his nose like an Easter bunny sniffing a big succulent carrot. Mr. Nelson just loves money.

Weeping Springtime

Oh, Mistress Springtime,
shame! shame!
You haven't smiled all week.
The tears you dropped on
budding trees
Have landed on my cheek!

Audrey M. Lee

So Andy was everywhere. If it wasn't the float builder he was huddling with, it was a Madame Sophi who was designing a real whee of a costume for Mavis. And when he wasn't doing either of these things, he was holding Mavis' hand. She was rounding third base, he reported to me—only an inch or so to go. But her appetite was gaining on her.

One evening, only two weeks before the parade, the phone rang. Andy answered, and I heard an impassioned conversation from his end. "Don't!" Then, "Wait! Hold it! I'll be right over!" Then he dashed past me, explaining on the fly that Mavis was dying of hunger and was about to start eating.

"What is this, the diet branch of the A.A.?" I said. But I didn't much care. I was halfway through The Corpse With the Wandering Eye and a box of Van der Meer's chocolates. I have always thought there is no better combination than a good mystery and a good box of chocolates.

So there I was, eating my way through spring; and I don't know what would have happened if it hadn't been for a couple of occurrences just three nights before the parade.

Andy missed dinner that evening because of a last-minute conference with Madame Sophi. After I fed the twins and me, I settled down with the evening paper.

I was feeling low anyway, even before I saw the big double-page picture spread in the main section. For one thing, I was feeling fat. The reason is, of course, that I was. I had gained twenty-seven pounds. And then, because I was in a depressed, fact-facing frame of mind, I faced this one: that my program was getting me nowhere except fatter.

Where was the husbandly concern, the dedicated attention I thought I'd be getting? Also nowhere. Of course, I'd worn mainly brunch coats and sack dresses lately. But Andy had seen me dressing and undressing, for heaven's sake. And I'd even told him I thought I was expanding, and he'd just said, "Middle age, old girl, middle age," and given me a comradely pat before he'd gone on talking about one of Mavis' measurements.

Then I saw the picture spread of all the girls who'd be riding the floats. Except for Mavis, that is, because Andy was playing the mystery angle. But there they were—Miss Municipal Plumbing and Heating, Miss Associated Greengrocers (oh, she was a tomato, she was, she was) and Miss City-Wide Sanitary Hauling, and a dozen others—all of them lean and lithe and lively and luscious. I sat there, and the longer I looked, the more ponderous I felt, as if my stomach had more or less settled around my hips. And just then Peter climbed on my lap with his Pooh book.

"Say," he said happily, settling himself, "you're going to be a nice grammaw, after all; you're getting all soft and cozy." Peter had been worried about this.

"Gee, thanks," I said. And then I said, more slowly, "Thanks a lot." Because I was visualizing. Cozy grammaw is one thing. Big fat bulging mamma is another thing. *My*, I thought. *Oh, my.*

Then, in a spirit of pure scientific inquiry, I went upstairs and tried on my copper sheath. It still had the poured-in look all right. But now there was almost enough of me left over for another girl.

I stood there, looking, and suddenly there I was, smack up against it—the moment of truth. The kids were part of the reason I felt so bad. So was Andy, even if he didn't give a darn. But, mainly, it was me. I just didn't like myself any more. Like the Englishman dressing for dinner on the desert island, there were some things you *did*, that's all. And some things you *didn't*.

For a long minute I stood there, thinking about this. Then I went downstairs and put the rest of the walnut torte in the corner of the refrigerator where Andy always looks for his late snack.

I was in bed when he got home. He asked me if I could meet him at Venus Triumphant the next day for Mavis' final fitting—there was some question about length and Andy always trusted my judgment on those things—and I muttered sleepily that I sure could. Because I was going down there anyway to see Evelyn and sign up for the king-size course.

I was early the next day, on purpose; and when I walked into that big blond reception room, Evelyn's double-take nearly threw me. She didn't know me.

"May I help you, madam?" All charm and business. Oh, I could have bawled. We got down to business, and Evelyn was just about to measure the extent of the damage when Andy zoomed in.

"Hi, toots! Evelyn! Where's our little girl Mavis?"

"I don't know," Evelyn said, "but a boy just left this letter for you."

Andy dropped the big Madame Sophi box he was carrying, ripped open the letter, and read it.

"This is a joke?" he said hopefully.

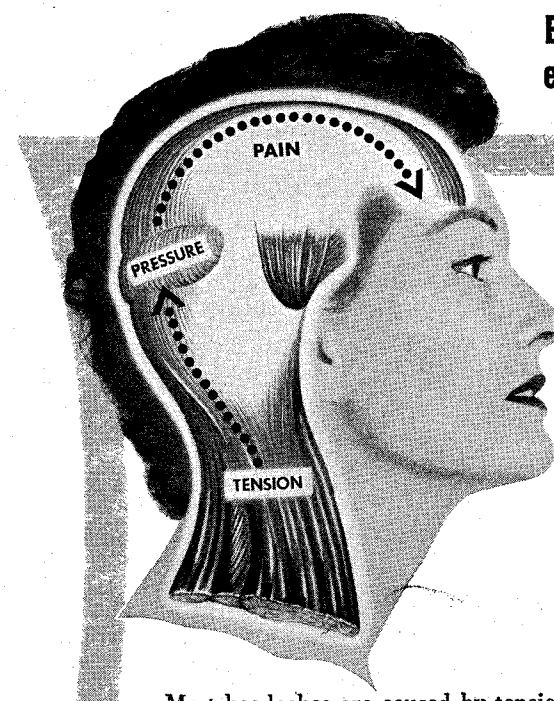
Evelyn raised her eyebrows. "Who's it from?"

Then Andy sat down. You wouldn't think a lean, tall arrangement like Andy could look so heavy sitting down. "It's from—Mavis," he said. "You read it."

How you can break the vicious cycle of

NERVOUS TENSION HEADACHE

Better than aspirin even with buffering added



How Tension Headaches Start

Most headaches are caused by tension that tightens the muscles in the back of the neck and scalp. This tension puts pressure on nerves and causes headache pain. In turn, the pain builds up more tension, more pressure — makes your headache worse. To break this vicious pain cycle and obtain fast, more *complete* relief — you should try the special medication in Anacin, *not obtainable* in aspirin nor in aspirin with buffering.

ANACIN® relaxes tension

● releases pressure ● relieves pain fast

Tension headaches need the *extra* medication in Anacin. So why limit yourself to aspirin or buffered aspirin which contains *only one* pain reliever and has *no* special medication to relax your tension? Anacin is a special *combination* of medically approved ingredients which 3 out of 4 doctors recommend for pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Anacin Tablets give a better TOTAL effect in pain relief because they relax tension, release pressure and relieve pain fast. They break up the vicious pain cycle! Safer, too. Anacin does not upset your stomach. See if Anacin doesn't *work better* for you.

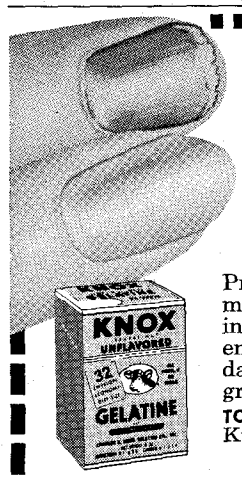
3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in·····

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALLEN-BRADLEY

Quality Motor Control

There is nothing on the market like this handy new "two-in-one" Allen-Bradley Bulletin 800 standard duty selector switch. It serves both 2-position and 3-position requirements . . . and the changeover takes only 30 seconds. When the wrap-around cover is removed, base-mounted terminals make wiring easy. As with *all* A-B control, the double break, silver alloy contacts never need servicing. Use these selector switches—and reduce your inventory! Write Allen-Bradley Co., 138 W. Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee 4, Wis. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.



SPLITTING NAILS

NEED THE FOOD FACTORS IN

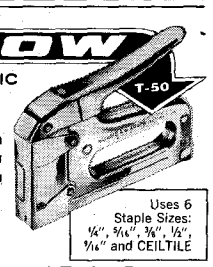
KNOX Gelatine

Problem nails can be nourished only from *within*. Published medical research shows 7 out of 10 women restored breaking, splitting nails within three months . . . by drinking one envelope (about 5¢) of Knox Unflavored Gelatine once a day in fruit or vegetable juice, bouillon or water. At your grocer's.

TO PHYSICIANS: All published studies have been conducted with Knox Gelatine. For reprints write Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, N.Y.

© 1959 Knox Gelatine Co.

ARROW AUTOMATIC GUN TACKER SHOOTS STAPLE WHEREVER YOU'D DRIVE A NAIL !!



Uses 6 Staple Sizes: ¼", 5/16", ⅜", ½", 9/16" and CEILTILE

FASTER! CHEAPER! BETTER! $12.50

contained in T-50MP KIT with screen, shade, wire, attachments 5000 assorted staples and staple lifter. KIT PRICE $17.50.

At Hardware, Building, Lumber and Stationery Dealers everywhere.

ARROW FASTENER CO., INC. 1 Junius St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

WORM Your Dog or Puppy As You FEED Him

NEW!

PULVEX WORM CAPS

It's so easy! Just mix with your pet's regular food. New PULVEX Worm Caps, quickly and safely expels all large roundworms (Ascarids). No starving, struggling, vomiting, or diarrhea. At pet, drug & dept. stores. PULVEX, Chicago 14.

So Evelyn read it, aloud: "'Dearest Andy and *all* you wonderful people at Venus Triumphant—I couldn't possibly find the words to apologize, and so I will just tell you the facts. When you read this, I will be in New York, shopping for my trousseau, because day after tomorrow I am going to marry the most wonderful man in the world, Petty Officer William E. Harpole of the U. S. Navy, whose ship docks this evening at 7 P.M. (thrills and bumps!!). We've been engaged for three years, but somehow, after he left, I just got *enormous* because I was so lonesome I couldn't stop eating, I guess, and I simply *had* to get back to my old self——'" Evelyn paused. "There's quite a bit more," she said dryly. "Want to hear it?"

"Not especially," I said. Because I was looking at Andy. His face looked as if someone had just turned off the light. And I knew it wasn't just the parade business. I had this very deep-seated feeling that it was Mavis, too, and as I looked at myself in that mirror-lined room I couldn't blame him. But I could have cried anyway, and I was about to go over to him when he suddenly looked at me. His face changed like a sunrise.

"Why not?" he said softly. "Why not?" Then, very excited, "Baby, you're it!" he said. "Same height, the most gorgeous figure in the world ——"

"You mean ——" said Evelyn, looking embarrassed.

"You mean—" I interrupted, choking over the words, "you mean—*me* be the Long-Stemmed American Beauty and ride the float?"

"Why not?" said Andy, all fired up. Then I guess he noticed the thick silence.

I stood up slowly. "Lambie. Sweetheart. Baby boy," I said. "Look at mamma."

"Well?" he said, in that impatient way he has when he wants to get going. "Of course, it's not exactly cricket, but ——"

Then I knew. This was love. True love. I mean, it really was. The way my grandpa always described grandma as black-haired, years after she'd turned white. The way my dad gave mom baby-doll pajamas, just last Christmas. Men! The lovely, gallant, simple-minded gents, still seeing the girls they married!

I went over to Andy and I gave him a very workmanlike kiss.

"Andy," I said, very humbly, "I am not quite the same girl you married. I mean, architecturally speaking."

Andy gave me the long look. It was a surprised look at first, and then a sorry look. I knew he saw. But it was a gentle look too. "Baby," he said, "what did I do? You've always been—I mean, when we were married, you ——" And then the look faded into a faraway stare. The look of true creative genius, I always call it.

He clapped his hand to his forehead and said, "Wait a minute. Wait a MINUTE!" Then he leaped for the phone in Evelyn's inner office and he was busy there for quite a while.

But that was all right. Somehow I had this lovely singing feeling that everything was all right. Also, I was pretty busy, myself, getting my figure analyzed and subtracting the Ideal from the Original. Evelyn said we just might have a little trouble with my AB, but she was sure that three months would do me to a turn.

Well. Talk about rose festivals. Talk about floats. Talk about June days pouring sunshine like maple syrup all over a big fat parade. This one was a world shaker. And the Venus Triumphant float stopped the show. Literally!

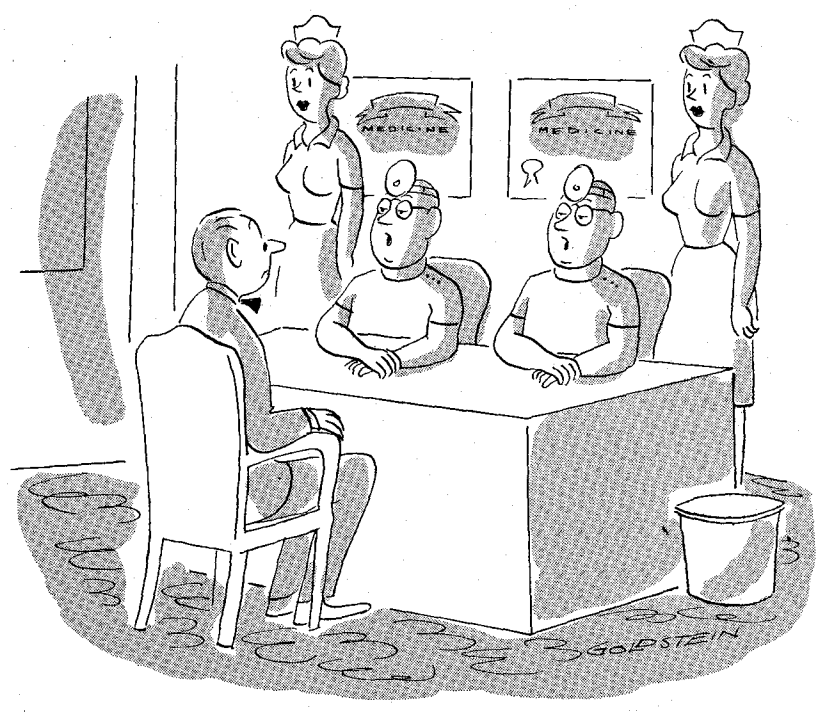
This is what happened. Andy flew Mavis and her petty officer back to Garden City and they were married on the float, right there in the middle of the parade at Fifth and Broadway. All Madame Sophi had to do was add a veil to Mavis' rosy-red velvet bikini and she was the most absolutely gorgeous bride you ever saw.

Oh, my Andy's a dandy!

And if there just happened to be millions of little cards fluttering around like confetti, announcing that the Venus Triumphant Girl always got her man—well, this was bad publicity? Mr. Nelson didn't think so. I guess that's why it's going to be Nelson-Chaney-Bidwell Advertising Associates, as of the beginning of the next fiscal year.

Of course, I didn't see the little cards myself. I left immediately after the wedding, because I was taking my first double treatment at Venus Triumphant—as Evelyn says, if you take doubles you get there faster. She was just wonderful about it. She gave me a handsome agency discount and showed me how to work the magic-table buttons myself. Also, she says I was really too skinny before and ought to weigh eight pounds more than I did; and when I think of all that lovely leeway I'll have from here on in, I simply glow!

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You are suffering, Mr. Hayworth, from what we call double vision."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Secret in Her Past (Continued from Page 30)

"In? Oh, I see what you mean." They didn't speak of what they did but of what they were in—as steel or stocks and bonds. A clergyman presumably would say he was in souls. "I'm in books."

"You publish them?"

"I lend them. I'm a librarian and I'm on sick leave."

"You must know a great deal about books," the man on his right said, almost accusingly.

"Never took much stock in them myself," the man on his left said. "Fill people's heads with notions."

"I don't write them," Mr. De Courcy said defensively. "And I don't have to read them if I don't want to. A librarian simply has to know his Dewey."

"Oh, do you know Dewey?" the man on his right said. "Good man, Dewey. Should've won in 1944 and those other times."

"Not that one."

"But surely," the man on his left said, "you're not old enough to ——"

"No," Mr. De Courcy said wearily, "I wasn't at Manila. I mean the Dewey of the Dewey Decimal system. It's a way of classifying books."

"Books, eh?" the man on his left said. "Librarian, eh?" He made it sound shady. He was a man of downright opinions and feared the worst about everybody and everything.

"Somebody has to do it," Mr. De Courcy said fatuously, and quoted: "'There is no frigate like a book to take us lands away.'"

"No what?" the man on his right said.

"Frigate," said Mr. De Courcy, more loudly than he intended.

"Well really!" the man said.

The silent lady made a sound very like a giggle. She beckoned to Mr. De Courcy to come sit beside her. He dragged his chair across the porch.

She broke her silence, softly. "I was wondering how long you'd last, Mr. ——"

He told her his name. "I'm Mrs. Ardry. I didn't see how you were ever going to get out of such a quagmire of cross purposes. You don't seem to enter the spirit of things here. You've never been in a hotel rest home before?"

"No."

"Well, if you have to spend much time here or in any of the many places like it, you'd better learn to get the fun out of it."

"Where's the fun?"

She cleared her throat, like a lecturer. "The gentlemen you were sitting between. You found them boring, but do you know their names?"

"Scylla and Charybdis, I should think. One of them has a respiratory ailment and wheezes about it continually. The other one says his stomach has the medical profession baffled. Fun?"

"The respiratory one is Mr. Pulsifer-Bultitude."

"Surely not!"

"Really. Look at the register. He was a Bultitude by birth and he married a Miss Pulsifer. The hyphen went with the marriage."

"Pots of money she must have had for him to do a rash thing like that. The name sounds like a head-cold remedy."

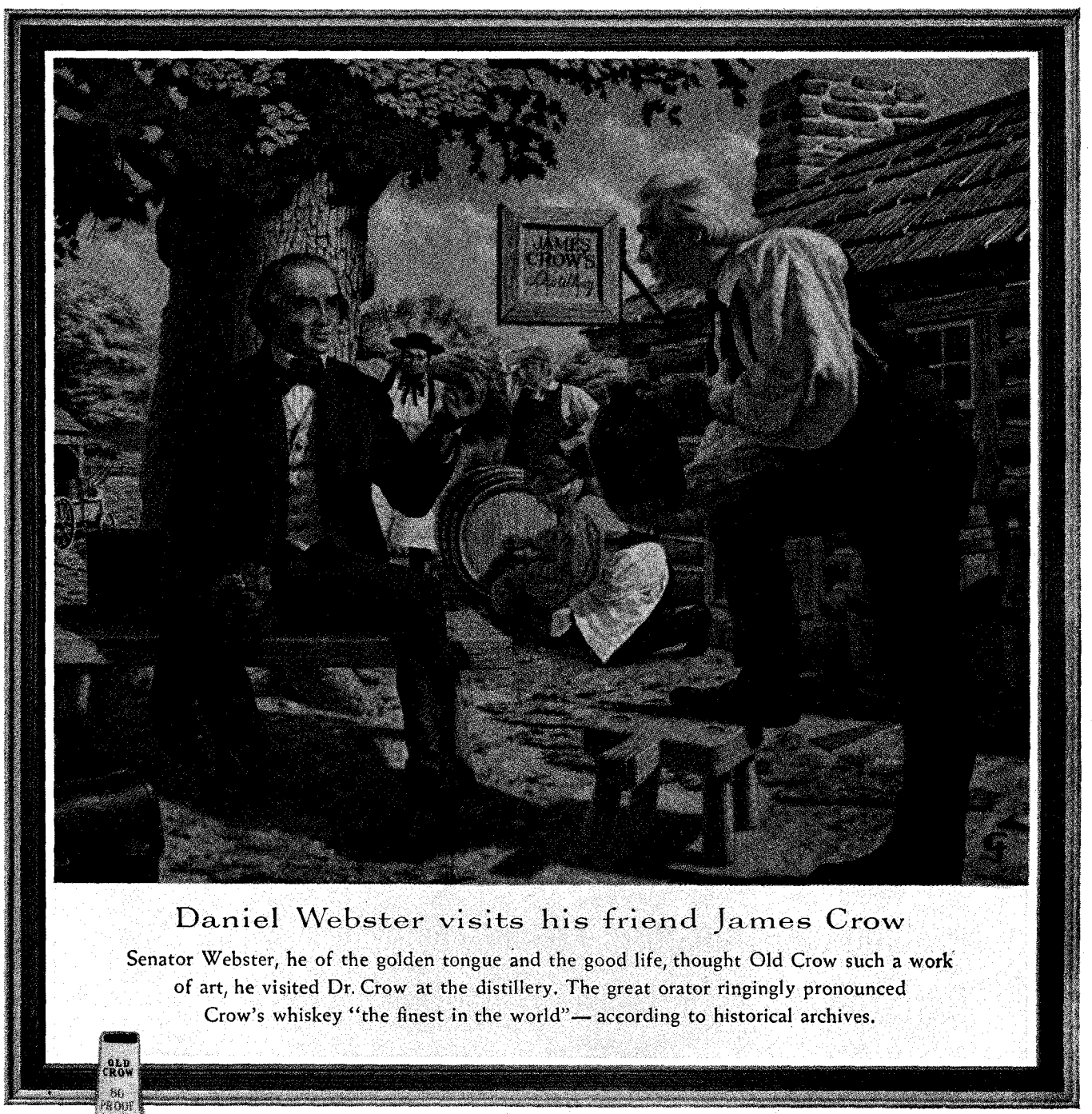
"Now you're catching the fun, Mr. De Courcy!" She clasped her hands. "And the other one is even better, when you come to think of it. You know how he's always predicting disaster for the country and one and all. Now then: his name is Orkell. Mr. Orkell—like something at Delphi. And stomach trouble too. He prophesies out of his own entrails, don't you see?"

Mr. De Courcy grinned. This was small talk after his own heart. Yet it was dissolving too. He had spent his life laughing things off, but once or twice in the long weeks in the hospital the thought had crossed his mind that this time the joke might be on him. He had stood the pain with a show of courage and the indignities that go with being bedfast with a show of humor. But sickness of the body raised questions about the rest of one's being; about—how old-fashioned the word sounded—one's soul. And here on the sun porch at the Breakers, laughing with this odd woman over the foibles of fellow invalids, he could not shake off a sense of illness in himself heavier than any from mere bacteria. He quoted aloud:

"Thus, aged men, full loth and slow,
The vanities of life forego,
And count their youthful follies o'er,
Till Memory lends her light no more."

She was whimsical. "You aren't so aged as all that, Mr. De Courcy. But the poem is right, all the same. I don't know how sick you are. It's sometimes a matter of choice. If you are quite sick and unable to make out for yourself, you had best stay here and get what fun you can out of it. You have to scratch for the fun among the Pulsifer-Bultitudes and Orkells and the rest. You can laugh at them without being unkind, because they never know they're being laughed at. Their world is their illness and they can afford places like this to let them believe no other important worlds exist."

He shivered. "I can afford it. I can turn the sick (*Continued on Page 60*)



Daniel Webster visits his friend James Crow

Senator Webster, he of the golden tongue and the good life, thought Old Crow such a work of art, he visited Dr. Crow at the distillery. The great orator ringingly pronounced Crow's whiskey "the finest in the world"— according to historical archives.

LIGHT • MILD • 86 PROOF
KENTUCKY BOURBON

Taste the Greatness of

OLD CROW

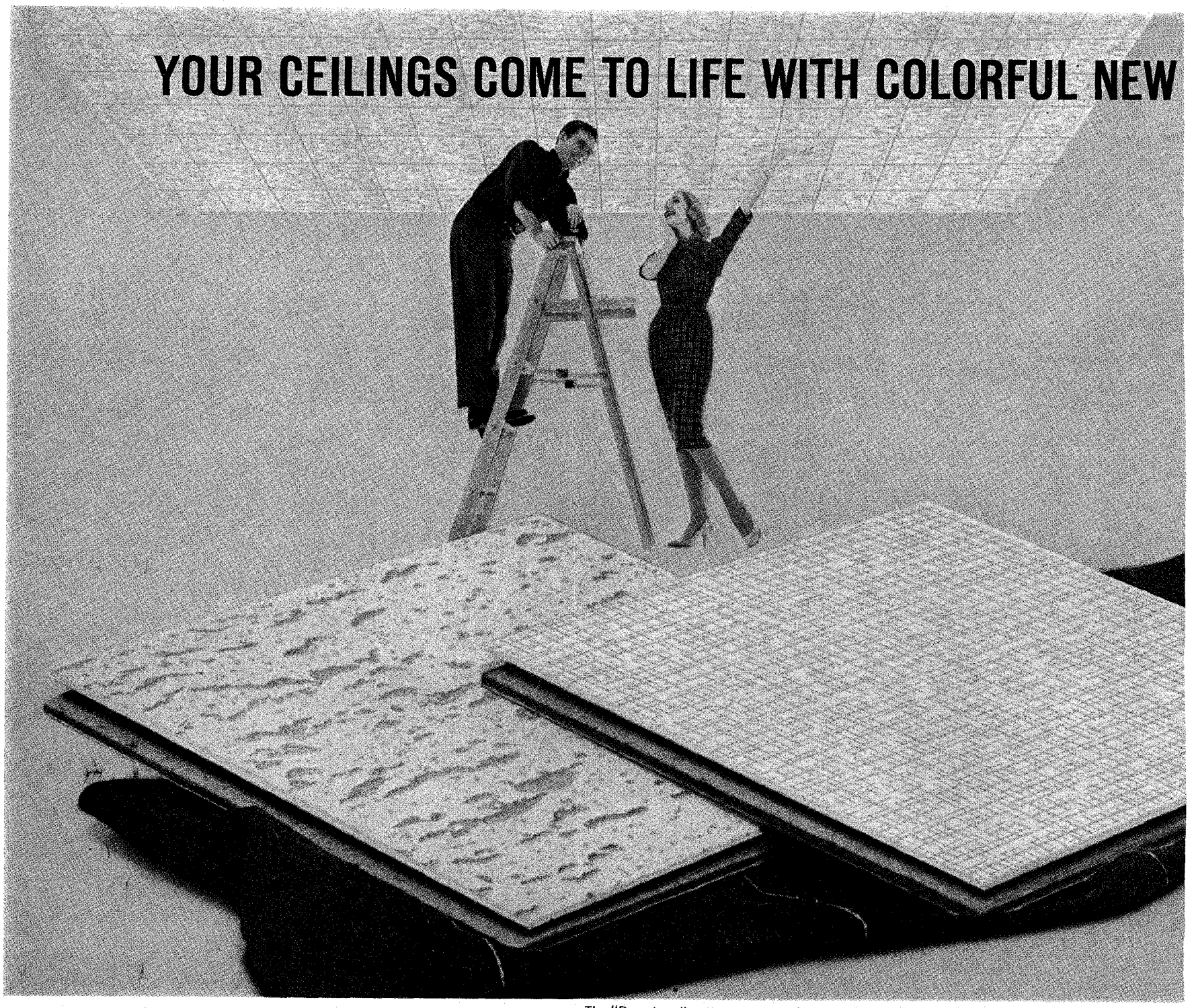
America's Preferred Bourbon

James Crow created his bourbon masterpiece 124 years ago—and history beat a path to his door. Today 86 proof Old Crow is favored by more Americans than any other bourbon—because it is still the perfect formula for Kentucky bourbon!

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY., DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The "Barretone" patterns you see here are (from left to right) Fissure, Tattersall, and Sparkler.

Now you can transform ceilings overnight with "Barretone" Tiles in stylish decorator patterns.

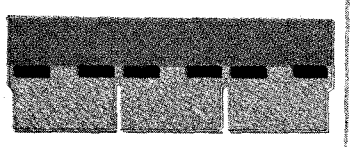
Use these tiles to cover old plastered ceilings that are cracked or peeling . . . to pep up a newly finished attic or basement . . . to bring new life into old rooms. They are designed with concealed nailing joints for extra-easy application. It takes only a few hours to nail or staple your new

B A R E

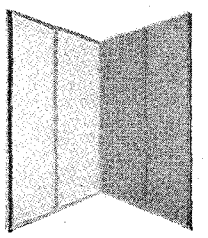
Better *built with Barrett!* You know you can rely on a name that's been famous in building materials since 1854. When a product carries the Barrett label, it's sure to be of the highest quality.

Barrett®

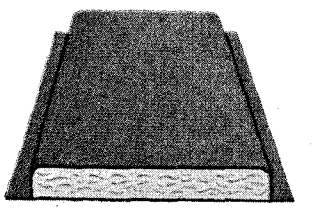
Asphalt Shingles in colors and styles to fit every taste and budget! Ask your Barrett Roofer to show you hurricane-tested STORM KING† Shingles and the new RANCHLINE† Shingles.



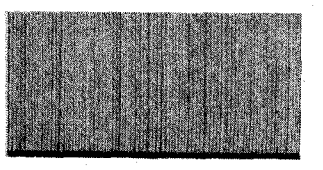
Rooms are easy to add in basement or attic with Barrett white building board and colored plank made to order for weekend decorators . . . ready to nail right up for perfect finished walls.



Rock Wool Insulation enclosed in heat reflecting aluminum foil! That's Barrett REFLECTO-BATT† Insulation—ideal for insulating your home to cut heating and cooling costs.

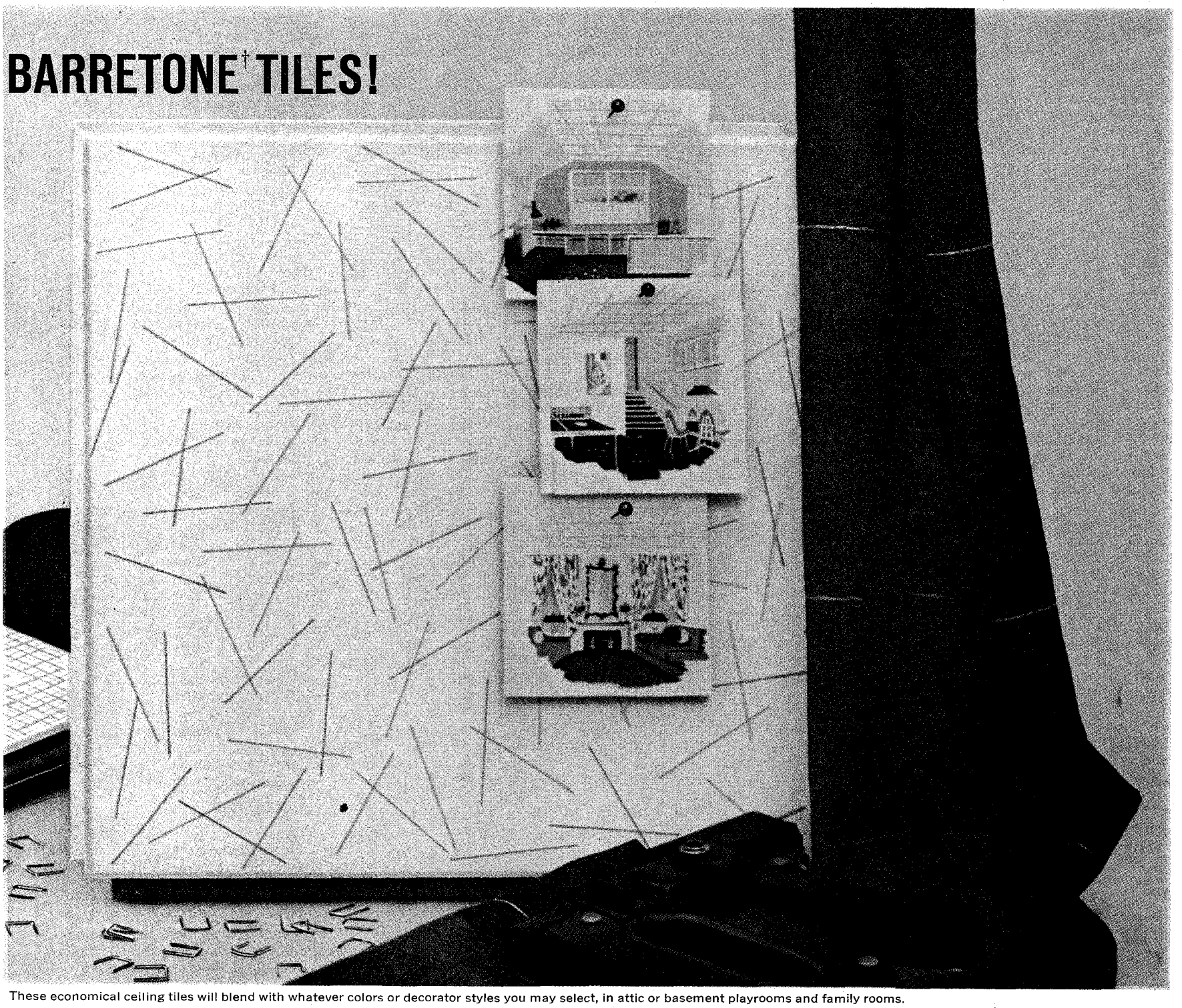


Every home owner wants a siding material that never needs painting or maintenance. Here it is—colorful Barrett Asbestos Siding. It's an economical way to make an old home look like new!



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BARRETONE† TILES!



These economical ceiling tiles will blend with whatever colors or decorator styles you may select, in attic or basement playrooms and family rooms.

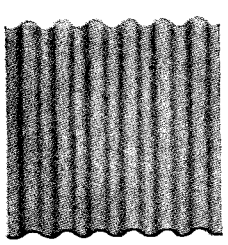
"Barretone" Ceiling in place. And once it's up, you can keep it bright and clean. For "Barretone" Tiles are guaranteed washable.

The distinctive patterns of "Barretone" Tiles will give a lift to any room décor. Yet they blend well with any color scheme or decorator style you may choose. Wherever they're used, they bring you extra quiet along with their beauty—and contribute important insulating value overhead. Only "Barretone" Tiles are made by the Chem-fi Process, a method of blending wood fibers to produce a stronger, smoother tile.

Check the low price of "Barretone" Tiles in decorated patterns at your Barrett dealer. He will be glad to show you the patterns illustrated above—also plain white, regular perforated and random perforated styles. Use the perforated tiles on ceilings and walls for effective sound control. Send for free illustrated booklet, "New Interiors."

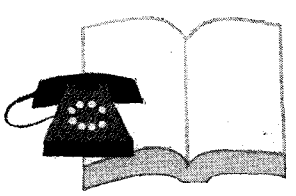
T **T**

The most versatile of building materials is ALLITE® Plastic Paneling. It's colorful and translucent. You can saw and nail it like wood, to build anything from a patio roof to a room divider.



Telephone your Barrett Roofer for a free roof inspection, or your Barrett Dealer for other building materials. You'll find them both listed in the "yellow pages" of your phone book.

†Trade Mark of Allied Chemical Corporation



BARRETT DIVISION
40 Rector Street, New York 6, N. Y.

Allied Chemical

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 57*) leave into retirement if I want to. But ——"

She laughed. "But your pride is hurt, is it not? You will go to bed early tonight with your heating pad and ——"

"I won't!" he said, revolted. "I never use a heating pad. And I won't go to bed early if there's anything better to do. The doctor said to take it easy. He didn't say I should knit on my grave clothes." He pointed to the boardwalk then and announced, "I'll go down there and investigate the mystery."

"Mystery?"

"It's a mystery to me. That boardwalk looks as if this were the peak of the season. No people on it, but everything is moving."

"It's no mystery, Mr. De Courcy, so if you decide to go, go because you like boardwalks. Workmen—not poltergeists—are down there getting things ready for a carnival. The hotel clerk told me about it. The village lives on summer people, you see. Between June and October the village works while vacationists play. But once a year the villagers have a carnival for themselves—all for themselves. I suppose the money goes to charity, but they hold the thing really for its own sake. They hire a traveling carnival to operate everything—cook the food, run the games and rides. You see, it galls them a little being the servants to other people's whoopee all summer, so they shake off the sense of servility with the carnival."

Mr. De Courcy was pleased. "What a splendid idea. I love boardwalks and it makes me sad to see them dismantled when the season's over. They look like old trulls whose admirers have all gone home to their wives. This one has a dance or two in her yet, if it's only for one night. I shall go and make whoopee myself. Will you join me?"

She shook her head, a dead look in her eyes.

"I'm sorry," he said awkwardly. "I'm being tactless. But you cleared something up for me when you said sickness is sometimes a matter of choice. I shall choose not to be sick and damn the consequences. But of course I'm forgetting you. For all I know, you may be ——"

Again she shook her head. "I'm not sick at all, Mr. De Courcy."

The dead look was still in her eyes as she stared past him toward the door into the lobby. A tall old woman stood at the door, in a black frock of a style long out of fashion, if it was ever in, with a lace mantilla over her head. She walked slowly over and stood looking down at Mrs. Ardry. Her face looked like an autumn leaf that had survived into winter but was about to crumble at last. The face was remarkable in all ways—the nose, the forehead, the cheekbones, the chin were all fine in structure, but what covered them seemed hardly to be flesh, certainly not living flesh. The eyes were alive, though; great, black, shining eyes, and angry ones.

"You were to have read to me, Margaret," the old woman said.

"You were asleep. I looked into the room."

"You should have waited until I woke up. You know it makes me nervous to wake up in an empty room."

"But yesterday when I went in to read, you were upset because I woke you up."

"Quite right too. I need what little sleep I can get and there's no need for you to thump about the room. Next time, try sitting quietly. If I wake up, you can read to me. If I don't, there's no harm done. I saw you from the window with this gentleman. Quite comfortable you seemed with him—too comfortable, perhaps. I thought I had better make certain things clear to him."

Mr. De Courcy had stood up to offer her his chair, but he now started to move away. He was hideously embarrassed, for Mrs. Ardry more than for himself. Whatever was between them was clearly none of his business and he hoped to keep it that way.

"Stay where you are, sir," the old woman said. "You will only be skulking about meeting Margaret behind my back and it's better you should know all the circumstances."

It was preposterous. This beldame was talking to two elderly people conversing on a hotel porch as though they were teen-agers caught lally-gagging in the bushes.

"I should be going," Mr. De Courcy said.

"Not until you hear what I have to say. Please sit down, sir." An attendant from the hotel had brought another chair—anticipating all wants, as the brochure said.

"Stay if you will, Mr. De Courcy," Mrs. Ardry said. A note of pleading was in her voice and he sat down.

"De Courcy?" the old woman said. "I am, I must say, favorably impressed by the name."

Her presence had brought quiet to the whole porch. The guests were no longer exchanging symptoms. It was as though they knew that, for once, better drama than their diseased insides was at hand.

"De Courcy? One of the great old names. And something of a coincidence here too. Margaret's maiden name was also a Norman name. Margaret De Burgo. It was the one thing that reconciled me to Robert's marriage, for, let us be frank, Margaret brought nothing but her name to the marriage."

At least the relationship was clear, but nothing else was. Mr. De Courcy looked at Margaret Ardry and was torn between pity and contempt. The proud woman who could laugh at the absurdities of the professionally ill, who had, indeed, laughed him out of his own trap of self-pity, sat still for the insults of this witch of a mother-in-law.

"Do you trace your line back to the original De Courcys, sir?" the old woman asked.

He was profoundly irritated. Snobbery about money he was used to, and snobbery about position, but snobbery about names was past his comprehension or tolerance. "I set out to once," he said, "but the ones I found in an Irish history book with my name sounded like such a pack of thugs that I gave it up. There were probably good chaps among them, but the good chaps hardly ever get into the history books. In history, it's the thugs every time. There was a De Courcy who became Prince of Ulster by the simple process of killing anybody who said he wasn't. I don't go much by names, you know. Cain and Abel were both very well connected."

She had not heard a word he said. Her blazing old eyes were fixed on Margaret. Mr. De Courcy found himself thinking of her as Margaret. "With your name, sir, you are suitable company for Margaret, but you should know certain other things before you go any further."

Margaret demurred. "Mr. De Courcy is not asking my hand. We have only just met."

"All the better then," the old woman said. "Understand this, sir: not a penny of my money goes to Margaret if she marries again. Not that there is much money left."

Mr. De Courcy flushed. How much of this was he expected to take? Did the old creature really think him a fortune-hunter? Did Margaret Ardry —— Again he looked at her face, pale and impassive, the eyes still dead.

"We were landed people in Sligo once," the old woman said, "but the old estates were broken up. The upstarts came in and the aristocracy were forced out. We drifted away to all the capitals of Europe and America, but we kept our sense of family. I had been a widow a long time when my son Robert married Margaret here. It would have been better if she had brought a dowry, as in the old days. Still, she was from one of the old families too, and I was pleased that Robert should have considered my strong feelings in this matter. He married without my consent, but he married a girl of good family. The De Burgos go a long way back. Only, Margaret, you couldn't have been a good wife to him or he wouldn't have ——" Her voice trailed into something like a sob. "He wouldn't have done what he did." She pointed a bony finger at Margaret. "You made him do it. You made him hate me, his own mother."

The voice had risen to a scream and an attendant came out from the hotel—a sturdy man in a white mess coat, a nice compromise in his manner between a waiter and a male nurse. Mr. De Courcy had noticed him before; when he served drinks he handled the swizzle stick as though it were a thermometer.

"Anything I can do, ma'am?" he asked. The question was addressed to Margaret Ardry.

"Yes," she said dully. "Would you see my mother-in-law to her room, please? She is not feeling well."

"No, I'm not," the old woman said, gabbling. Her tall body had slumped. "You should never have brought me to a place like this, Margaret."

"I will take you home tomorrow."

"Yes, do," the old woman said sulkily. "The servants are nicer to me than you are. I have so many servants, Mr. De Courcy, you wouldn't believe. They know their place too."

"Do you want me to come with you now?" Margaret asked.

"No. Stay where you are. I want to be by myself. And you want to be with Mr. De Courcy, doubtless. Well, be with him. He knows now and it's up to him. Of course, you might want to tell him what happened to Robert, but I'll leave that to you."

Tears were on the spiteful old face, but she stood like a queen about to enter the court. She waved to the attendant and he led her into the hotel.

Mr. De Courcy turned to Margaret, uncertain what the decent course should be for him. Explanations might be more painful than the incident and he was trying to think of a courteous way to avoid them when relief strolled out from the hotel. More than that, in fact—it as comic relief.

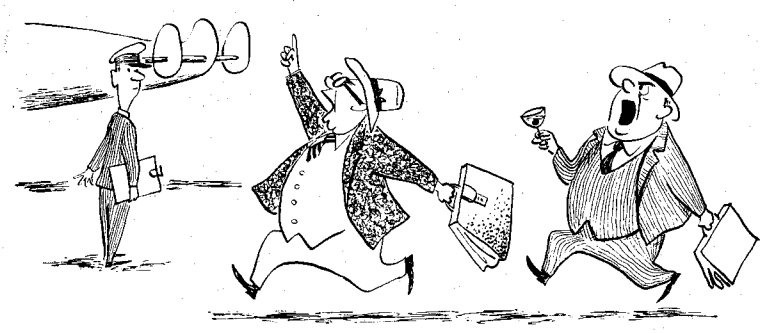
"Live people allowed in here?" a voice said. "Or do you need a note from your mortician?"

To their credit, the other guests had been shocked and embarrassed by the scene with old Mrs. Ardry, also; and, eager for any change of focus from Margaret, all eyes turned to see a flashy little man posed in the doorway as though he were about to begin a dance. He wore a porkpie hat and a blazer and looked like a chorus boy from one of those tirelessly cheerful musical comedies of the 1920's. But he was no boy; he had a puggy little face and was old enough to have donned the costume that long ago and never bothered to change it. Gracefully he danced a few steps, whistling his own accompaniment.

"A little sample of the work we do," he said, spinning in a soft-shoe step until he stood before Mr. De Courcy, "Hiya, champ. Into each life some rain must fall, but let a smile be your umbrella." He peered about at the unsmiling faces. "And this bunch is going to get soaked. Come on, champ. It isn't that bad."

Mr. De Courcy managed a faint smile.

"Not good, champ, but it's a beginning." He seized Mr. De Courcy's hand and bowed to Margaret. "The name is Brangle, (*Continued on Page 64*)



The Perfect Squelch

Just as the sleek airliner taxied away from the ramp for a take-off, two portly, important-looking men rushed from the airport cocktail lounge and began bellowing at the startled ramp attendant.

"Stop that plane, you fool," one shouted. "That's our flight—and you didn't announce it. What kind of service is that? Get the plane back or you'll be sorry."

"Gentlemen," he replied calmly, "if, as you say, the flight wasn't announced, you're lucky not to be in a plane with sixty-one people who simply imagined that they heard the flight called."

Daniel F. Conners

Contributions to The Perfect Squelch should be addressed: Box 234, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. They can be acknowledged only if accompanied by a stamped return envelope.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You'll like the cut of these cars. Every line has a purpose. From its sculptured grille to the fleet finned tail, you know you're driving a functionally-designed car—styled to stand out and built to stand up. In styling too—you get the good things first from Chrysler Corporation.

A DRIVE will bring out the difference great engineering makes

Drive one of the *Can Do* Cars of The *Forward* Look.

The quality cars from Chrysler Corporation.

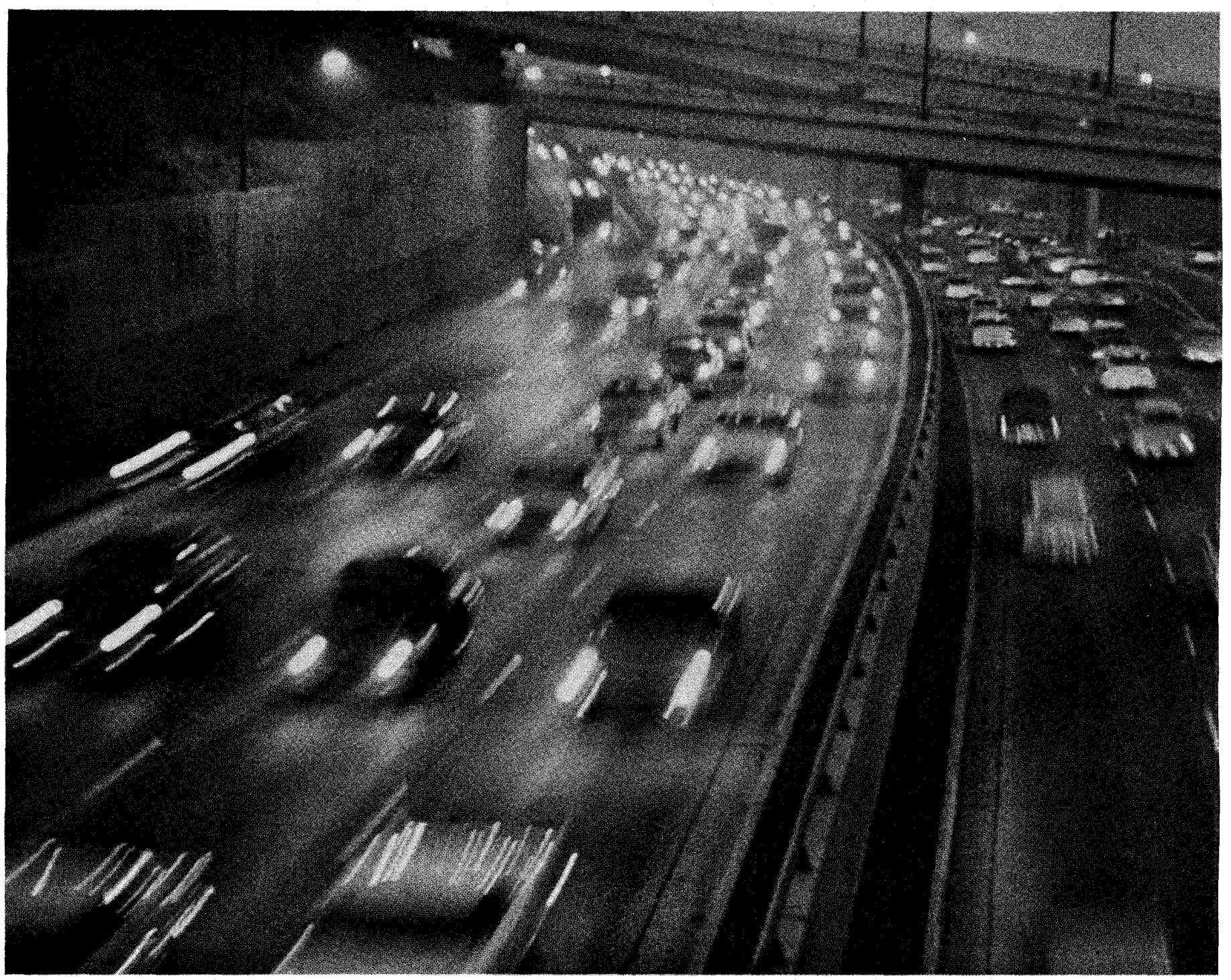
Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more.

PLYMOUTH · DODGE · DE SOTO · CHRYSLER · IMPERIAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now...with new rubbers, new chemicals, new cor

The World's First Tu



This year you'll be driving more than ever before on modern expressways, throughways and turnpikes—at high legal speeds. For greater safety, you need these new Turnpike-Proved Tires by Goodyear. (This photograph of above, was taken from the Wilshire Boulevard overpass in dc

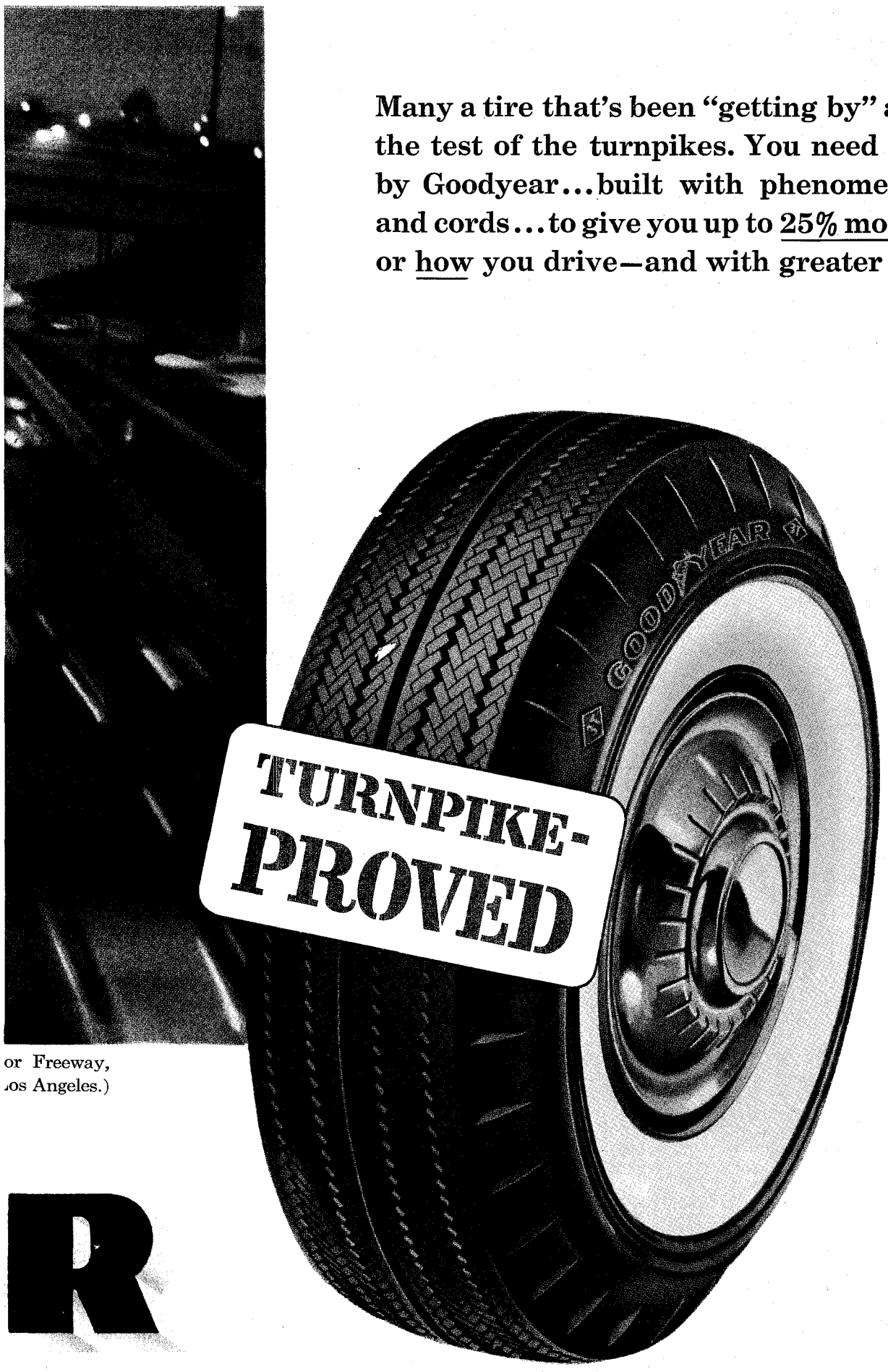
GOODYEA

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

..Goodyear brings you:

'npike-Proved Tires!



or Freeway,
.os Angeles.)

Many a tire that's been "getting by" around town will fail to meet the test of the turnpikes. You need new Turnpike-Proved Tires by Goodyear...built with phenomenal new rubbers, chemicals and cords...to give you up to 25% more mileage—no matter where or how you drive—and with greater safety than ever before.

WE KNEW, at Goodyear, if we could build a tire to give more safe mileage on the turnpikes, it would give you more safe mileage *anywhere* you drive!

But first, Goodyear scientists had to solve two vital problems:

Problem #1—tread rubber: At sustained high speeds, ordinary tread rubber is literally eaten away. But by *intimate mixing* of new chemicals and rubber molecules, Goodyear scientists created today's longest-wearing tread rubber for today's toughest driving conditions.

Problem #2—tire cord: At high speeds, the same heat that eats away tread also weakens cord. The answer? Goodyear's all-new 3-T *triple-tempered* cord (Tyrex or Nylon). Triple-tempering gives strength and heat resistance that other cords simply do not have.

Proved on the "Turnpike That Never Ends." At San Angelo, Texas, on a new, 140-mph test track, these tires *proved* they'll give you more safe mileage, not only on the turnpikes but everywhere.

In short, every new Goodyear tire is a Turnpike-Proved Tire—the safest, toughest, longest-wearing tire in its class.

Now at your nearby Goodyear dealer's—for every car and every budget. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

R

KIND!

Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV every other Monday evening.

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values . . . better tire care . . . convenient credit terms.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 60*) champ. Beau Brangle. I'm with the carnival down below. Lost my way and the jalopy broke down, so I came in here. The master of the revels in there said I could wait while the car's being fixed."

"The master of the revels? Oh, the clerk."

"Nothing gets past you, does it, champ? The clerk it is. Looks like a hired mourner and I bet he needs all his talent in this place. I thought I might beat up a little business for the carnival so long as I'm here, but I guess not. I've seen sportier collections than this, meaning no offense, in the hopeless-disease wards of hospitals where I've played for charity. No," he said, looking around once more, "no carnival business here."

"I thought I might go," Mr. De Courcy said.

"Good for you, champ," said Beau Brangle. "Take you out of yourself. You look as though you might have a tune or two left in you, at that. Come and see me tonight, champ: you'll have a barrel of laughs. I'm with a girlie show. I do a little solo, song and dance and patter, and then bring on the girls. The girls don't look so bad by that time—because, between you and I, champ, I ain't the stand-up comic I used to be. I was a headliner in vaudeville a long time ago. A real headliner. But I ain't crying. Where's the sense of crying? I eat pretty good and have a little excitement. Come back and see me tonight after the show. You can't miss us. There's a sign outside: Fifty Flashy Frails Fifty. That ain't necessarily their age, champ; it's how many of them there are. Some of them ain't so frail either, but what the hell, they got legs—two each—and that's what the lads come to see. You got nothing against legs, have you, champ? I can see it in your eye. So come back afterward and help yourself to a frail. Bring your tonic or emulsion with you. I been saving some stuff you can wash it down with."

Margaret Ardry began to laugh. "Yes, do bring your emulsion, Mr. De Courcy." It was, surprisingly, a good-humored laugh.

"I have no emulsion," Mr. De Courcy said. "And I don't use a heating pad either."

Beau Brangle patted his shoulder. "Well, we know that. A buck like you don't have to go to bed with no heating pad." He winked at Margaret and then said, peering close, "Say, I've seen you somewhere, haven't I?"

"Have you?" she said, noncommittally.

"You were a redhead, weren't you? I see you were. I'm superstitious about redheads. Were you, perchance, ever in vaudeville?"

"What do you think, Mr. Brangle?" she asked coolly.

"Call me Beau. Everybody does. I don't know: it was a long time ago, and that snooty voice you have don't fit in with the dame I had in mind. She had class, but a different kind of class than you got. She'd have taken more trouble about her clothes—pardon me, lady—even when she wasn't a chicken no more."

Mr. De Courcy was studying Margaret's face. It had no indignation in it; only a kind of wistfulness.

Beau Brangle snapped his fingers. "Meg Burke—that's the name. I was trying to think of it. You're a ringer for her. She was in an act with a hoofer named Whalen. We played the same bill lots of times."

"Was it a good act?" Margaret asked.

"It was a hell of a good act, because both of them were performers. Real performers. Those days, material didn't count for much if the audiences liked you. Whalen and Burke had only so-so material, but they put it over." He acted it out. "They'd come on in a soft-shoe with the music low behind the patter—you know, talking while they danced. Meg wore a slicker and galoshes and carried an umbrella, and Whalen was got up like Joe College, they used to call it them days. Whalen would say: 'We now present the world's shortest soap opera.' That was when radio was all the rage, you know. He'd say to Meg: 'May I hold your palm, Olive?' And she'd answer, 'Not on your life, boy!' And then they'd yock it up a lot."

"Yock it up?" said Mr. De Courcy.

"You know: laugh fit to kill themselves. Nobody's going to laugh at a lousy joke like that without they get a little encouragement. We all yocked it up. People laughed at anything, figuring what the heck, we all were entitled to a living. Whalen and Burke could get away with anything. Like, Meg she'd say: 'Your hair is getting thin.' And Whalen would come back with, 'Well, who wants fat hair?' A joke like that takes all the yocking you can give it."

"I can see how it might," Mr. De Courcy said, touching the hair at his temple and grinning. He had been a vaudeville-goer himself long ago, but somehow he had missed both Beau Brangle and Whalen and Burke. Beau must have been using the word "headliner" in a relative sense. Still searching Margaret's face, he saw only amusement

---

College graduates are not afraid of work—provided they receive a good salary for supervising it.

HAROLD COFFIN

---

there and that quality he could only think of as wistful. He liked her for liking Beau Brangle and the innocence of his nostalgia for his vaudeville days. Mr. De Courcy felt some nostalgia himself. The idiot jokes had never mattered somehow in smoky theaters where, on both sides of the footlights, people were relaxed and therefore tolerant. Machine-tooled wit and sound-track laughter had changed all that.

Beau Brangle went on: "Some of the patter was maybe a little blue, but Burke and Whalen had such class they got away with it. It was only for laughs and nobody took offense. Whalen'd say something pretty raw, then he'd yock a lot and she'd belt him with the umbrella."

Margaret rested her chin in her hand and said, "Was that the end of the act, Beau?"

"Oh, no. Somewhere along the line, when a big laugh was dying down, Whalen, he'd come down to the apron of the stage and say, friendly, 'It's fun to have fun, ladies and gentlemen—and you there, Cousin Joe, that's still applauding; you can stop now, Joe. It's fun to have fun, but life has its serious side, too; you might even say its sad side. So with your permission the little lady here, my partner, is going to sing a song that'll maybe bring some tears. But there's worse things than tears, ladies and gentlemen. They can heal you where you hurt sometimes. Sing, Meg!' And she'd sing:

'Never leave her lower than you found her,
Never add shame to her shame.
If she fell before you met her,
Will you make it any better?
Or is she any less than you to blame?' "

It was an easy, simple-minded tune and Mr. De Courcy found himself humming along. Margaret had been humming, too, and then in a fair approximation of close harmony she joined Beau Brangle in the refrain.

Mr. De Courcy stared at her. So did everyone on the porch, including Mr. Pulsifer-Bultitude and Mr. Orkell (if those were really their names; he must surely check the register) and Beau Brangle, who clapped his hands and, so to speak, yocked it up.

"You caught the act somewhere, ma'am?" he said, and winked.

"I must have," she said, and winked back. "I remember the song."

"You remember it very well," Mr. De Courcy said. "Very well, indeed."

"Do you remember the finish?" Beau Brangle asked enthusiastically.

"Tell me about it, Beau," she said.

"More patter to get the audience laughing again. It don't do to leave them crying unless you're Ethel Barrymore or somebody. Another chorus of the song they come on with. And then the soft-shoe exit, quiet as anything."

The clerk called out from the doorway: "Your car is ready!"

Beau Brangle sighed. "High time, too," he said, "though I hate to tear myself away. I hadn't thought of Meg Burke in years." He smiled at Margaret. "No offense in saying you remind me of her? She had class too."

"No offense at all," Margaret said.

"I'll see you tonight, champ," he said to Mr. De Courcy. "You see, things are hotting up down there already." He pointed toward the boardwalk. It was true: daylight had all but gone in a sudden autumn gloaming, and lights were blazing, whole strings of them, blue and red and amber, along the boardwalk. Marquees were radiant; booths had halos around them. Close up they might have been garish; but at this distance they had delicate beauty.

Beau Brangle was gone, and the guests were drifting into the hotel. Dinner would be served soon. Mr. De Courcy looked down at the brilliance of the boardwalk, and then at Margaret's pale face, with a brilliance of its own in the half light.

"Margaret De Burgo," he said. "Tell me: as a De Burgo to a De Courcy—as one inheritor of Norman blood to another ——"

She interrupted sharply. "Forget the Norman blood, Mr. De Courcy. Simple faith is more than it—remember?"

"I was remembering. De Burgo was the old Norman form of the name Burke."

"Was it?" The voice was tired, not argumentative.

"Are you the Meg Burke of the vaudeville act?"

She looked seaward. "I might have been, Mr. De Courcy. I might have been almost anyone years and years ago. Meg Burke is only one of the possibilities. But when we make a choice, then all the possibilities but one are dislodged. I am Mrs. Robert Ardry, nee Margaret De Burgo. That's all anyone is entitled to know."

He was remorseful at once. "I'm so sorry. I'm taking advantage of what must have been a very trying afternoon for you. You see, I feel I've known you a long time, though we've only met. I'd like to know you a long time. Can we start now? Will you come to the carnival with me? You'll be better company than Beau Brangle's fifty frails."

"No, Mr. De Courcy. I must stay with my mother-in-law."

He was angry, unaccountably, for he had no right to anger with a stranger.

"You laughed me out of a bad mood today, and you said a terribly true thing when you told me sickness is sometimes a matter of choice. It's none of my business, of course, but I think it's sick to stay with that crazy old woman."

"Oh, it is sick," she said simply. "But I don't stay with her all the time. She will go back to the home tomorrow."

He didn't at first quite catch the meaning of the phrase, "the home."

"Yes, of course," she said impatiently. "The home with all those servants. The servants are keepers."

"She's insane?"

"You said so yourself when you called her a crazy old woman. People use the word to mean something they don't like or that makes them uncomfortable. But it isn't a figure of speech always. Sometimes it's a fact."

"Was none of what she said true?"

"The part that's true is the hardest. I married her son and he killed himself on our wedding night because he was—inadequate as men like to think of themselves as adequate. He thought it was her fault, so he went to her house and shot himself while she looked on."

"It might have been her fault," Mr. De Courcy said. "She's a vicious old snob."

"Oh, Robert was a snob too. The part about being landed people in Sligo was all true long ago. The family name and all that. But snobbery doesn't make people kill themselves or send them to insane asylums. Sometimes it gets them elected to high public office. He thought it was her fault, and she thinks it's mine that he killed himself."

He looked at her curiously. "Do you?"

"No," she said slowly. "I think madness may very well be a matter of thinking things are other people's fault. The big madnesses, like hers, and the little harmless ones that make people in rest homes love their little ailments."

He grinned. "Messieurs Pulsifer-Bultitude and Orkell. I still don't believe it."

"You can check the register."

"I still think you should come to the carnival." He pointed toward the boardwalk and its lights. The waves were breaking rather hard on the beach below and the sound was like a convulsive sobbing.

"I must stay with her," she said.

"You are very forgiving."

"Not I. It's God's business to forgive, not mine. Mine is to act as if there were nothing to forgive. I loved her son, snobbery and all. And my own mind wasn't any too safe for a time after he died. Sometimes, even yet—sanity can be like a feather balanced on a string, Mr. De Courcy. And it must be horrible to be locked away. Every so often, when they let me, I take her out. And, of course, it has to be to some place like this, where eccentricity doesn't matter. But she always wants to go back. She's right too. Freedom can be a frightening thing."

He listened to the breakers a moment and looked at the carnival lights.

"Have a hell of a time at the carnival, Mr. De Courcy. Laugh and play with Beau Brangle and yock it up with the frails, all fifty of them. You weren't meant to be around sadness. I knew that somehow the moment I saw you. Have fun for me."

He took her hand, formally. "And shall we not meet again?"

"Sometime, maybe."

He said quaintly, "But next time my hair will be even thinner than it is now."

"Why, Mr. De Courcy! Who wants fat hair?"

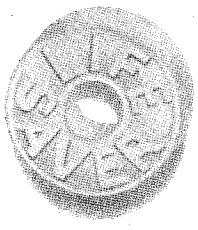
He left her there on the dark porch and went through the lobby, spurning the dining room, for he planned to eat at the carnival. He thought of checking the register to see if the names Pulsifer-Bultitude and Orkell would show. And then he decided it would be pleasanter to wonder, and went off to the carnival, wondering about that and many other things.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These days if somebody
tries to sell you something
that tastes good and costs
only 5 cents, look into the
proposition carefully...
There's bound to be a hole in it.

Bureau of Good Business Practices



The candy with the hole ...still only 5¢

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dark Road (Continued from Page 45)

bacteriologist kept them to himself. He was still a good Nazi, you understand; he was saving them for the day of revenge."

"Let me see it," Benton said impatiently. "I read German."

"You would not understand," Daubigny said mildly. "I know a little about it; I was a pathologist for half my life. But parts of it are difficult even for me."

"Tell me," Benton said.

Pastor Daubigny shrugged. "Very well. It is a technique, a method of treating bacteria so as to create mutations."

"Germ warfare," Benton said.

"Not as you think of it. Not some mysterious plague; not epidemic anthrax, or schistosomiasis through the water supply. Something very simple. Do you know what the common cold did to Eskimos? Or measles to the Kanaka? It killed them. They were new; there were no antibodies; no resistance."

"You can't compare them with us. We have doctors, health service."

"Yes, there is all that. Nevertheless, every winter almost every single person has at least one cold. Annoying but rarely serious. Still, all our doctors and health services can do nothing. The virus is fairly well adapted. It is not symbiotic; but still it does little harm to the host. But suppose there were a new strain, a strain that killed? Something with a built-in delayed mutation. First it is the same. It enters the system as before; the body reacts. Then and not before, the virus mutates."

He thumbed through the notebook a moment.

"And kills in seventy-two hours," he said, "about eighty per cent."

"It would be bad," Benton said, "like the Spanish Flu in 1919. But it could be stopped."

"Perhaps; but this is not a strain; it is a process. Not only colds, but everything. Can you imagine it, all at the same time: fifty per cent mortality from chicken pox; measles killing two out of three; half the cases of mumps dead; men dying in four days from sinus infections or from scratching insect bites."

"We have antibiotics."

"Every strain would be resistant, inoculated, so to speak, for all known antibiotics. Oh, yes, some could be developed, in time; there would be eventual immunity; but how many months or years do you think it would take; and for how long do you think your nation could stand it?"

"We have our weapons. Do you think anyone would risk it?"

"There would be no risk, no declaration of war. Simply a sudden tremendous rise in the death rate, from no apparent cause."

"They could not risk it; they would endanger their own people."

"There would be no contact; no soldiers. They would simply wait, a year, five years, and then move in. Perhaps they would develop mass inoculations, perhaps not. Mr. Benton, the fear of ruining one's own people, of ruining the world, has never prevented ambitious men from acting."

"All right," Benton said. "I believe you. You better let me have it, now. Fast."

He held out his hand.

The book moved slowly toward Harry Benton, then the hand paused.

"Your people will use it too," Daubigny said slowly.

"Not like that. Not unless we have to. Not unless they start it."

"Suppose they do. Suppose you are innocent, and they start it. Not six or ten or twenty million dead—we have seen that, that is normal state policy. But a hundred million, two hundred, half the world, more. Do you think the dead will care who started it?"

"That's not my business. I was sent here to get it. I'm doing my job."

"No doubt," he said slowly, "but I am not employed by your organization. I must think," he went on. "Before you leave tomorrow, I will tell you."

Benton checked himself. There were ways, he thought, but there were limits too. He had gone as far as he could go.

"All right," he said. "You give me your decision then."

But Daubigny did not seem to hear him. He was sitting rigidly, staring blankly ahead. He was still staring at something across the room when Benton left him.

The Gift

By Marion Doyle

"Ah, nuthin's so purty as
spring," he said,
He was bent and brittle as last
year's nettles.
"No, *nuthin's* so purty," again
he said,
As shyly nodding his silvered
head
He gave me a handful of crab-
apple petals:
"To tie in yore hankercher,"
he said,
"They smell so nice . . . " I
could almost see
Memory touch him with her
wand.

Today I heard that he is dead.
But I shall remember the
gnarled old tree
And the firm rosy buds in his
toil-scarred hand
With a catch in my breath—
(Such a simple thing!) —
And his words, "Ah, nuthin's so
purty as spring."

It was the light again that wakened Benton the next morning. He shaved, dressed and started downstairs. There was no one in the kitchen. He walked to the front of the house, hearing the noise as he approached the front door, hearing it more loudly and still confused as he walked down the path toward the gate.

He opened it and looked. They had been hidden behind the tall hedge, but now he saw the gang of five or six boys. They had caught a young cat and tied a can to its tail. Now they were stoning it to death from a distance, whooping and shouting. Why didn't it run, Benton thought, then saw the dragging, twisted leg, broken by one of the first stones.

The cat had crawled as far as the hedge; and there, held back by her wound and the thick, solid mass, had come to the end of escape. The yellow eyes, now half glazed, stared fiercely ahead at her enemies, unyieldingly.

Then Benton was moving forward toward the cat. But someone else had moved faster. He heard a gasp at his side and the girl Magda passed by him. She had nearly reached the animal when the hurled stone hit her. She crumpled back against the hedge, inert.

The boys stood there, frozen for a moment. Then the stones dropped from their hands and they began to sidle off. All except one. Their leader hefted for a moment the large stone still in his hand. Then he moved closer to the cat and took careful aim.

Benton's open hand caught him full on the side of his face, knocked him halfway across the narrow road. He staggered, regained his balance, then stood there, bawling obscenities. Benton leaned forward to the girl and lifted her in his arms. She was very light. He could almost feel her heart beating, fast and unevenly.

As he leaned forward, the cat made a wild leap at him. He could feel the sharp claws go through his coat and sink into his shoulders. But there was no scratching or biting. The little cat held desperately to him as he walked slowly up the path toward the house, and carried them both in.

The girl was conscious and he put her carefully in a chair in the kitchen. He bent down to the kitchen table and let the cat slide off his back. Then he got water and a clean cloth and began to wash the blood from Magda's face, swabbing carefully around the long, shallow cut. She was silent a moment, but as she felt his hands on the scar, she began to weep. He could feel her trembling. She pushed his hands away almost savagely.

Then Frau Holtz was at his elbow, pushing him aside, taking the cloth from him and continuing his work. The girl slowly became calm.

Benton shrugged angrily and went over to the table where the cat lay. For a moment it snarled at him, but he talked to it slowly and quietly, kneading the furry skin gently, ruffling the fur around the jaws. Soon it was calm, purring a little. He cut the string bound to its tail. Then he tore strips of cloth, broke thin partition board from a packing case into splints, and set the leg. As he reached for the leg at first, the cat drew back, hissing faintly. He stroked her patiently again, and she was quiet while he set the leg.

It took some time, and long before he was finished, Frau Holtz had finished bandaging Magda. The girl sat there and watched Harry Benton. *His hands must be very gentle*, she thought; *he would not have hurt me*. For a moment the cold shrinking inside was gone and she was ashamed.

"Herr Speyer," she said when he had finished. "Herr Speyer."

He looked up at her, took a few steps toward her.

"I am sorry."

She could not look at him. She reached out for his hand and kissed it. Then she ran out of the room. There was one more god in her pantheon.

Daubigny had not moved from his window. He had seen most of it, overlooking from the second story the height of the hedge. Now Frau Holtz rushed in to tell him. "A good man, Herr Pastor," she said when she had finished. "He is good and kind."

Daubigny nodded abstractedly. He had made his decision in the night, he had weighed and measured Harry Benton. Now the question was open again. If men were only all good or evil, like a movie. He felt the weight of the notebook in his pocket. On the bed table in front of him, he could see the brown paper and the cord, the original wrappings of the notebook. A small parcel, he thought.

Benton looked out the window. There was very little light left now and he checked the time against his watch. He felt the small package in his pocket.

It had been in his pocket for five minutes, ever since Daubigny, at the eleventh hour, had come up quietly and handed it to him.

"You are a different man than I had thought," Daubigny had said; "that is why I am doing this."

He had not felt any different then, but now with the package in his pocket he was anxious to get started. He walked to the door of Daubigny's study, knocked and entered as the tired old voice bade him.

He stood a moment in the doorway.

"It's dark enough now," he said. "It's time."

Daubigny held out his hand, started to speak, then shook his head and was silent. Benton turned toward the door he had entered two nights before.

"Good-by, Herr Speyer," Frau Holtz said. "A good journey."

"Good-by, Frau Holtz, and thank you. Take care of him," he said, indicating the study.

As he walked slowly down the path to the hedge, he saw a lighter patch against the darkness of the hedgerow. The girl Magda was standing there.

"I wanted to say good-by," she said. "I wanted to thank you."

In the darkness, the scar was no longer visible. She stood straight. The voice was clear. And he could sense momentarily what she had been and might be. She took his hand in hers and kissed it, like a child.

"Take me with you," she said.

Take me out of the prison, she thought. *It is too hard to be alive; I cannot do it alone; but put out your hand to me and I will walk.*

"I can't; there's no way."

He stroked the light hair gently, bent down and kissed her lips. Her arms went around his neck and she clung to him, as if she would draw life from him.

For a moment he thought, *I could come back. I have risked my life once for a few pages in a notebook. Why not for something more?* But it all seemed hopeless and he disengaged himself gently.

"Good-by, Magda," he said, but she had broken away, turned and run back to the house. If she heard him, she did not answer.

He crouched under the shadow of the broken bridge, waiting for the car to come, to pause imperceptibly while the man dropped off into darkness and changed places with him. It was very quiet. There was no traffic at all. He heard the noise of an approaching auto and shrank back again into the tall grass and the shadows as the headlights swung down the dipping road and then dimmed. He caught a glimpse of American license plates and got ready.

The rear door on his side opened and as the inside light came on automatically, he saw a man drop off quickly and move into the tall grass a few feet in front of him. The car was abreast of him, barely moving, and he reached for the door frame, swinging himself in and closing the door quietly.

"O.K.?" Scott asked.

"O.K.," he said; "let's get out."

He slapped his pocket automatically, and suddenly something felt wrong. The package was not quite right.

"A light," he said. "I need a light."

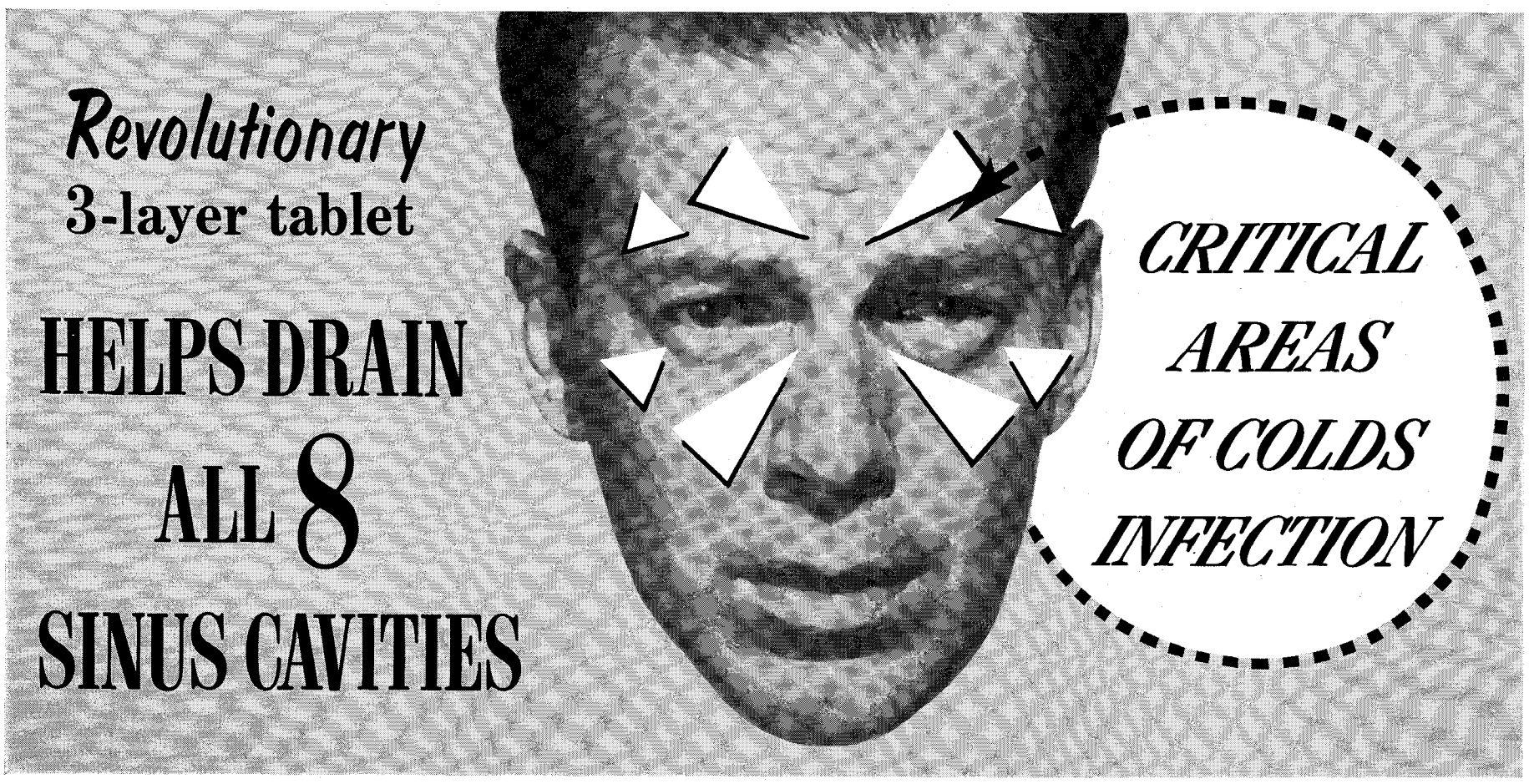
The woman who called herself Mrs. Scott opened the glove compartment and fished out a flashlight.

"Keep it down," she said.

He tore the wrappings from the package, bent over and flashed the light briefly. It was a small black book, but not a notebook. Still unbelieving, he flipped it open, riffled (*Continued on Page 69*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for RELIEF of COLDS MISERIES and SINUS CONGESTION...



- Relieves Pressure, Pain, Congestion
- Works Through the Bloodstream
- Reaches all Congested Areas
- Shrinks Swollen Membranes
- Restores Free Breathing
- Reduces Fever
- Controls Postnasal Drip

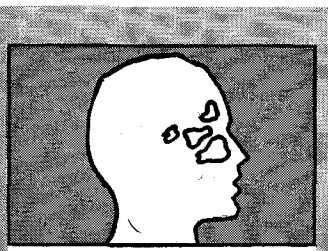
For new blissful relief of colds miseries and sinus congestion...try DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

In DRISTAN, you get the scientific *Decongestant* most prescribed by doctors...to help shrink painfully swollen nasal-sinus membranes. You also get a highly effective combination of Pain-Relievers for relief of body aches and pains due to colds...plus an *exclusive antihistamine* to block allergic reactions often associated with colds. And, to help build body resistance to colds infection, DRISTAN contains *Vitamin C*... actually five times your daily minimum requirement (in one day's dose).

No ordinary colds medicine...whether in liquid, tablet or any other form...can benefit you in the same way as DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

Millions of people have already found new blissful relief from colds miseries and sinus congestion with DRISTAN. You can, too! Get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Available without prescription. And...*important*...accept no substitutes.

BEFORE. Sinuses and nasal passages clogged with germ-laden mucus...responsible for so much colds suffering.



AFTER. All nose and sinus areas decongested and drained ...free, comfortable breathing restored.

DECONGESTANT
PAIN RELIEVERS
VITAMIN C

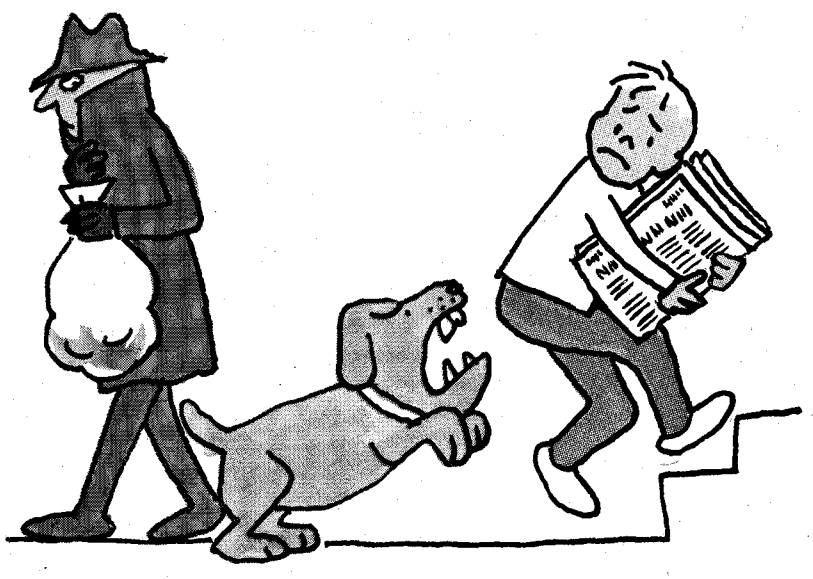
EXCLUSIVE! DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proved ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet.

There's Nothing Like DRISTAN® Decongestant Tablets!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

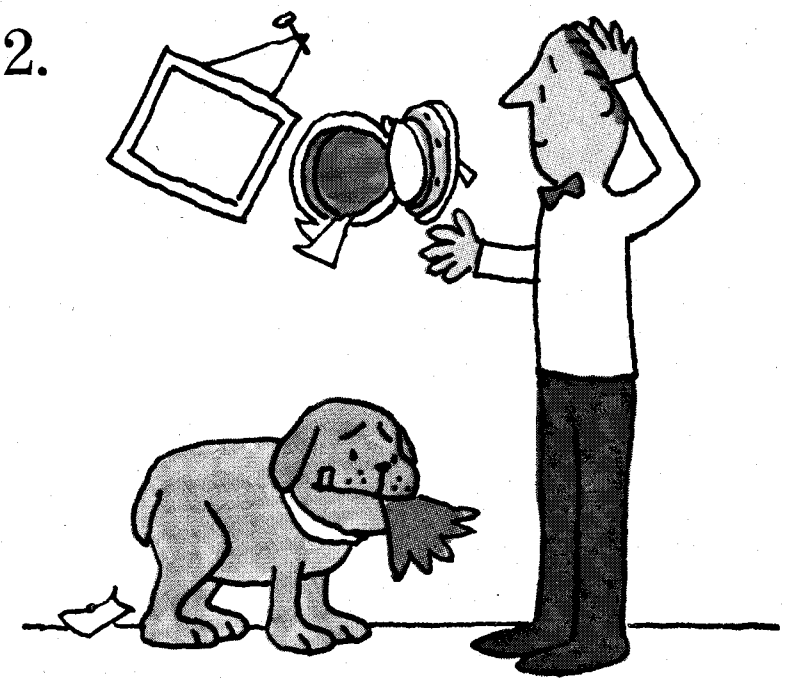
Dave Swan's best friend?

1.



A rash of burglaries broke out in Dave Swan's neighborhood;
But Dave was undismayed—he got the biggest dog he could.
The beast let burglars by unscathed—but in a playful mood
It bit the local paper boy, whose parents promptly sued.

2.

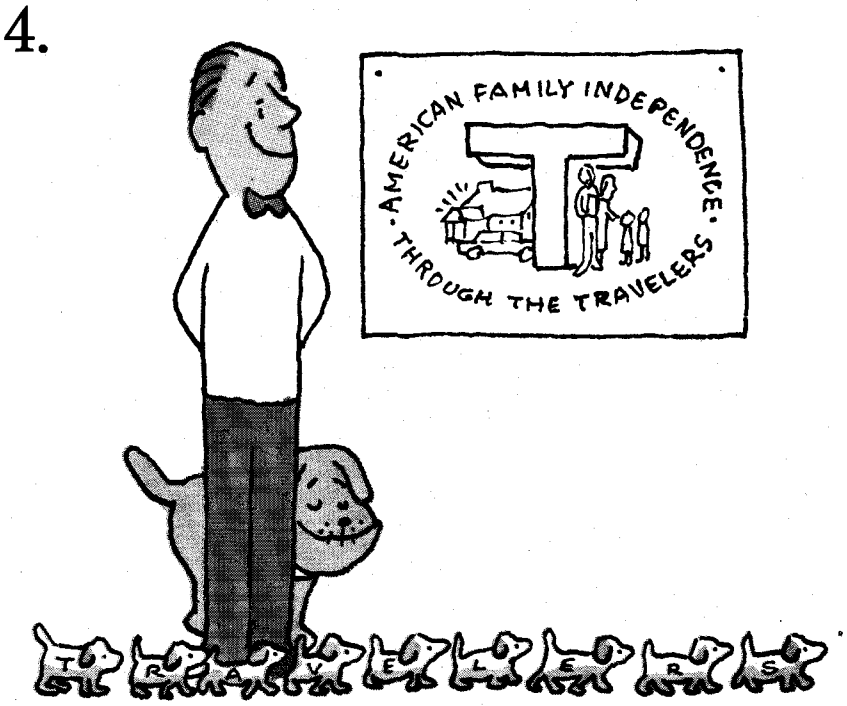


A plundered home, a damage suit—but Dave was not alarmed:
"With Travelers sure insurance I'm impregnably forearmed.
They'll handle all my costs of being sued and burglarized;
And they'd help keep my income up were I hospitalized.

3.

"If I should die my policy gives income to my spouse;
Buys education for my kids, pays off our lovely house."
Said Travelers' man, "Don't overlook you've but one man to call
To make a claim on home, life, car—whatever might befall."

4.



Though Dave's a man of modest means, his budget's not a wreck—
American Family Independence, one low monthly check.
To buttress *your* whole way of life, just buy the Budget Plan;
You pay in monthly payments—ask a trusty Travelers man.

You can protect your *whole* good way of life through **THE TRAVELERS**
Insurance Companies
HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

All forms of personal and business insurance including Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Marine • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 66*) the pages. He saw, not pages with the writing in ink, but a printed book. He slammed the book against the floor of the car, cursing savagely.

"What is it?" Scott asked. "What's the matter?"

"Stop the car," he said; "I have to go back."

"Not here. You can't."

"Listen," he said savagely, leaning forward and gripping Scott's shoulder. "I was sent here to bring something back. I thought I had it, but they crossed me. I'm going back for it."

"We can't wait here. We have to go ahead."

"All right, keep moving; but let me out. Tomorrow night. I'll be in the same place. Send someone through."

The car had been barely moving. He opened the door, swung out and moved into the grass on the edge of the highway. The car picked up speed and soon was lost from sight. He began the long walk back to the bridge and the path through the forest.

There was no light at all in the house when he came back again to the thick hedge and the gate and the dirt path. He tugged at the bell pull, ten, fifteen times, hearing faintly the ringing of the loud old-fashioned bell inside. Down the street a dog was barking clamorously.

Finally he heard the bolt being drawn and the big key turning in the lock. The door swung inward. No lamp was lit, but in the dim moonlight he could see Magda standing there. Her feet were bare under the white nightgown that clung to her body still damp with sleep.

"Paul," she said. "You came back."

She put her arms around him, her head against his chest, not frantic now, but very calm and quiet and at peace. He stroked the yellow hair gently. He did not know how long they stood there like that, but at the end she stretched up and kissed his lips once and closed the door and locked it.

"Wait," he said. "You don't know. You don't know who I am."

"It doesn't matter. I don't care who you are."

"Your uncle," he said. "I have to see him. Now."

She drew back a step and stood there stiffly, all alone, dead and frozen again. Benton reached out his arm to her and drew her close.

"Take me to your uncle," he said gently. "And then I will tell you what you have to know."

She clutched his hand tightly as they moved up the stairs toward Daubigny's bedroom. Halfway up he turned to her and they stood there in each other's arms, swaying dangerously on the narrow step.

He heard the door open at the end of the passage, and saw the dim yellow light as Frau Holtz, with the lamp in her hand, moved toward them.

"What is it?" she asked harshly. "Why have you come back? Be quiet; you will wake the Herr Pastor."

"I must wake him," Benton said. "I must speak to him now."

He went forward toward Daubigny's door, but Magda had gone ahead of him and was knocking softly. In a moment they saw light under the door and then it opened and Daubigny stood before them.

"I could not sleep," he said. Then noticing Harry Benton, "Why have you come back? You were not supposed to return. You have the package I gave you."

I should say it quietly, Benton thought, *and alone to him;* but it was too late and he was too tired and angry and confused. He wrenched the package from his pocket and threw it to the floor in front of Daubigny.

"This," he shouted. "This. You tricked me."

Daubigny shook his head slowly.

"I did not say I would give you the notebook."

"Where is it?"

But Daubigny did not seem to hear him.

"I should have burned it," he said absently, "before this."

"I came here for that notebook," Harry said slowly and carefully, "and when I leave tomorrow night, I'm going to have it with me. And just to make sure, it's going into my pocket right now."

He held out his hand and moved toward Daubigny. The old man moved back slowly away from him, but even in his anger Benton noticed that he did not seem afraid. It was the girl Magda who came between them, holding Harry Benton desperately, while Daubigny stood there calmly as if he neither knew nor cared.

"No," Magda said.

Benton stood there immobile, feeling the anger drain from him.

"You don't know," he said to the girl. "You don't understand."

But now Frau Holtz was there and she stood beside Daubigny, angry and formidable, with the lamp raised in her hand as if she would dash it into Benton's face.

"You," she said. "You, Paul Speyer, whatever you call yourself, out of here."

"I'm not Paul Speyer," Benton said slowly. "I am an American. From the other side. For one reason only. For that notebook."

He saw the lamp waver in Frau Holtz's hand, heard her gasp. He felt Magda's body stiffen. She drew away from him until she stood alongside Daubigny. The two women looked at him in silence.

When the silence was broken, it was not by any word, but by the harsh jangling of the bell at the foot of the stairs as someone outside tugged at the bell pull.

They looked at one another, each waiting for someone to act. Then the bell jangled once more. It was Magda who spoke first.

"Your bedroom," she said to Benton. "Go there at once, get undressed as if you were in bed, as if you had just awakened."

She turned to Frau Holtz. "Bring the lamp. You and I will go together."

To Daubigny. "You are all right as you are. The bell has just wakened you."

Frau Holtz held the light behind her and the two women moved slowly down the stairs to the door.

Harry Benton ran quickly to his room. Shoes, socks off; coat and shirt, and he stood there in his pants and his T-shirt. He thrust his bare feet into the shoes, rumpled his hair and tried to look sleepy. Then he came out into the hall, trying to look like a man who has just been awakened, and stood at the top of the stairs.

The front door below had already opened and shut. In the lamp's dimness, Benton could just make out the heavy figure of Party Member Stumpf. He walked slowly down the stairs to the group near the door.

"Herr Speyer," Stumpf said, "I have been waiting for you. I have done you one favor and now I will do you another. At the other end of the town," he went on, "you cannot see them, they are around the bend. Some sort of men, a squad of them. Not the Vopos, but something else I have never seen around here. It looks as though they are waiting for more to come up and then they will block both ends of the road. They will start a house-to-house search at dawn."

"How do you know?" Benton asked.

"They are not being very careful. I was able to get quite close to them. There was some sort of breakdown, but the rest will be here in an hour."

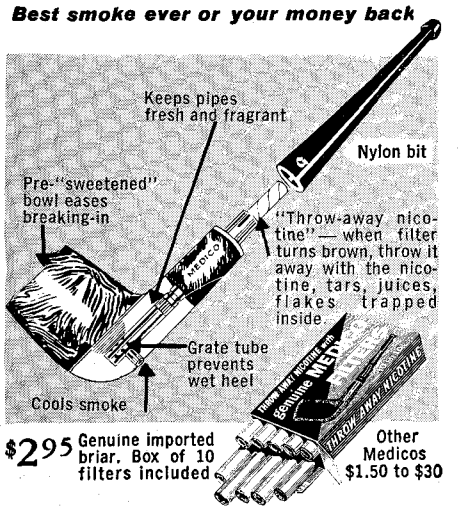
"Well, see you again next Saturday. Unless, of course, fate has something worse in store."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Money Back Offer!

Try Medico Guardsman Filter Pipe for 14 days.

Best smoke ever or your money back


Keeps pipes fresh and fragrant
Nylon bit
Pre-"sweetened" bowl eases breaking-in
"Throw-away nicotine"—when filter turns brown, throw it away with the nicotine, tars, juices, flakes trapped inside
Grate tube prevents wet heel
Cools smoke
MEDICO
Genuine MEDICO
Throw away nicotine

$2.95 Genuine imported briar. Box of 10 filters included

Other Medicos $1.50 to $30

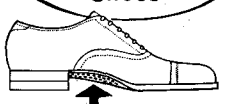
You be the judge of Medico Guardsman, with its four new construction features *plus* famous Medico changeable filter! If you don't agree it's the best smoke ever, send it back to Medico for full purchase price! Money back certificate with pipe, at your dealer.

MEDICO

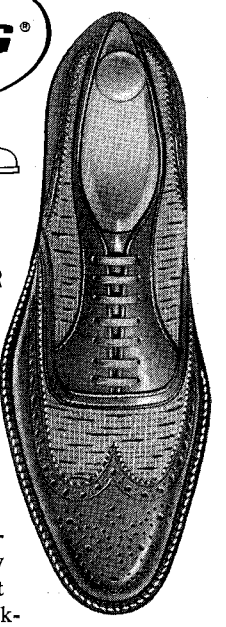
Guardsman

FILTER PIPE MEDICO PIPES INC., NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Dr Scholl's **COPEG®** Shoes



HAND PEGGED ARCH SUPPORTS YOUR EVERY STEP!



No other shoe like it anywhere! The exclusive hand-built arch gently "lifts" your every step and gives your feet unmatched restful support. Plenty of toe-room, softest leathers, quality workmanship throughout. Vast range of sizes and widths. Once you try your first pair, you'll be a Copeg enthusiast all your life!

Dr. Scholl's Copegs are made of choice kid or calf, black or brown, in oxford and High Shoe styles. Expertly fitted at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops in principal cities and selected Shoe or Dept. Stores. If not obtainable locally, write for catalog, Dept. 61P.

Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago 10, Illinois

Help Yourself To Laymon's

Quality Products In the Handy Economy Size!

It's smart to buy LAYMON'S Aspirin and other quality drug, household and beauty products at lowest prices from counter displays in neighborhood stores.

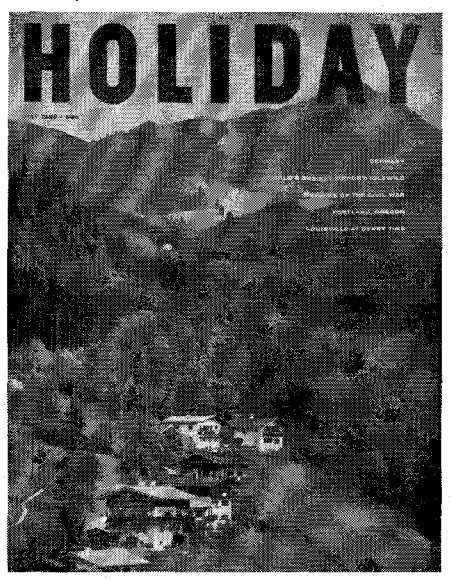
10¢ AND UP

WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., Spencer, Indiana

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERMANY

an inquiring look at her people, places and plans



How has the miracle of Germany's rise to prosperity and rebirth in just a dozen years been achieved? What lies ahead for a nation that faces the heated pressures of the cold war?

To answer these questions, the noted English novelist and critic, V. S. Pritchett, traveled extensively through Germany—Berlin . . . Munich . . . Cologne . . . Frankfurt . . . Hamburg . . . the Bavarian Alps . . . the beautiful green forest towns. In this colorfully illustrated feature, he reports on what he saw, what today's Germans are like and how they see themselves.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

GENE FOWLER

The world knows him as the author of *Good Night, Sweet Prince* and *The Great Mouthpiece*. Lucius Beebe writes of a man who is one of the great newspapermen of all time—a raffish craftsman of a vanished era.

DERBY WEEKEND IN LOUISVILLE

It's zany and it's sophisticated. Novelist Gwen Davenport tells what happens in her home town during the country's most celebrated turf attraction.

JOHN HUSTON'S UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

The Maltese Falcon, Moulin Rouge and *The African Queen* are a few of the many memorable movies that were directed by the extraordinary John Huston.

IDLEWILD

Veteran Holiday writer Joe McCarthy describes the fantastic growth of the world's busiest airport, New York's Idlewild.

PLUS: The surprising paradoxes of *Portland, Oregon* . . . A Madcap Tour of *New Jersey* . . . *Handbook of American Regional Cookery* . . . *Personal Memoirs of the Civil War* . . . A six-page picture story on the Italian resort *Positano*.

MAY
HOLIDAY
MAGAZINE
On sale now . . . wherever magazines are sold

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

He looked at Benton sharply. "I do not think you would like to answer questions."

"Why are you doing this for me?"

"Because you are going to do me a favor, Herr Speyer. I have saved you twice and I am going to help you get back to where you came from. And when we arrive, you will tell the Americans how nice I have been. That, and perhaps a small reward. That is all."

"My nephew lives in Leipzig," Daubigny said. "He knows no Americans."

"We have one hour, or less," Stumpf said, "and there is no point in wasting it, like fools. You have no nephew; nor, for that matter a niece"—he looked coldly at Magda—"there is no Paul Speyer who works for H-O in Leipzig. He looks too healthy to be a fugitive; so he is from the other side. And he looks more like an American than anything else."

"I still don't see ——" Benton began.

"I will tell you, Herr Speyer, and then we will leave. At once. I was not informed of this house search. Before this, I am always informed. It is the beginning of the end. The opportunities here for those of my abilities have always been limited; now they are ceasing to exist. And in a short time, I myself with them. Now come on, I will give you five minutes."

It took Benton barely half the time to run up the stairs, complete his dressing and run down again. Benton looked at Daubigny and the two women.

"Why aren't you ready?"

"Because they are not coming with us," Stumpf broke in harshly.

"We're taking them. What do you think will happen to them if we leave them?"

"You stupid, ignorant fool," Stumpf shouted, "do you think I can be burdened with an old man and two women?" Then he was calm again. "It's the only way. Hurry up."

"All of us," Benton said stubbornly.

"Good-by, Herr Speyer."

"One minute," Benton said, thinking desperately. "As soon as they are taken they will talk. And so will I. How far do you think you can get with all the border guards alerted for you?"

"They will know soon enough, in any case. You are not very convincing."

"All right," Benton said. "I am an American. I came here to get something from Pastor Daubigny." He paused and looked at Stumpf. "And to bring him out. What he has is worth a lot to my Government."

He reached slowly into his breast pocket, brought out the sheaf of greenbacks, riffled them like a deck of cards with his thumb. Stumpf's eyes followed the moving bills.

"All of this," Benton said, "to begin with. And more too. We are generous."

Stumpf extended his hand, but the sheaf of bills drew back just inches from his finger tips.

"On the other side," Benton said.

"All right; we will take Daubigny."

"And the women."

"No, it is insane."

"The women," Benton said relentlessly.

"The women, the cats, the church organ, what you will," Stumpf shouted. "Only hurry."

"Not me," Frau Holtz said stolidly. "The Herr Pastor, yes; it must be so. And Magda. But a lot of dirty, stupid policemen are not driving me out."

"You must," Benton said sharply. "You will not be safe."

Frau Holtz laughed.

"I," she said, "I have been asleep all night. They will wake me in the morning and I will be as surprised as they. I know them; they do not waste their valuable time on a stupid, backward old woman."

Daubigny nodded slowly. "She will be safe," he said. He looked at Frau Holtz. "They do not know a dangerous woman when they see one."

The house was dark when they opened the door carefully and moved quietly down the grass alongside the path. The gate between the hedgerows opened noiselessly. Stumpf motioned them forward along the road westward. *Through the forest again*, Benton thought. But they moved on past the point where the twisting trail moved through the forest, a hundred yards more to a large shed.

Stumpf opened the doors slowly. There was just room inside for the little old automobile.

"Mine," Stumpf whispered. He got into the car for a moment, released the brakes, then got out. He took hold of the rear bumper at one side and motioned for Benton to seize the other.

"Pull," he said; "it's not safe to start it here."

The car came out quite easily.

"Which way?" Benton asked.

"Through the forest to the *Autobahn*. There's just room between the trees."

"We'll have to steer it. Magda can do it."

He motioned to the girl, quickly whispered to her what to do. He put his arm around her, bringing her close so she could hear. Her face was very calm in the moonlight as she looked up at him, nodding gravely to show she understood.

"I'll be all right," she said. "I'm not afraid."

It's true, she thought in surprise as she stood alongside the car, steering with one hand through the open window. *I have not been afraid, not for an hour, not since the trouble started; not since he came back. There was too much happening and I forgot.* And she turned the wheel again as the men began to push from behind, walking slowly alongside the car as it straightened out and moved toward the gap in the forest.

It was slow work now as Benton and Stumpf pushed the car along the rutted track, wasting energy on periodic sharp turns and twists as it weaved in and out among the tall trees. Walking behind them slowly, Pastor Daubigny felt the notebook that was still in his pocket. *I should have burned it*, he thought, *long ago. Now I dare not leave it behind to be found; I dare not be caught with it. No one should have it. Not the Americans; it is too dangerous; but these others from the east, so much worse. Worse than dangerous, if they have it. Hopeless.* They were halfway into the forest now. Stumpf stopped pushing the car and tapped Benton on the shoulder to stop.

"We can start it now."

Daubigny and Magda got into the back, while Benton got in front with Stumpf. It was crowded in the little car, but anything, Benton thought, was better than pushing the car along.

Stumpf drove cautiously in low gear, hardly moving faster than the car had gone while they were pushing. There were no lights, and the car swung in and out of the trees, trying to follow the rough tracks, bumping over roots, sliding on pine needles. Once they brushed against a tree, and Benton could hear the front fender crush. Then they were at the edge of the forest. Stumpf brought the car close to the *Autobahn*, a few yards from the detour around the bridge, where Benton had crouched a century before. He looked at Benton.

"No use waiting," he said. "We either make it or there is no hope."

The little car moved across the *Autobahn*, down the detour and up again. There was no sound, nothing to stop them. In a minute, Stumpf switched on the headlights.

"Now," he said, "as far as we can go."

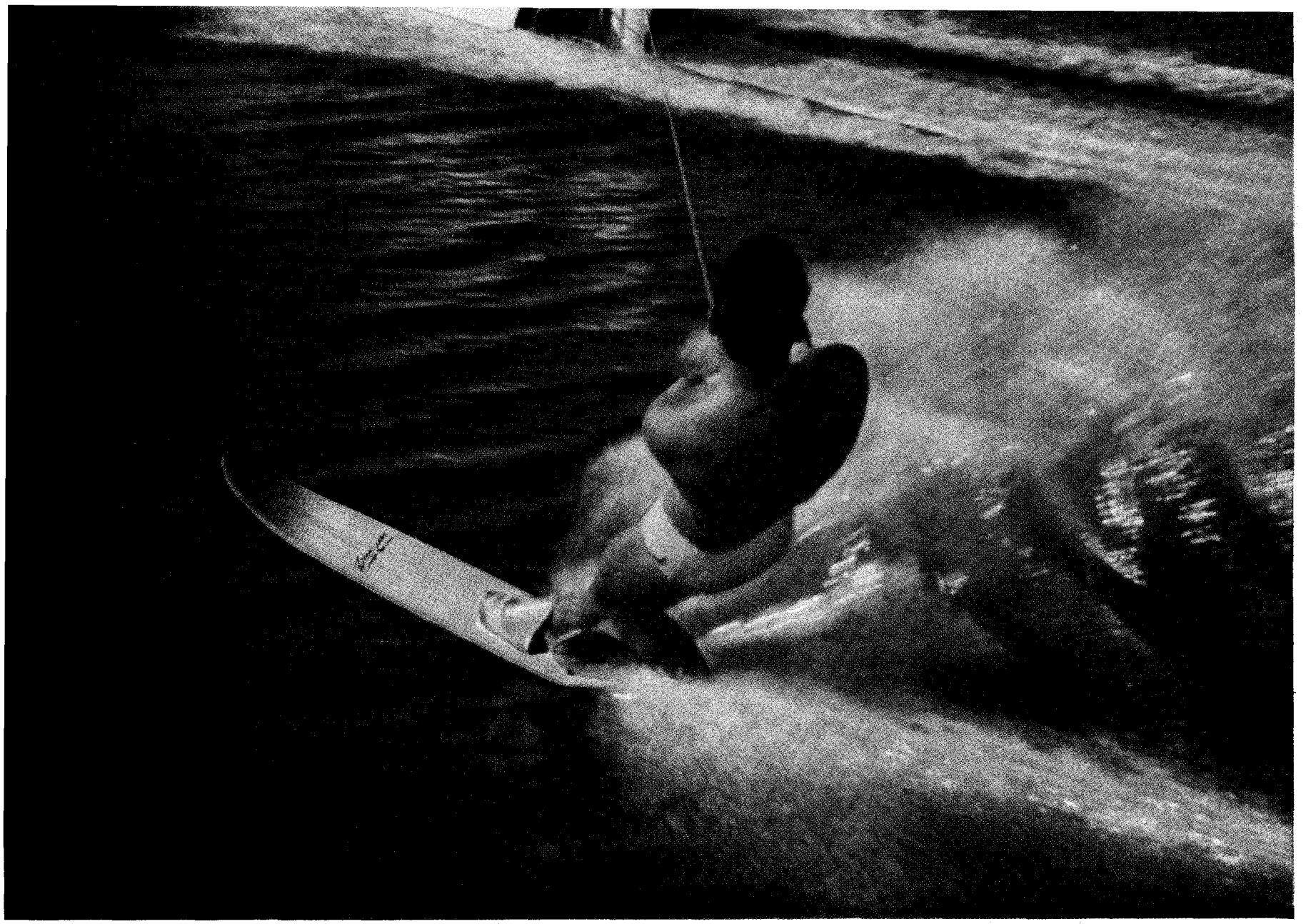
Major Feldman was alone in the large room that he called his study. He had the ground floor of an old pleasant house on the far side of the river near the Handschuhsheim road. Only the ground floor: it was all that his assumed rank of major merited in the Army's housing hierarchy. But nevertheless, no one ever seemed to be billeted in the top floor.

This was the room where he had talked with Harry (*Continued on Page 72*)

"My husband seems to think . . . SIT UP WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU . . . that I'm the dominating type."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New Super Sea-Horse 35 with electric starting . . . $625

"A bolt of lightning, wrapped in velvet!"

THAT'S THE '59 SEA-HORSE WITH Dynautical Design

Water skiers tell us that '59 Sea-Horses have the kind of get-up-and-go they've been waiting for. You really have to try it to know how smoothly and swiftly a new Johnson gets you up on skis—even from a deep water start. Skiing is easier for the beginner—more fun for the expert.

Johnson's Dynautical Design is what makes the difference—everything that's newest and best in engineering, wrapped up in the most handsome outboard motor design ever to take to the water. You will find that it goes better with your boat *and* makes your boat go better.

Whether you plan to ski, cruise, fish, or do all three, find out how a new '59 Johnson will add to your fun. Sea-Horse sizes range from 3 hp to the mighty, 4-cylinder V-50. All models 5½ hp and up have built-in gearshift *plus* thermostat control for longer carefree, wear-free running. Electric starting is available on 18s, 35s and V-50s. Prices begin as low as $160, f.o.b. factory, subject to change.

See them at your Johnson dealer's, listed under "Outboard Motors" in the Yellow Pages. This is the year of the two-millionth Sea-Horse. *More boatmen buy Johnsons than any other make!*

FREE CATALOG! *Write Johnson Motors, 522 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill. In Canada, Johnson Motors, Peterborough, Ont. Div., Outboard Marine Corp.*

Johnson FIRST IN SALES FIRST IN DEPENDABILITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 70*) Benton a million years before. The special telephone was still behind the books. There was the lurid German romantic painting, View of the Old Castle in the Moonlight, and behind it the wall safe, with the papers and the lists and the plans. It would take hours to crack. And in the meantime, the special alarm to the one office. And finally, if everything else failed, the breaker device in the second, light inner door, and the wired thermite bomb.

He sat at his desk in the comfortable leather chair, smoking slowly and drinking half a dozen tiny cups of his special coffee. It was very hot and close in the room, and after a while he went to the big French window at his back and opened it part way on one side. There was hardly any breeze, but occasionally an errant puff of air would ruffle the curtains and cool him momentarily.

After a while, he began to work at his desk. He opened the wall safe carefully, took what he needed, then closed the safe and put the picture back in place. When he needed to look at additional papers, he went through the whole process again. He did not leave his papers on the desk even during the short trip to the wall safe, but carried them in his left hand, putting some back and keeping others along with the new material.

In half an hour, he went through the complicated routine five or six times. The last time, he shook his head and swore softly. This time when he returned to the desk, he left the safe open. It was wrong, and he knew it; but the people who had made the rules had not been alone, they had not had to wrestle with stiff secret buttons and twirl combinations on a boiling summer night. He salved his conscience a little by putting the stubby little Bankers' Special .38 revolver alongside his work on the desk.

The reading lamp on his desk began to flicker and dim, as though there was the beginning of a power failure. As the flickering broke into his concentration, he got up and went to the special telephone behind the books. He listened impassively for a minute.

"All right," he said to the voice at the other end; "you'll have to get someone else to Kronstadt. Set up another date, and this time see that Benton gets in the car with the right stuff. . . . Yes, anyone you want. . . . No, don't get excited. It isn't serious, just a little hitch. I figured we'd have trouble with this Daubigny. . . . O.K.; keep in touch."

He hung up the receiver, shaking his head. *Old Harry Benton,* he thought; *well, he's getting conscientious, going back like that. I didn't think he'd do it. We'll have to get Old Harry out, all right.*

He went back to the paper work on his desk, but he had lost the concentration now. All he could think about was Harry Benton. *I ought to have ten per cent of him,* he thought, *first this East Zone business and then the diamonds; I'm putting in an eight-hour day over Old Harry.*

It had been a sight more than eight hours, spread over several days. It had started the evening they dropped Harry Benton off near Kronstadt. It had started with the cremation of the body of Bruno Antonescu, unclaimed by relatives; and the cold charity-urn burial. One of Major Feldman's men had stayed with it till the ashes were sealed and put away, but it did no good: no one had shown up.

But two days later someone very definitely had shown up, and this time Major Feldman had taken a personal interest. The man who showed up called himself Victor Antonescu and claimed to be the brother of the dead man. Victor Antonescu had papers; and if he had not had papers, one look would have been enough to convince anyone that he was Bruno Antonescu's brother. The two men were closer than twins.

Feldman talked with him in his daytime capacity as the not-very-bright aide to one of the deputy chiefs of staff. What Victor Antonescu wanted was very simple: under the suitable formalities of sorrow, he wanted to get his hands on whatever goods and chattels his brother had left. Feldman had satisfied himself of the relationship. He had taken Victor Antonescu to the sealed hotel room the dead man had occupied. He had allowed Antonescu to take all of his brother's few possessions. Then he had sat back and waited, with a certain ironic anticipation.

The reaction had been immediate. The next day when he checked in after lunch at his daytime office, they told him a Mr. Victor Antonescue was waiting to see him. Feldman told the guard at the check point to send him along. Then he sat back to see what would happen.

Victor Antonescu was in black suit, shoes, socks and tie. Only the shirt spoiled the funereal effect. It was an extremely unpleasant-looking mauve. His face was screwed into an expression of melancholy and the great, black, cowlike eyes seemed almost to be brimming with tears.

Feldman looked at him with equal gravity.

"Sit down, Mr. Antonescu. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing really, Major Feldman. What can anyone do for me in so sad a time? What is there that man can do in the face of death? How can ——"

Mr. Antonescu seemed unable to go on. He choked for a minute, then he looked up at Feldman.

"But there is one little thing, major. A very small thing. It is about my poor brother's belongings." He paused delicately, waiting for Feldman to answer.

"I thought you got everything," Feldman said.

"I, too, had thought so. My brother lived simply. There was very little. What he had he could carry with him. And yet, I have every reason to believe he was a wealthy man—not a millionaire, you understand, but wealthy. But what he left behind—some clothes, suitcases, a few hundred marks." He paused and looked directly at Feldman. "Was there nothing else? Something, perhaps, that was overlooked? Something on the body, something the police may be holding and have forgotten?"

"You have everything, Mr. Antonescu, as far as I know. If you could be specific, we might be able to help."

Mr. Antonescu composed his features into the image of a man wrapped in thought. *All right,* Feldman thought; *say it. Say "diamonds." If you say it maybe you'll get them. But first of all you'll answer some questions from some really tough boys. Maybe it'll cost you your neck. Come on, boy, say it; say the word.*

"A bank account, perhaps? Securities in a safe-deposit box?"

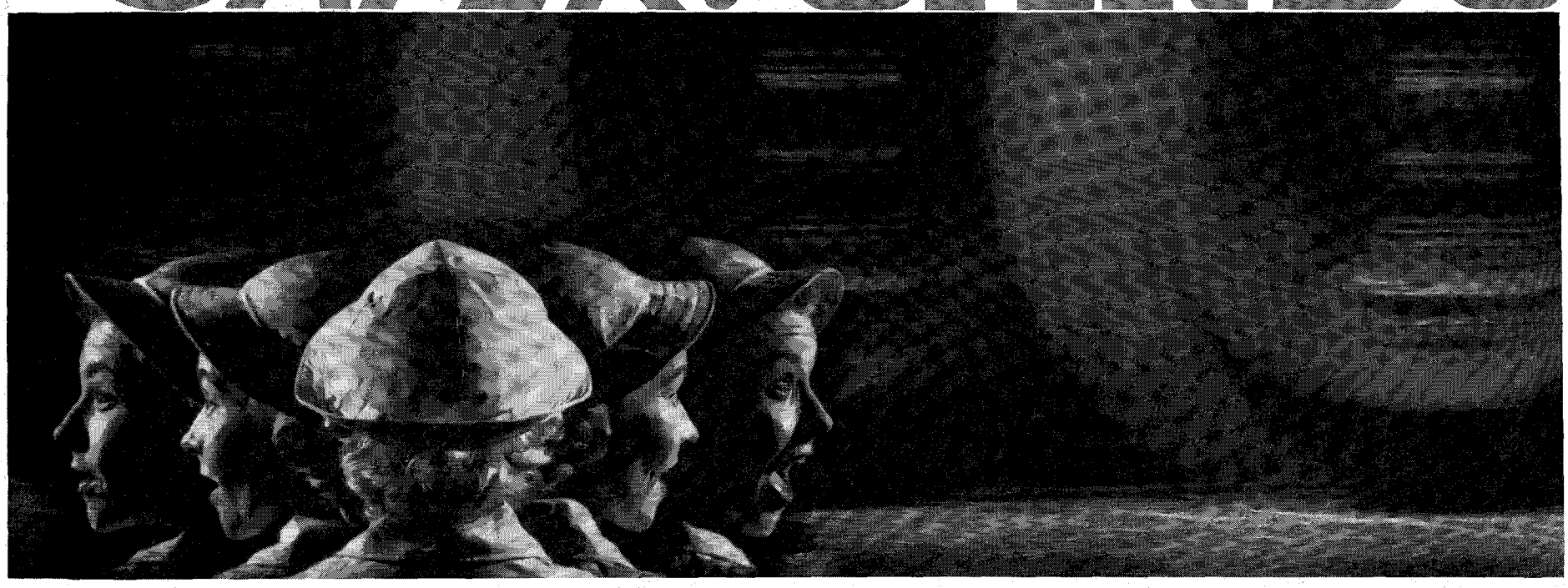
Antonescu looked up. "Yes," he said, "it might be something like that. Or perhaps a package, a small package that one might quite easily forget or overlook."

Feldman nodded encouragingly. "If you only had some idea, Mr. Antonescu."

They don't belong to anybody, he thought. *Ninety days more, still unclaimed, and it's finder's keepers. Harry Benton. Harry Benton can have them. If he gets out clear, he deserves them. Skip the routine. I owe Harry something. This is going to be my own project.*

Antonescu was sweating now, almost wriggling in his clothes. The big eyes were

NEW! SAFER! CARBO



Extra stopping power and thousands of extra miles! Now—a miracle tread rubber that gives you greater stopping power for thousands of miles longer. It's CARBOJET—with billions of tiny, wear-resistant carbon particles for a tougher, longer-lasting non-skid tread. Get exclusive CARBOJET protection for you and your family. All Seiberling tires have it, including the famous Safety Tire—the premium air-conditioned tire priced at $39.50*

*7.50 x 14 tubeless blackwall 4-ply Rayon Safety Tire, plus taxes.

MAKERS OF AMERICA'S FINEST TIRES IN EVERY PRICE RANGE • SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHIO • TORONTO, CANADA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

staring at Major Feldman, and there was so bitter and concentrated a hatred in them that for an instant Feldman was frightened. *He knows,* Feldman thought; *and he can't say anything.*

Antonescu rose to his feet. For the first time, Feldman realized, there was something menacing in him; but the eyes were veiled now, and the smile was as blandly wistful as ever.

"It is easy to forget something, Major Feldman. I myself have frequently overlooked important things for a day or so. Then I have remembered. I feel sure that something will be found; and when it is—well, I am a generous man. There would be a reward, a substantial one." He paused and looked encouragingly at Feldman.

"I wish you luck, Mr. Antonescu; but I'm afraid I can't help you."

But Antonescu was hardly listening. As he turned to the door, he spoke as if he were talking to himself. "It is very exasperating. It is putting me to a great deal of trouble. I cannot forget that."

It had seemed to be rough justice at the time, but now, sitting alone in his study at midnight, Feldman was not so sure that it had been a good idea. He had got rid of the diamonds at once. They were in a safe-deposit box in Harry Benton's name, and the instructions were clear: only Harry Benton was to get into that box. He thought a moment, then took a sheet of paper and scribbled on it a note to Harry Benton, giving the name of the bank and the fact that there was a safe-deposit box in Benton's name. Then he put it in an envelope and sealed it. He wrote Benton's name on the outside.

He was a little sleepy now. He went to the safe and put away the papers he had been working with. He started to close the safe. Then he remembered the note to Harry Benton. He went back to the desk and stood there for a moment, holding the note in his hand, almost as if he were weighing it, looking for an instant at the open safe.

He was standing there like that, with his back to the slightly open window, when the small, dark, dwarflike man who had been crouching at the sill for some time straightened up and shot him from behind through the left lung, just missing the heart.

He felt the heavy blow of the short-range bullet. The envelope slipped from his hand and fluttered to the floor. He sprawled forward on the desk, clutching for his own .38; but his fingers all seemed large and slippery. He managed to get the gun in both hands and begin to lift it very slowly, turning as he did so, when the second shot hit him between the left shoulder and the collarbone, knocking the gun from his hands and spinning him off the desk to the floor alongside it.

The man at the window could not really see him, now that the large old-fashioned desk blocked the view. The man put one foot over the sill and into the room, and then he was halted. The casement window was only partly open. A screwed-down fastener held it from opening further. The man, half in and half out, twisted awkwardly at the stiff, rusty screw. He was in a great hurry now, and his haste made him clumsy.

Major Feldman was lying on the floor where he had fallen. His body was still numb, but he felt sick and weak and there was blood in his mouth. He coughed weakly and the blood trickled over his lips onto the rug. He knew he was going to die and it wasn't too bad, except for the blood smeared on his face. He wanted to stay down there and get it over with. But there was something he had to do first, something about his job, something very important, but he couldn't remember.

He began crawling very slowly and painfully. Behind him the man who had shot him was still working on the jammed window, momentarily oblivious of anything else. Major Feldman inched his way across the few feet to the wall like a back-broken snake. He bumped into a chair. Very slowly he reached out with his good arm and pulled himself to his feet. He staggered against the open safe door, holding it with one arm to keep himself erect. He had been trained in duty for a long time, and life had not given him very much else; but he was sick and faint again and his brain would not tell him what he had to do before he was allowed to die.

Lots of people don't realize they've made a wrong move till the landlord starts increasing their rent.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

The man had suddenly solved the window catch. Too suddenly, for he stumbled through the window, falling heavily on his shoulder. He lost his gun for a minute, picked it up frantically and turned toward Feldman.

Major Feldman had remembered now what he had to do, but he had fallen forward into the open safe. It was not big enough to hold him, but one arm and his head and a shoulder were blocking the entrance. He was inching his way out slowly and painfully, trying to pivot out of the way and swing the door at the same time.

The man who had shot him was still on the floor on hands and knees. He shot quickly again, and this time Major Feldman fell forward into the safe, jamming it open and swinging the door finally out of his reach. The man rose to his feet on the other side of the desk. There was no hurry now, he even picked up the envelope Feldman had been holding when he was shot and carefully pocketed it. He stooped down and picked up Feldman's gun.

Major Feldman was as good as dead now, but there was a flicker left somewhere, about thirty seconds in which to clean things up the way they had taught him. The extended hand inside the safe reached out for the little switch—the switch he always had to remember to cut off when he opened the second skin of the safe. There was no strength left to push it up, but his fingers jammed across the poles, and the current went through his flesh to close the circuit.

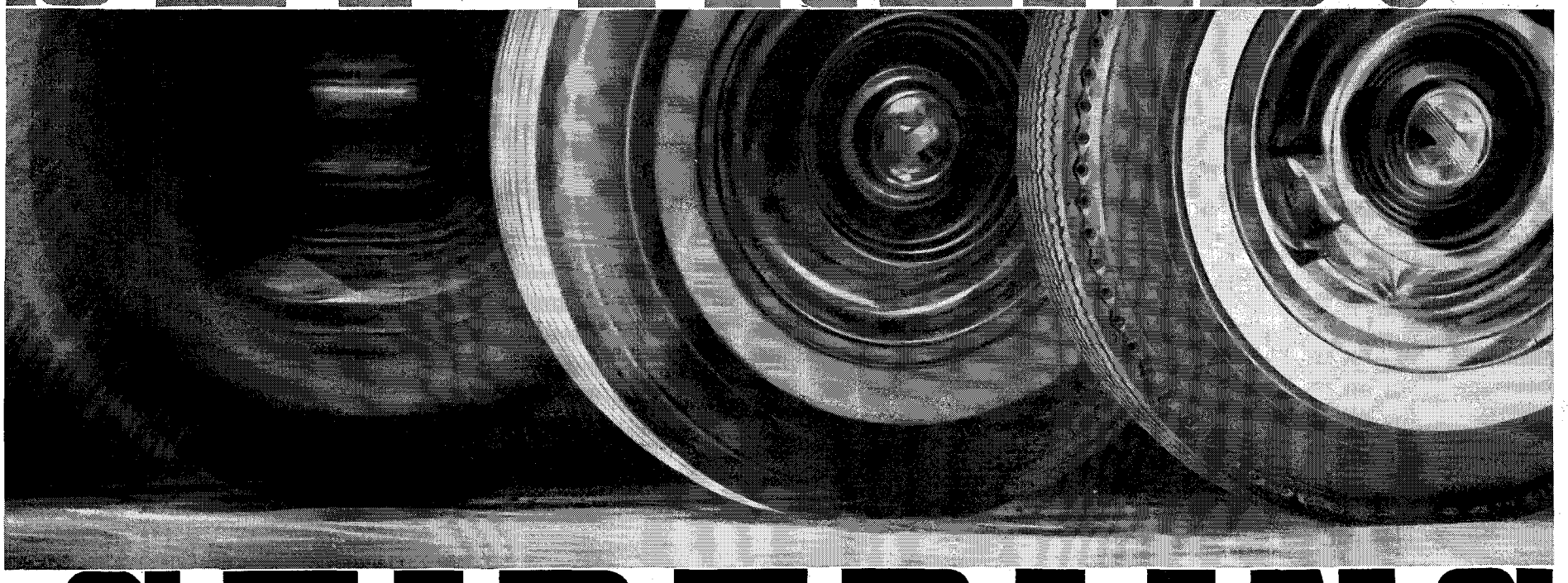
The thermite bomb in the safe was set for instantaneous explosion, but Lou Feldman was already dead when the sheet of flame burst out of the wall, eating through steel and brick, leaving nothing in the safe but charred ruin.

The man who had shot him was still on the floor, half shielded by the desk. He was not caught in the blast of flame, but for a minute he was blinded. He clawed his way back to the window and fell and scrambled through onto the ground beneath. When he turned back again, the whole room seemed to be a ball of fire. Of the whole room nothing was left but the envelope he had put in his pocket.

The man turned and ran off into the darkness around him. He might have been really frightened, but his mind was too busy thinking up the excuses he would give for having gotten nothing but the envelope.

TO BE CONTINUED

JET TREAD!



SEIBERLING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Love-Struck (Continued from Page 37)

I threw the dish towel at him. "Help dry," I said, "and tell me about the fringe benefits and stock options."

The next day I sat in the office and watched the cars go by, the sleek cars from the city bringing in the sleek city girls from the fancy schools and colleges. Weekends the lanterns would blossom over the boardwalk and the music of Sammy Seymour and His Serenaders would float out over the water. Very romantic if you are summer people, or if you are a boy who lives all year at Birch Lake and dates the summer girls.

On a Friday afternoon the telephone rang and I gave up dreaming to pick it up. A voice said, "I want to take a shower."

You learn to expect anything from the summer people, but I was not in the-customer-is-always-right mood.

"What do you want?" I said rudely. "Company?"

There was a chuckle. Then the voice said, "A hot shower. The water is colder than a mint julep. My name is John Fletcher and I rented the Davis cottage on the north shore ——"

"I know the cottage," I said. "Did you light the pot stove?"

Silence over the phone. "What in hell is a pot stove?" said Mr. Fletcher.

I started to tell, but I knew it would be no use. A thermostat on the wall he would understand, but not a pot stove. City people. "I'll be over," I said.

I put a sign on the door BACK IN TEN MINUTES and climbed into the pickup truck, drove around the lake to the north shore, passing en route the Tyler place, where Dan Hanley was on the roof, repairing it.

I pulled up and leaned out the window. "I'm on my way to start a pot stove for a customer," I said.

What did I think he'd say? Did I expect him to jump off the roof and say that my little white hands would never touch a lump of coal?

"An outside call ought to be worth three dollars," Dan said.

He went back to splitting shakes. I drove on and parked in the rear of the Davis cottage. I went up the back step and rang the bell and a man in Bermuda shorts and T shirt looked through the screen at me. He was tall and lean, in his late twenties, and he needed a shave.

"You forgot your tools," he said.

I fished a packet of matches out of my jeans. "What did you expect, flint and steel?" I said, and he let me in.

I stepped into the kitchen and opened the cellar door and Mr. Fletcher followed me down. "Pot stove," I said, pointing.

There was coal and kindling and paper, and I went to work and as soon as I struck a match Mr. Fletcher went silently upstairs. Probably to test the water.

When the fire was going I went up and saw him in the back yard. I went out and he handed me a frosty glass. It looked like lemonade with a cherry.

"I prepared a small libation," he said.

The drink was cold and I gulped it down and put the empty glass on a table. "That was delicious," I said.

"Have another," said Mr. Fletcher. "You natives can certainly tuck the stuff away. Weaned on applejack, I suppose."

The second one I decided to sip. I felt a warm glow. I felt friendly and companionable. "Are you married, Mr. Fletcher?" I said.

"I am an artist," he said. "I am single."

I felt sad, thinking of Mr. Fletcher, unmarried. It seemed a shame, somehow. "I don't suppose an artist can afford a wife."

"On the contrary," he said. "I am a commercial artist, and I do quite well. I live in the city and have come here for the summer. When I become bored with a place, I leave. It suits me very well and if I had a wife there would be complications, such as children, and the pattern of living which I love would be destroyed. Would you like to see a sample of my work?"

There was a magazine lying on the table. He flipped through it and showed me an illustration. It was quite romantic with this boy kissing a girl, holding her in his arms, and both her high heels were right off the floor.

It impressed me. I am five eight and weigh one hundred and twenty-seven and very few boys have ever lifted me off the floor. In a weight-lifting contest they could do it, but not when they're kissing me. The picture depressed me and I started to leave.

"We'll send you the bill, Mr. Fletcher," I said. "I hope you've learned how to start the pot stove. It could be expensive."

I tried to get out of the chair and failed. Mr. Fletcher came over and hauled me upright. I came right up into his arms like a yo-yo. He kissed me and I put my arms around his neck.

"You're charming," I said, "but you should have shaved."

I went over and climbed into the pickup truck. The glass seemed wavy. I turned the wheel the wrong way and drove across a flower bed and into two cords of wood.

Mr. Fletcher leaped into the truck and shut off the ignition. "Move over," he said. "How old are you, anyway; fourteen?"

"I am twenty," I said, "and had two years at junior college and was a B-plus student."

He reached over and cranked down the window. "Hang your head out the side," he said, and I did so, and Mr. Fletcher drove me around the lake. He drove around and around with my head out the window and the summer people watching and finally I said, "I feel better."

He stopped at the boardwalk and went into a restaurant and came out with two paper cups of black coffee and made me drink them both.

"You're terribly sweet, Mr. Fletcher," I said. "May I call you John?"

"I'd rather you didn't," he said. "I am sorry I ever tangled with you and I will bathe in cold water from now on. Don't you have a boy friend here?"

"In the winter I do," I said. "In the winter I am my boss Dan Hanley's girl, but in the summer he deserts me and I go to pieces."

"Can't you nail him in the winter when the competition isn't around?" Mr. Fletcher said.

"Dan is a slow-moving country boy," I said, "and probably about the time he gets the idea of marriage firmly fixed in his mind, it is spring and the summer people are coming up to keep him busy."

"Well, I feel that I owe you something," Mr. Fletcher said. "I believe there is a dance tonight. I will take you, but you must understand that this is strictly a business deal and frankly a dirty trick to play on a fellow bachelor."

He walked me over to the shop and I said, "I live in the last house on Indian Road. How will you get home, Mr. Fletcher?"

"I will walk if necessary, but I doubt if it will be necessary," Mr. Fletcher said, and I walked carefully inside the office. Dan was filling his pipe and watching me and for some reason I giggled.

"I suspect you have been drinking," Dan said. "You look awful. You should never drink with a customer. Also, your mother would disapprove and I feel responsible for you."

A horn tooted outside. Dan and I looked out the window and a foreign red car went by. It was driven by a matchstick-type blonde and beside her in the car was Mr. Fletcher.

"Mary," Dan said, "you have not been around very much, and perhaps I should tell you something about summer people. A man at a summer resort where he will only remain a short time may do things he would not ordinarily do, if you follow me."

"I understand perfectly," I said. "Naturally if time is short a man has to act fast and bypass many preliminaries. I believe it is quitting time."

I got up and walked out of the office with Dan sitting there holding a match over the bowl of his pipe and staring after me.

I climbed Indian Road to our house at the top and helped my mother with dinner and I was in my room putting on my face for the dance when I heard the doorbell ring. Ten minutes later I went out to greet Mr. Fletcher, who was admiring my mother's milk glass. I could tell by her expression he had charmed her right out of her mind. He had shaved and he looked a lot better, but he seemed jittery. When I walked toward him he jumped like a cat.

"Do not be alarmed," I said. "I was only going to shake your hand."

"For some reason you make me very nervous," he said.

We went outside and rode downhill listening to the music. Inside the pavilion Mr. Fletcher took me in his arms and we started to dance, and then suddenly Mr. Fletcher stopped.

"If you do not mind," he said, "I will do the leading."

"I am sorry," I said. "In high heels I am taller than many boys and when I can see over the top of a boy's head I just naturally lead."

"You cannot see over the top of my head," Mr. Fletcher said, "and you will follow. You look like a girl and you smell like a girl and when I have my arms around you you feel like a girl, but I am damned if you act like a girl."

"If you will tell me what you would like a girl to do—well, then I will do it," I said.

"That is the wrong answer," he said. "There is something about the way you talk that scares the hell out of me."

I looked over the top of Mr. Fletcher's head, although I had to stand on tiptoe to do it, and I saw Dan Hanley. He was dancing with the matchstick blonde and I felt dispirited and began wondering if there was a Female Auxiliary in the Foreign Legion.

"I've been intoning proper responses all my life," I said to Mr. Fletcher, "and where did it get me? I think I will be a femme fatale and forget my upbringing."

"Where you will end up," said Mr. Fletcher, "is as the Tea Chairman of the P.T.A."

He was twisting his head around as he spoke. "She is not under the lights any more," I said. "I know you are looking for the matchstick blonde who gave you a ride home this afternoon, and Dan Hanley just danced her out on the boardwalk."

"Do not be catty," he said. "For your information, I have been swimming with that blonde and she is not as much of a matchstick as you might think. Also, do not look so discouraged. Pretend you are having a good time and be gay."

"How can I be gay," I said, "me, the fat lump?"

"You are generously endowed, but you are not fat," said Mr. Fletcher. "You are fine just the way you are, otherwise why would I have made a pass at you this afternoon?"

"I figured I was any port in a storm," I said. "I have no self-confidence, no ego."

"Well, I am going to fix that for you, but nothing else," said Mr. Fletcher and he danced me out on the boardwalk.

I closed my eyes and I could forget I was dancing at Birch Lake to the music of Sammy Seymour and could even forget that once I had gone out with Sammy Seymour, but only once, because his hands moved around me as though I were a keyboard or something.

I opened my eyes and became gay. It was not difficult being gay with Mr. Fletcher if I did not think about Dan Hanley, and I did not feel sad again until we left the dance at midnight and were driving up Indian Road.

"I wonder where that blonde lives," I said.

"She has a cottage down the West Trail," Mr. Fletcher said.

"Some girls have all the luck," I said. "That is a winding dark road, and I have to live a quarter of a mile from the boardwalk."

At my house I unlocked the door and said, "Would you like to come in?"

"No, I had better not," he said. "Three is a crowd."

"My mother is in bed with her door closed," I said. (*Continued on Page 78*)

"There's a man to see you from the Internal — ha, ha, ha — Combustion Engineering Corporation."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Like people?

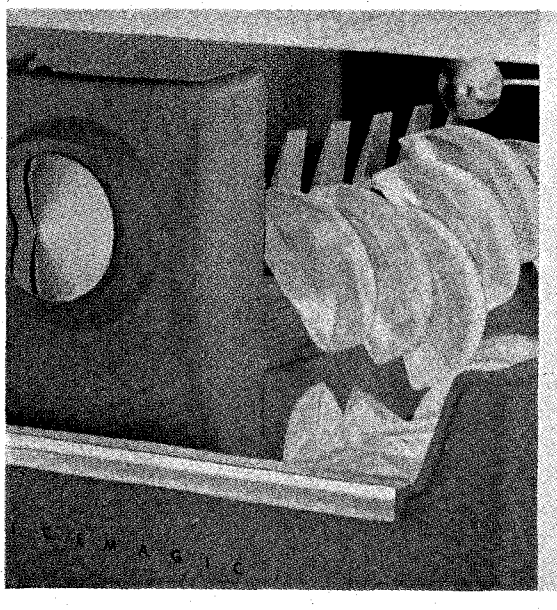
You'll like Dial Soap then. Because when you use Dial, you never have to give a second thought to perspiration odor.

The AT-7 in Dial removes the bacteria that cause it like nothing else can.

Only Dial's got AT-7. Dial, the soap for people who like people.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New! RCA WHIRLPOOL Gas for a complete kitchen-



NEW RCA WHIRLPOOL *IceMagic*

No Trays to Fill or Empty

The new RCA WHIRLPOOL Gas Refrigerator—Freezer makes a steady supply of sparkling, non-stick ice cubes and drops them into a handy server. Water is supplied automatically, too. There are no troublesome ice trays to fill or empty. A modern home convenience exclusive with the RCA WHIRLPOOL Refrigerator-Freezer.

Only RCA WHIRLPOOL Gas Refrigerators can give you all this:

1 *Automatic Ice Cubes.* Makes and serves cubes without worry about trays or water.

2 *10-Year Warranty* on the refrigerator system. Twice the guarantee of any other.

3 *Permanent Silence.* There are no moving parts in the cooling system to make noise. Silent, dependable Gas does all the work.

4 *No Costly Upkeep.* There is nothing in the cooling system to wear out so there is no need for expensive repairs.

5 *Constant Balanced Cold.* Never any "on-off" fluctuation. Freezer and food compartment temperatures automatically stay at the exact degree that keeps food best.

MODERNITY, DEPENDABILITY, ECONOMY—ALL WITH GAS! Only with modern Gas it is possible to combine economy with beauty and convenience. Today's Gas appliances are styled for the *modern built-in look.* Come in lovely colors, too. And you can always depend on Gas. It's always there when you need it, ready to work for you—automatically. Modern Gas appliances cost less to buy, install and use. Gas is fast, does the work in less time; saves you money. Gas burns completely, too. There's never any waste. And clean-burning modern Gas helps keep walls, woodwork, curtains and furniture cleaner longer.

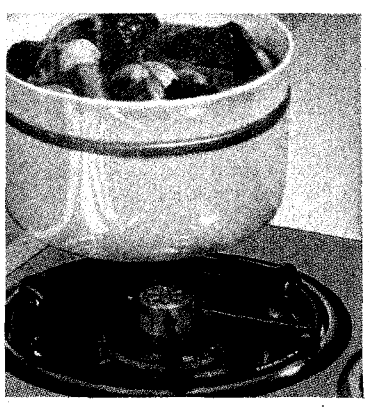
AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

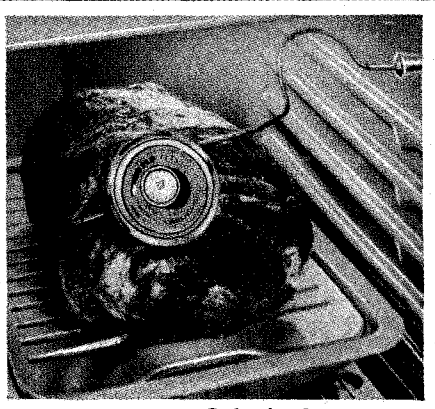
ONLY GAS

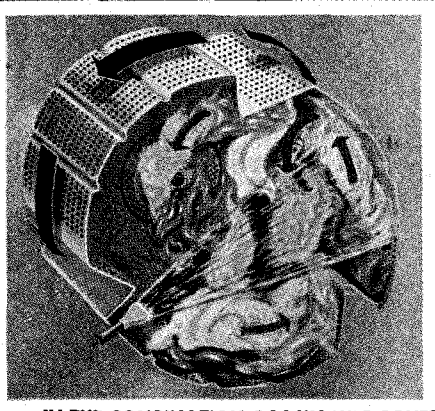
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

April 25, 1959

Refrigerator
Laundry...all gas, all automatic!







W RCA WHIRLPOOL GAS RANGE WINS GOLD STAR AWARD. Only the finest ranges m the world's great Gas range makers qualify for this coveted award. Gold Star ndards require at least 28 advances in performance, automation, and design. For mple, *Burner-with-a-Brain** keeps food from burning or boiling over. No pot-watch-;—just set the thermostat and the Gas flame raises and lowers itself automatically maintain a steady temperature. This range also has an *automatic built-in Meat Ther-meter*. Every roast comes out exactly the way you like it—the thermometer registers oneness" on indicator panel, turns off oven at just the right time. **A.G.A. Mark*

IN THE COMBINATION GAS WASHER-DRYER—wash, rinse, dry an entire load in one continuous operation. Filter-Stream washing action gets clothes cleaner, rinses them clearer—automatically. And when it comes to drying, an RCA WHIRLPOOL Gas Washer-Dryer automatically creates an atmosphere of safety-controlled air. There are five special time-and-temperature selections to give you the heat and drying time just right for every kind of fabric. And the dryer's special cooling-off period finishes even newest wash-and-wear fabrics air-fluffed and smooth. RCA WHIRLPOOL washers and Gas dryers are available in separate units, too!

loes so much more...for so much less!

RCA Whirlpool Gas Appliances For The Home

Whirlpool Corporation, St. Joseph, Mich. (Use of trademarks RCA and RCA authorized by trademark owner, Radio Corporation of America.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 74*) "I was not referring to your mother," Mr. Fletcher said, "but to Dan Hanley, who would be with us in spirit although he is no doubt parked somewhere along the West Trail in the flesh. I will give you one piece of advice. I doubt if you aid your cause by working for Dan. He sees you as an employee, not as a girl."

"I'm a girl employee, aren't I?" I said. "I was thinking of propinquity. Propinquity is supposed to lead to things, I've been led to believe. I am a great reader."

"Do you have to wear jeans?" Mr. Fletcher said.

"Well, I drive a pickup truck," I said, "but I see your point. Would you like to kiss me good night?"

"I do not think so," Mr. Fletcher said, after giving the matter some consideration. "You are only offering to let me kiss you because you suspect Dan Hanley is doing the same thing to the blonde."

"You are very shrewd, Mr. Fletcher," I said, "but here at Birch Lake it is sort of a native custom for a girl to let a man kiss her good night if he takes her to a dance and brings her home."

"It is an intriguing custom," said Mr. Fletcher, "but I think I will skip it. I also know how to light the pot stove, so I will not be seeing you again. I will do just one more thing for you. Stop worrying about that blonde. I will now ride down the West Trail and see if I can straighten out that little matter for you."

He took a step away from me, then I heard him mutter under his breath and he came back and kissed me, then shoved me through the door.

"Lock it," he said, and strode off.

I stood there thinking of Dan with the matchstick blonde and then thinking of Mr. Fletcher with the matchstick blonde. And wondering why a cruel fate had made me a girl instead of a boy, I went inside. My mother's light was on, she was reading.

"Did you have a good time?" she said.

"In a tragic sort of way," I said. "There is a beautiful blonde who is queen of this year's summer crop; guess who took her."

"Well, Dan is very attractive," my mother said. "All those rippling muscles. I hear he has taken an option on the Lamb property and will build cottages there. He will be a rich man someday."

"I am considering having an affair," I said. "What do you think about that?"

"I think you are the marrying kind," said my mother.

"Mr. Fletcher is not the marrying kind," I said. "He admits it."

"Your father felt the same way right up until the moment he said, 'I do,'" my mother said dreamily and turned out the light.

The next morning when I was having coffee at the boardwalk I heard that after Dan Hanley had said good night to the blonde, Mr. Fletcher had taken her out and they had been gone for all hours. There is very little that happens at Birch Lake that everyone doesn't know about.

I went over to the office and thought about Mr. Fletcher's advice and as soon as Dan went out on a call I put a sign on the door BACK IN TEN MINUTES and went over to Peterby's shop.

"What's the nicest thing you have that fits me?" I said.

"What has gotten into you, Mary?" said Mr. Peterby. "This is July. You know very well that I will be happy to sell you anything we have after Labor Day for a forty-per-cent discount. I cannot sell you anything at a mark-off now, and I do not wish to stick you as though you were one of the summer people."

"Go ahead and stick me," I said. "A girl gets tired of spending all her income on books."

I ended up with black, a black dress and crinolines that were pink, and stockings which I hadn't worn all summer, and three-inch heels; and I walked out of the store and across the boardwalk and into the shop with the bell tinkling as I opened the door.

Dan was at his desk. He got up and said, "Good morning, madam. May I help ——" and the pipe fell out of his mouth and he stared at me.

"You look as though there is some crisis," I said. "May I be of assistance?"

"I was going to ask you to deliver a high chair to the people in the Field cottage," he said. "How can you drive a pickup truck in that rig you're wearing?"

"It will be no problem," I said. I went back to the storeroom and got the high chair and carried it out and threw it into the truck, remembering that I had once been an innocent little girl sitting in a high chair and not even knowing boys existed and caring less.

Dan came out of the office and watched me. "Mary," he said, "I am having a little party next week for some of the summer people. I was wondering if you would care to come and be the hostess. Perhaps you wouldn't mind bringing some of

Center of Gravity

My teen-age son and
daughter
Are thoughtful little elves.
They think and think and
think and think
And think about
themselves.

Richard Armour

those little Swedish meat balls you make so well."

"I will be happy to do it," I said, and thinking what a beautiful morning it was, I leaped into the pickup and went giddily down the road.

I was passing Mr. Fletcher's place when I had an impulse, and I drove in and went up and knocked at the back door.

Mr. Fletcher looked out at me. He had not shaved and he had dark circles under his eyes and he looked dreadful.

"I am delivering a high chair and your place was on the way," I said. "I will start your pot stove for you and in the meantime you can be making a couple of those drinks."

"It is ten o'clock in the morning," Mr. Fletcher said, "and that is a cocktail dress you are wearing. I do not know what you have read about the dissolute life of an artist, but I have a deadline to meet and I have been at work for two hours and I do not drink in the morning ever. You may have a cup of coffee and then you will have to leave."

"Dan has asked me to be his hostess at a party," I said, after Mr. Fletcher brought two cups of coffee out into the yard. "How did you get the blonde away from him last night?"

"I took an unfair advantage," Mr. Fletcher said. "I offered to paint her portrait, which is more glamorous than repairing her roof. We watched the sun come up over Knuckle Mountain."

"I saw it once on an overnight hike."

"With Dan?"

"With my Brownie troop," I said; and feeling depressed, I finished my coffee and left.

I delivered the high chair and went back to the office and found Dan making out his party list. I was hoping he would invite Mr. Fletcher because of the matchstick blonde.

I asked if he was on the list and Dan said, "Certainly. I am above personal feelings. He may return here. I am not asking the people who seem unlikely to vacation here again. There isn't any business in them for me."

"I didn't know this was a business party," I said. "I thought it was a fun party."

Dan smiled at me and patted my shoulder. "You have to look ahead. I am not just a chump making a dollar out of the summer people here and there. I am going into building shortly and I have big plans. This party will be expensive, but I think it will be worth it. And it may even be tax-deductible."

"I will give you a wholesale rate on my Swedish meat balls," I said, and then thought about the party. I hoped the sun would shine, and I could see myself, the elegant hostess, moving graciously among my guests, and being snooty to the matchstick blonde.

Fresh from the beauty parlor on the big day and with my nails barely dry, I arrived at Dan's cottage on schedule. The kitchen was piled with food and I had to push things aside to make room for my Swedish meat balls.

"I got five pounds of shrimp," Dan said. "I'm arranging furniture and a bar outside."

I had thought we would be bumping into each other in the kitchen, but I cleaned shrimp by myself.

Later, I heard cars coming down the road. I heard voices on the lawn and porch and Dan kept rushing in, taking plates from me. Finally on one trip he stopped and took my hands out of the refrigerator.

"The party is a great success," he said. "You have been wonderful." For a moment I forgot how tired I was. "You are a girl a man can depend on," Dan said. "We have known each other a long time, Mary, and once Labor Day has come and gone, things will quiet down. Will you marry me after Labor Day, Mary?"

"Yes, I will," I said, and he kissed me, and then said, "I had better get back to my guests. I have several people interested in some lots."

He dashed out and I was in a state. I was all thumbs. I dropped shrimp. I broke a glass.

"You are as inefficient as a moose in that kitchen," said a voice, and I saw Mr. Fletcher lounging in the doorway.

"It is just because Dan proposed to me," I said. "I would kiss you except that now that I am engaged it would not look right. Thank you very much and now you can devote yourself to that matchstick blonde. I saw you arrive with her. But I hope you don't get too involved. I think she is predatory."

"I want no advice from you about girls," Mr. Fletcher said. "Take off that apron."

"I have sandwiches to make ——"

"Take it off," Mr. Fletcher shouted. I felt like a strip-tease dancer in a burlesque show.

I took it off; there was a hard glitter in his eyes that frightened me.

"What else?" I babbled. "What do you have in mind?"

"You are a hostess, not a scullery maid," he said. "You are engaged and you are a queen. Act like a queen. Hold your head high."

He held out his arm and led me outside among all the guests. Finally Dan came up and joined us.

"I hope you are enjoying the party, Mr. Fletcher," he said.

"I think it stinks," said Mr. Fletcher.

He dropped my arm and walked off and Dan said, "Well, what is eating him?"

I did not answer. Dan went on talking, but I was watching Mr. Fletcher walk across the yard. I was sure he was heading for the matchstick blonde and it disturbed me although it was none of my business. I kept watching him and finally Dan said, "You aren't listening."

"I was thinking how beautiful the hills across the lake look," I lied, which was the first time I had ever lied to him and not the best way for any girl to begin an engagement.

"Wait until next year," Dan said. "They will be even more beautiful. I am going to build cottages on those hills. We will ride up there after the party and I will show you."

"Will you park and take me in your arms?" I said. "Or will you ask me to help you stake out lot lines?"

"Listen," Dan said, "I am going to make a lot of money out of those hills."

"I am sure of that," I said. "And I know that I love Birch Lake. I think I had you mixed up with Birch Lake, but it is the lake that I have always loved and not you. I am sorry, Dan."

I had the feeling that he would get over being heartbroken very quickly. We talked a minute or two and shook hands like two executives canceling a proposed merger, and when a man came up, Dan began trying to sell him a lot.

I wandered among the guests and could not find Mr. Fletcher and then finally I saw him sitting by himself on a rock down near the lake shore.

I went over and looked up at him, but he looked away. "I got you as far as the engagement," he said. "The marriage you will have to work out for yourself."

"Why aren't you with the matchstick blonde?" I said.

"She got fresh with me," he said, "and I had to slap her face."

He grinned at me, and then the grin faded and he sighed. "I would like to buy one of Dan's hilltop lots over there," he said, and build a year-round home, but I will not do it. I would get no work done. I would sit there with a spyglass watching you drive the pickup in a cocktail dress. Wondering whose pot stove you were fixing. Birch Lake is not for me. I was a free spirit until the day you drove up. When I got tired of the city I turned the key in the lock and went elsewhere. It was the good life, but you ruined it for me. Ever since, I have been thinking of diapers on the line and the foul sight of a woman going to bed with curlers in her hair. I have been thinking of P.T.A. meetings and getting up at two A.M. to heat a bottle."

"Is that all?" I said.

"No, it is not all," he said. "I have been thinking of you bringing me coffee on a winter night in my studio in a house on that hill when I am working late. I have been thinking of making love to you for the rest of our lives. I have been thinking of different ways to kill Dan Hanley. And now will you please go away?"

"I would like to ask you something first," I said. "Ever since we met, you have told me I say the wrong thing. I am sorry, I can't help it. Will you marry me?"

He jumped down off the rock and skinned his elbow and didn't even notice. He swung me up in his arms as though I were a matchstick blonde.

"I will do the proposing," he shouted. "You are a girl and you are only supposed to answer. You will say yes or no."

He held both of my arms and stared at me. "I love you. You will say yes?"

I started to answer and then I remembered that I was a girl, and a proper one too.

"Go ahead and ask me," I said.

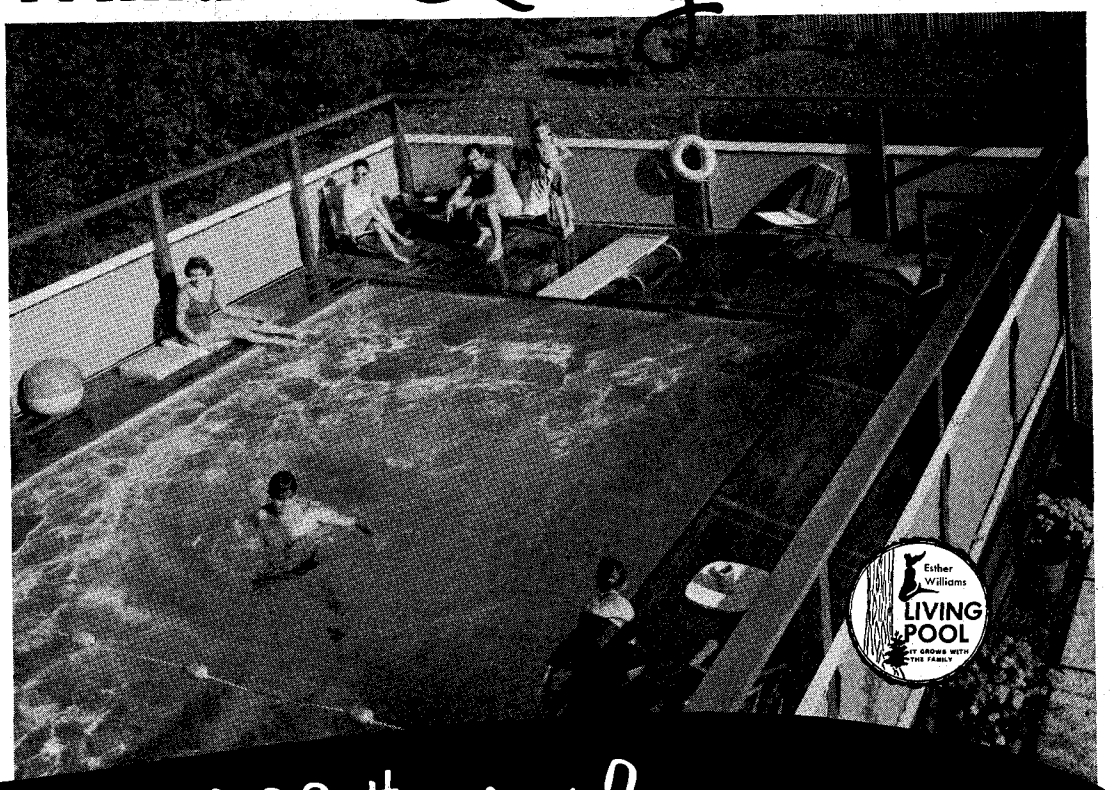
THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WIN this Esther Williams "Living Pool"

...425 other prizes from

Aristo-Mat Company
Arrow Fastener Co., Inc.
Arvin Industries, Inc.
Otto Bernz Co., Inc.
Black & Decker Mfg. Co.
Burgess Vibrocrafters, Inc.
J. R. Clark Company
Corning Glass Works
Daisy Manufacturing Co.
Empire Brushes, Inc.
General Electric Co.
B. F. Goodrich Co.
Hamilton Cosco, Inc.
Kamkap, Inc.
Kromex Corporation
Lenk Manufacturing Co.
Lufkin Rule Company
Osrow Products Co., Inc.
John Oster Mfg. Co.
Ox Fibre Brush Co.
H. K. Porter Co., Inc.
Rival Manufacturing Co.
S-K/Lectrolite Tools
Skil Corporation
The Stanley Works
Swingline, Inc.
True Temper Corp.
Union Steel Chest Corp.
Wen Products, Inc.
Westinghouse Electric Co.



Nothing to buy...nothing to write

irha Independent HOME OWNED HARDWARE STORE — A NATION-WIDE ASSOCIATION OF RETAILERS PLEDGED TO SERVICE · QUALITY · VALUE

JUST SIGN AN ENTRY FORM* AT YOUR *irha* HARDWARE STORE

irha hardware week

april 23 thru may 2

Leading Manufacturers, Wholesalers and 23,000 I.R.H.A. Hardware Stores Join Forces to Bring You Extra Values . . . for this Nation-wide Sales Event!

Your Handy Helpful Hardwareman is all set for you with products you need at the price you want in more than 10,278 communities throughout America. Hardware Week is no ordinary sales event . . . it is an industry-wide concentrated effort by manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers to bring you extra values.

**Contest subject to Federal, state and local laws, not open to any contestants where participation is prohibited.*

***irha* Hardware Week is an annual promotion sponsored by the Independent Retail Hardwaremen of America.**

CHECK THESE ADVERTISEMENTS FOR *irha* HARDWARE WEEK SPECIAL VALUES

Clark Company, The J. R. 80
Daisy Manufacturing Co. 80
Hamilton Cosco, Inc. 80
Kromex Corporation 80
Super Kem-tone, Sherwin Williams Co. 80
Skil Corporation 80
Southern Screw Company 80
Goodrich Co., The B. F. 81
Rival Manufacturing Co. 81
True Temper Corp. 81
Westinghouse Electric Corp. 81
Swan Rubber Co. 82
Stanley Works, The 83
American Thermos Products Co. 84
Lowe Brothers Co.,
Sub. of Sherwin Williams Co. 85
Wen Products, Inc. 85
Lauson-Power Products
Div. Tecumseh Products Co. 86
Plumb, Inc., Fayette R. 87
International Nickel Co., Inc. 88
Black & Decker Mfg. Co. 89
Yuba Power Products, Inc. 90
Allen Manufacturing Co., W. D. 91
Oster Manufacturing Co., John 92
West Bend Aluminum Co. 93
Baker Brush Co., Inc. 94
Dicks-Armstrong-Pontius, Inc. 94
DuPont de Nemours & Co., E. I.: (Tynex) .. 94
Macklanburg-Duncan Co. 94, 99
Motor Wheel Corp., Reo Division 95
Amchem Products, Inc., Agricultural Div. 96
Boyle-Midway, Inc.
Div. American Home Products Corp. 96
Brown Corp., W. R. 96
Kyanize Paints, Inc. 96
Rooto Corp. 96
Cummins Portable Tools
Div. John Oster Mfg. Co. 97
Faultless Caster Corp. 98
Wilson Sporting Goods Co. 98
Borden Co., The, Chemical Div. 99
Burgess Vibrocrafters, Inc. 99
Molly Corporation 99
Western Tool & Stamping Co. 99

Shop these irha hardware week Values

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No. 88 $9.99
$12 Value

SCOPE AIR RIFLE

REAL 2X SCOPE
FACTORY-MOUNTED
and GUN SLING

with LENS CAPS, TUBE OF GUN OIL, 2 PACKS OF BBs, 16 PAGE BOOK

BOYS!
Ask Dad to buy you this amazing, new low-priced Daisy Air Rifle with real 2-power Scope mounted, sling! Rifle 35". 750 shot type. Lever-action repeater. Looks, sights just like a real long-range hunting rifle. With Shooting Training Book!

No. 177 Only $5

FOR MEN!

BULLS ◎ EYE BB TARGET PISTOL FOR MEN

Shoots standard BBs accurately at 9' range. 100 shots for 5¢! No smoke or noise. A 150 shot fast-loading repeater. Adjustable peep & open rear sight. Comes with 9' targets, 2 tubes of BBs. $5.

At Hardwares, etc. Write for Catalog!
Prices Higher Canada

DAISY MFG. CO., Dept. 9999 · ROGERS, ARKANSAS, U. S. A.

One of the extra value Skil 500 Series Tools

ONLY $39.95
Regularly $47.50

SKIL

JIG SAW SPECIAL

This new Skil Jig Saw cuts any shape fast—from straight lines to intricate curves. Advanced orbital action moves blade into work on upstroke, backs it away on down-stroke to eliminate blade drag, provide maximum cutting speed. And no other tool compares with its versatility. It cross-cuts, rips, scrolls, notches—even makes its own starting hole. Powerful ½" stroke cuts practically any material including 2" lumber, plywood, plastics, compositions, and metal.

See it today at your hardware or lumber dealer, and save with the special price for Hardware Week.

SKIL CORPORATION
5033 N. Elston Ave., Chicago 30, Illinois

WIN an Esther Williams "Living Pool"

irha hardware

or one of over 400 other valuable merchandise prizes to be awarded

Seat lifts up to step up

NEW! COSCO® Styflaire
STEP STOOL

A welcome addition to any kitchen—this new step stool with compact design. You'll like its sturdy, lightweight convenience, its generously padded, saddle-shaped seat that provides comfort de luxe. Chrome plated frame with red, yellow or charcoal upholstery. Retail value $13.95.

Hardware Week Special at $10.95

HAMILTON COSCO, INC. • COLUMBUS, IND.

SUPER KEM-TONE

Paint walls this modern way! Super Kem-Tone© the deluxe latex wall paint that's guaranteed washable! Goes on fast; dries in 30 minutes. And for your woodwork, get lovely matching colors in Kem-Glo© the miracle alkyd enamel that looks and washes like baked enamel.

AT LEADING HARDWARE, PAINT AND DEPARTMENT STORES EVERYWHERE!

NEW Rid-Jid® SpredWing
helps you "fly" through flat work

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Just turn handle . . . tapered end "squares off"!

Rid-Jid's exclusive *SpredWing* design takes the hard, time-consuming work out of ironing curtains, sheets, tablecloths . . . all flatwork! With turn-handle ease, the *SpredWing's* tapered end converts into an ideal "squared-off" ironing surface. (Custom-designed pad and cover expands right with it!)

Plus . . . all these other Rid-Jid "easy-ironing" features: Knee Room design. Stop-or-go wheels. Ventilated top. Self-leveling foot. 12 height adjustments.

Model No. 1, now only **$16.95** (Pad and cover set, regularly $4.98, **only $3.00** when purchased with table.)

Economy SpredWing, Model No. 2, also available.

THE J. R. CLARK COMPANY
Spring Park, Minn. • Reading, Pa.

STOCK UP NOW ON Southern QUALITY SCREWS

BOX OF 144 BRITE ZINC PLATED WOOD SCREWS
ROUND HEAD STEEL 5/8-6 only 49¢

LIMITED SOUTHERN SPECIAL!

SOUTHERN SCREW'S famous BRITE ZINC PLATED 5/8-6 Round Head Wood Screws are specially priced during irha week only. Only 49¢ per box of 144! (Limit 2 boxes.) Have on hand for home projects, repairs, for any use where corrosion-resistance combined with permanent holding power is essential. Special Iridite finish holds paint without special treatment!

Remember . . . only a screw holds like a screw!

SOUTHERN SCREW COMPANY
Statesville, North Carolina

$1.99
$2.99

COME-A-RUNNIN' GALS

Two dazzling, irresistible bargains! This 13" star-bright chrome "mode" Servi-Tray—with endless party, snacktime uses—stunningly-styled to match other Kromex "mode" serving pieces, $5.00 value . . . just $2.99. A new sheer-design, all-purpose chrome Kanister—one of 38 matched "Pantry Elegance" kitchen accessories, $3.50 value . . . just $1.99.

Cleveland 3, Ohio
Kromex®

Shop these irha hardware week Values

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FEEL JET ROCKET DRIVING POWER

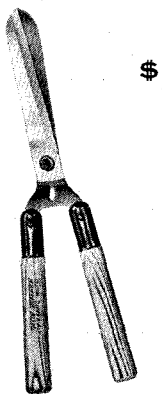
TRY THESE TRUE TEMPER® WORK SAVERS

$4.49

Reg. ~~$5.95~~

JET ROCKET AXE

Super strong belt axe with head that can't fly off. Tubular-steel handle, cushion grip that won't slip, wet or dry. Gift boxed with sheath. No. BBAX.



$3.95

Reg. ~~$4.95~~

"DYNAMIC" HEDGE SHEAR

One of the most popular hedge shears. Forged-steel, tempered blades. Lower blade is serrated. Splinter-free, fire-hardened handles. No. TD.

$2.89

Reg. ~~$3.70~~

HEAVY-DUTY LAWN RAKE

Spring-braced rake has extra-powerful flex action for raking heaviest litter—yet won't damage grass roots. Straight edge gets close to walls. No. SL22.

$3.39

Reg. ~~$4.25~~

Heft a Jet Rocket . . . and feel balance and power that no ordinary hammer can match It seems to come alive in your hand. Forged head is permanently locked to shock-absorbing, tubular-steel handle. Cushion grip won't slip, wet or dry. No. B16.

TRUE TEMPER®

THE RIGHT TOOL FOR THE RIGHT JOB

1623 Euclid Avenue • Cleveland 15, Ohio

PRICES ON THESE 4 FAMOUS TOOLS ARE SPECIALLY REDUCED FOR HARDWARE WEEK

week

april 23rd thru may 2nd

YOUR HANDY HELPFUL HARDWARE MAN

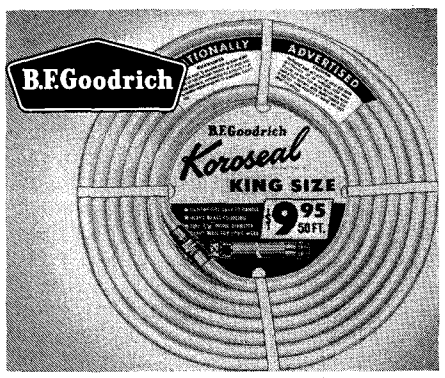
Shop and Save where you see this seal

NATION-WIDE ASSOCIATION OF RETAILERS

irha Independent HOME OWNED HARDWARE STORE

PLEDGED TO SERVICE · QUALITY · VALUE

Shop for these featured values at *irha* hardware stores

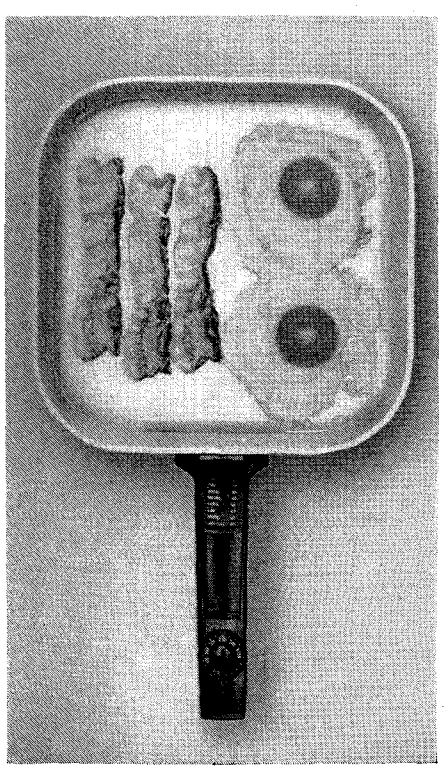


KOROSEAL GARDEN HOSE

It will pay you to buy Koroseal Garden Hose because this B. F. Goodrich product lasts for years and years. Much of the first Koroseal hose made 12 years ago is still in use. It is light, easy to use. Koroseal King Size, $9.95 for 50 feet. Koroseal Crystal and Imperial, only $7.95 for 50 feet.

B.F.Goodrich *garden hose*

Akron, Ohio

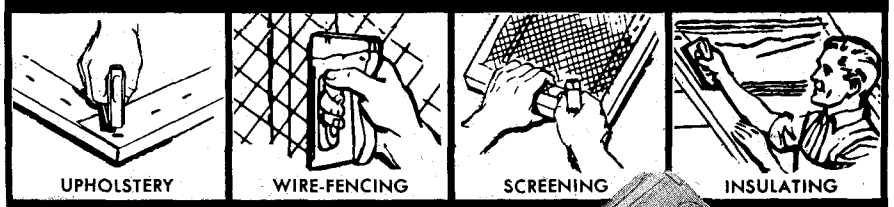


NOW SAVE $5 ON THIS NEW WESTINGHOUSE FRY PAN

Cook your favorite meals the quick, clean, easy way with a Westinghouse Electric Fry Pan. Even-heat distribution means you can cook without watching. No need to make adjustments, the Fry Pan does it for you automatically. Ordinarily this big, gleaming beauty would cost $19.95 but during National Hardware Week, it costs just **$14.95.** Here's your chance to buy and save at the same time. For just a little more you can have a matching Fry Pan Cover, too!

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S Westinghouse

THE TOOL OF 1000 USES



Swingline® HIGH-COMPRESSION STAPLE GUN

Feature for feature, the most indispensable tool in your home! Rugged, heavy-duty steel construction; wide, sturdy chrome-finish base. Takes two staple sizes: 1/4" and 5/16". Perfect for making window shades, carpeting, valances, fixing TV antenna, shelf trimming, room divider or screen, etc.

Swingline Inc., Long Island City 1, N. Y.

$4.95 ONLY

Push-Button Loading
Built-In Staple Extractor

Save $3.00 on this . . .

HARDWARE WEEK SPECIAL

CAN-O-MAT®—Most beautiful can opener made—opens all cans automatically! Cutter and magnet removable for easy cleaning.

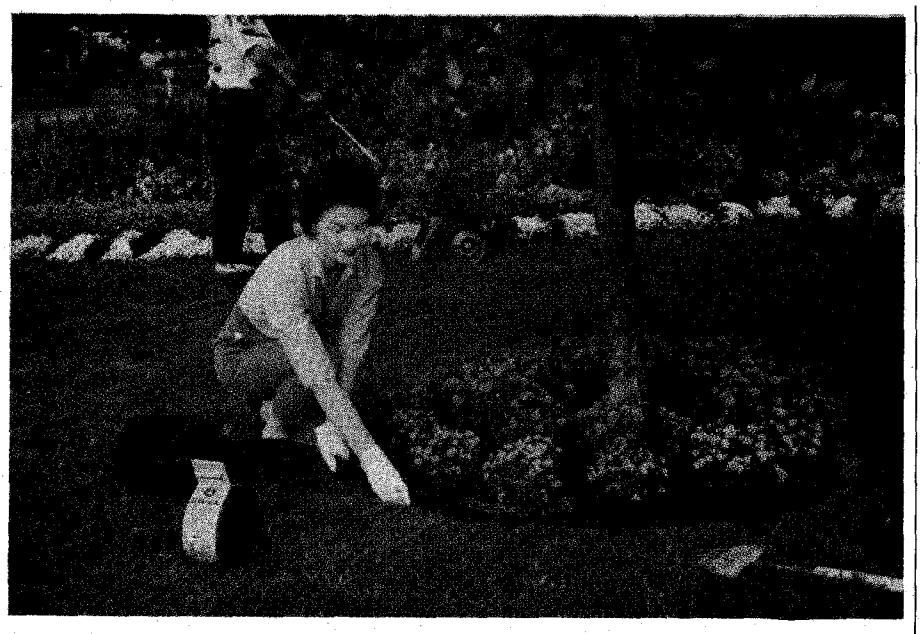
BRAC-O-MAT™—Under-the-cabinet mounting for your Can-O-Mat. Easily installed under any wood cabinet. Can Opener swings out of way when not in use. YOU GET BOTH (reg. $11.96 value) for only $8.96.

RIVAL MFG. CO., KANSAS CITY 29, Mo.

Rival Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

Shop these irha hardware week Values

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



END TIRESOME HAND TRIMMING WITH...

Swan

GRASS STOP!

- EASY TO INSTALL!
- All plastic—won't rust, lasts indefinitely!
- No sharp edges to cut hands or feet!
- Blends with grass—assures beautiful, formal flower beds, walks, patios, gardens!

Available in 4, 6, and 8-inch widths in 24 and 40-foot coils. Also available in 100-foot lengths.

NEED GARDEN HOSE? we suggest:

Swanseal SUPREME

- AMERICA'S FINEST PLASTIC HOSE!
- Remains soft, flexible in chilly weather.
- So light a child handles it with ease.
- Easy to clean and keep clean.
- Can be left out doors all year!
- Choice of beautiful green or red with mirror-smooth finish.

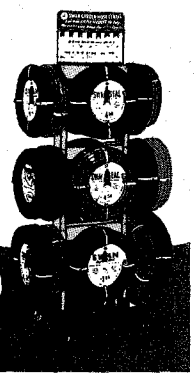
No. 8500

NEW SWANSEAL SUPREME ...thicker walls, greater strength.

Available in 1/2, 5/8, and 3/4-inch inside diameters — 25, 50, and 75-foot lengths.

LOOK FOR THIS SWAN DISPLAY...

Your local hardware merchant, department store, lumber yard, or garden supply dealer has a complete line of Swan plastic and rubber garden hose, SPRINKLE-SOAKERS, and Swan Grass Stop. See them today!



SWAN RUBBER COMPANY • BUCYRUS, OHIO

Shop these irha hardware week Values

The Men Who Chase Missiles

(Continued from Page 25)

Canaveral and down range," one R.C.A. executive said. "We don't want any drunks, drifters or devoted family men who can't stand being separated from their wives. If we find out we made a mistake, we correct it fast."

The range, between shoots, is a drowsy chain of sunny islands where weird antennas, domes and towers rise above the changing sea like the spires of cities from another world. When geared up for a mission, it is a humming complex of electronic ganglia whose spinal cord is a submarine cable that runs from Canaveral to Puerto Rico and is now being extended southward to Antigua in the Leeward Islands of The West Indies. Down this cable flow instructions from Central Control at Canaveral to the technicians, manning their gently humming instruments in the cold of the air-conditioned buildings. Back along it, as the missile flies, flow a quarter-million bits of information as each station reports the bird's position, altitude, speed, acceleration, temperature, the way its built-in guidance brain is functioning and what vibrations are shaking its wiring and its plumbing.

As the missile rises from its pad, cameras, radars and telemetry receivers at Patrick—fifteen miles south of the cape—and along the coast of Florida follow it until it is lost to sight and its signals fade. A minute and a half after the launch, the antennas at Grand Bahama Island, 163 miles to the south, have locked on and are tracking, flashing their reports back to the launching site. While Grand Bahama is still tracking, the instruments on Eleuthera, a beautiful wooded island 290 miles from the cape, pick up the missile as it lifts above the horizon. San Salvador, where Columbus landed, comes in next, and 776 miles down range, Grand Turk, the dry salt island, begins to report. Mayagüez, in the hills of Puerto Rico; Antigua, in the Leewards; Fernando de Noronha, off Brazil, 3900 miles from Canaveral, and the ships that cover the great waste of ocean that lies between Fernando and Ascension, each in its turn comes in.

The range of one station overlaps that of its neighbors, and each station's instruments are synchronized to the ten-millionth part of a second with those to the north and south by a time signal transmitted from a master clock at the Naval Observatory in Washington. Without this time sequence, much of the data would be meaningless. With it, a variation from the flight path that San Salvador reported can, for example, be traced back to a wobble in the directional gyro which Grand Bahama had noted a few seconds before.

The men on the northernmost islands—Grand Bahama, Eleuthera and San Salvador—witness the most spectacular displays. The missile as it passes them is still under propulsion, yellow flames blazing from its tail pipe. Sometimes it is only a sparkle of light, 100 miles up, like the light of a high-flying plane. Occasionally, though, as it passes through the electrically charged ionosphere, it fills the heavens with a weird glow, like the dance and shimmer of the northern lights. The big Atlas that flew down range on the night of January twenty-seventh put on such a show, causing Mrs. Rosita Forbes McGrath, a retired British writer now living on Eleuthera, to describe it, poetically, as "a golden hedgehog, trailing a diaphanous veil of multicolored light."

South of San Salvador the missile usually is flying free, like a thrown baseball. Its booster rockets have fallen away, its guidance system has done its job. The burden of tracking now is upon the ships and the islands to the south, whose task it is to watch the falling nose cone, or instrument capsule, as it plummets toward the sea in its terminal trajectory.

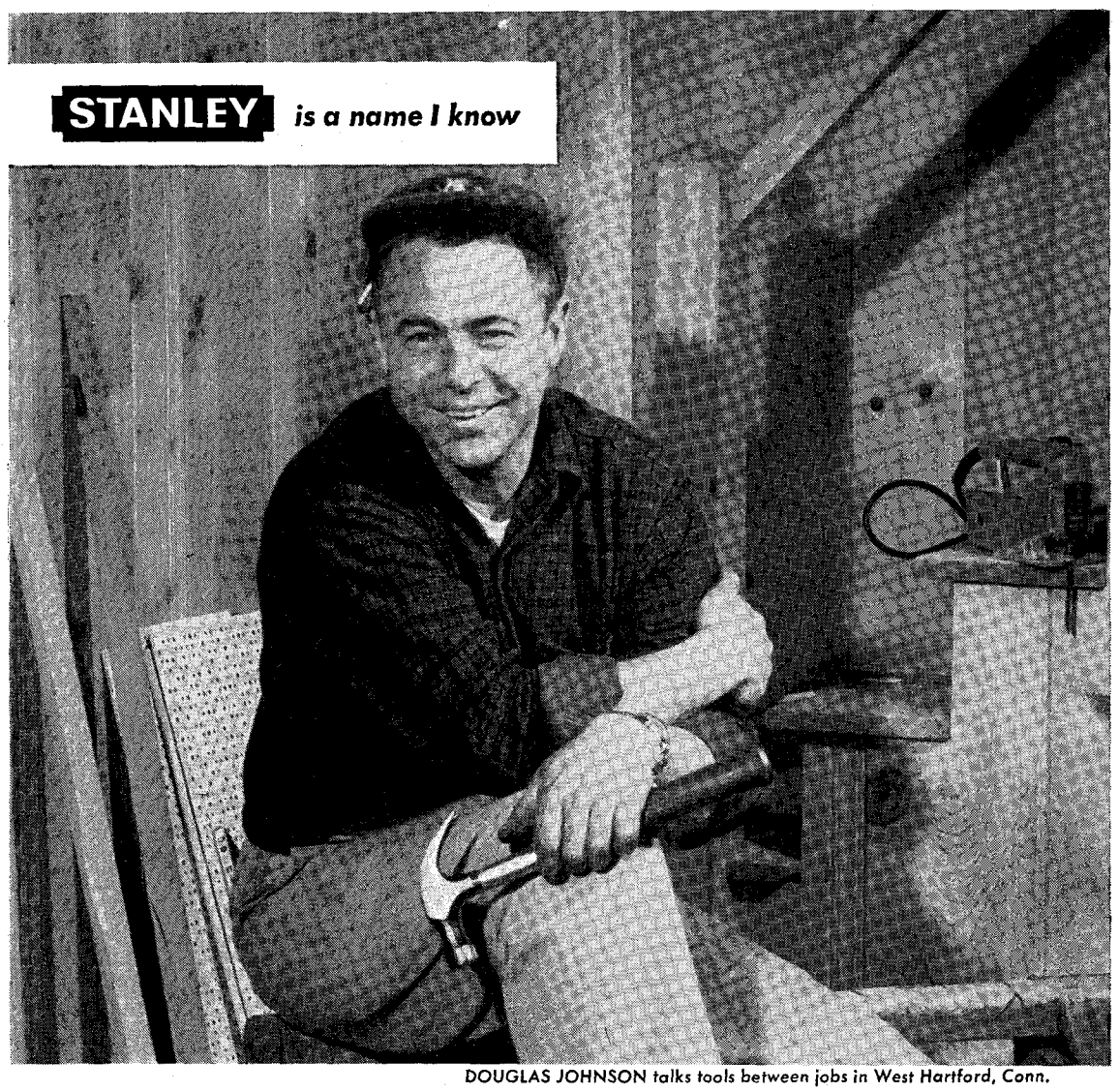
Long before the missile is fired, the ships are on station, cruising slowly some five to ten miles from the expected impact point. By radio from Mayagüez, they hear the last seconds of the countdown and the words, "She's on the way." Like outfielders whirling at the crack of a bat, they turn and begin to run south. Lookouts peer into the northern sky, watching for the first glow of light—the nose cone burning as it enters the earth's heavy atmosphere. Suddenly, high up among the stars a new star appears, growing brighter and brighter, "oblating"—trailing fire—as the outer layers of the nose cone melt away under the fierce heat generated by the friction of the air. The light, on clear nights, is so bright the men must avert their eyes. Aboard ship, infrared cameras train on it, and scientists, with cameras and tape recorders, record each word and action of the recovery attempt, including the emotions the crewmen feel, expressed usually in awe-struck cuss words. Over the ship's squawk box come the anxious, excited voices of the launchers at Canaveral. "Do you see it? Are you alongside? Have you got it?"

Eight thousand feet above the sea, airplanes loaded with electronic direction finders transmit range and bearing to the ships (*Continued on Page 84*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Just ignore him."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DOUGLAS JOHNSON talks tools between jobs in West Hartford, Conn.

"Good tools like Stanley STEELMASTER make my work easier and better."

"As a custom builder, I have found that insistence on quality pays off. I use the best materials I can buy and tolerate only the very finest workmanship. This makes my houses easier to sell and better to live in.

"Using the best tools is another practice that pays off for me. I know from my own experience that good tools and good work go hand in hand. Take this Stanley STEELMASTER, for example. Here's the very best nail hammer I can buy. It has balance, strength where it is needed and extra features like the tempered safety rim on the striking face. I use it with confidence, and I think I use it better because it's a fine tool.

"Stanley Tools *are* fine tools. Ever since I can remember working with my hands there have been Stanley Tools in my tool box and in the boxes of men who worked with me. Stanley is a name I know and depend upon."

Stanley STEELMASTER
16 oz. ONLY $4.99

The Finest Nail Hammer Ever Made

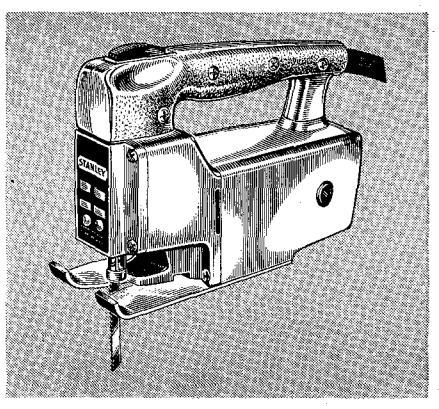
HERE'S WHY:

- Tempered rim minimizes chipping
- Head is permanently locked to handle
- Triple alloy steel handle
- Contoured, non-slip, cushioned grip

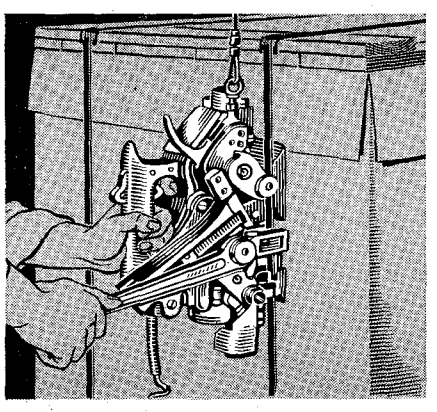
Stanley NAILMASTER
16 oz. regularly $4.25

Special Hardware Week Price ONLY $3.39

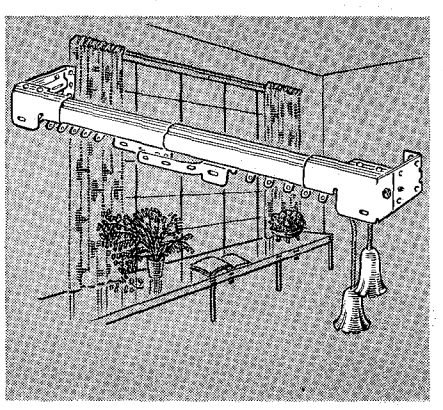
STANLEY IS A NAME TO LOOK FOR ON QUALITY PRODUCTS LIKE THESE



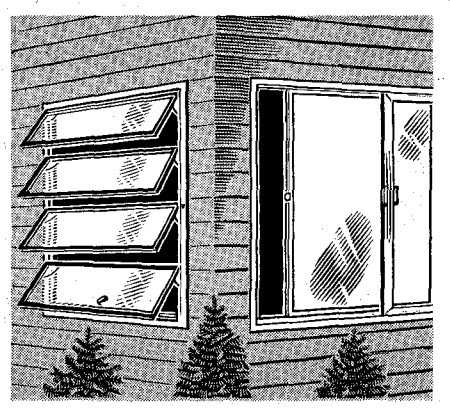
The Stanley Sabre Saw — cuts wood, plastic, steel. It's light, easy to use and rugged, too. Only $54.50 with 3 blades.



Stanley Electric Skid Magazine Tool tightens and seals strapping around bulk products for fast, safe handling.



Stanley's Duraglide traverse rods for windows up to 18 ft. wide, are sturdy; work smoothly — hang drapes perfectly.



Stanley aluminum windows — awning or jalousie, sliding, single or double hung — for draft-free comfort the year round.

STANLEY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AMERICA BUILDS BETTER AND LIVES BETTER WITH STANLEY
This famous trademark distinguishes over 20,000 quality products of The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn. — hand tools • electric tools • builders hardware • industrial hardware • drapery hardware • automatic door controls • aluminum windows • stampings • springs • coatings • strip steel • steel strapping — made in 24 plants in the United States, Canada, England and Germany.

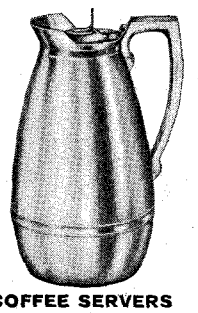
Shop these **irha hardware week** *Values*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Her
Year Round Pleasure
and Convenience

Mother's Day Gifts *by* THERMOS®

OUTING KITS
to make picnics easy for her



COFFEE SERVERS
for her ready refreshment

CAREER GIRL KITS
for her to enjoy at lunch

PITCHER SETS
to save her steps

Only TRIPLE GUARANTEED Vacuum Bottles by THERMOS® have . . .*

CONVENIENT CUP HANDLE—easy to carry . . . so natural for drinking.

EXCLUSIVE SHOCK ABSORBER—protects filler and tip against jolts and jars of normal usage.

**Guaranteed to keep hot or cold, against filler tip breakage and against any manufacturing defect.*

NEWS FLASH!

Another Revolutionary New Feature to be Released Soon on Vacuum Bottles by THERMOS®
Watch for Announcement.

THE AMERICAN THERMOS PRODUCTS COMPANY, NORWICH, CONNECTICUT

Canadian Thermos Products, Ltd., Toronto • Thermos Ltd., London

IT CAN'T BE THERMOS QUALITY WITHOUT THE THERMOS TRADEMARK

(*Continued from Page 82*) below. Thousands of feet up a parachute blooms, the nose cone slows and cools, and its bright light fades as it drifts gently toward the sea. On impact a tomato-shaped balloon, painted with luminous paint, pops out, and dye marker spreads over the surface of the sea. From the baloon a stroboscopic light begins to flash, and a transmitter gives off a thin, continuous call. Deep in the water a bomb explodes, and at naval shore facilities far away delicate instruments, used for detecting the beat of submarine engines, hear this sound, locate it by triangulation and flash the grid co-ordinates to the recovery ship.

Once the balloon is spotted, the ship making the recovery moves cautiously, for the nose cone must be brought aboard without dents or scratches from contact with the hull. A rubber boat is put over the side, and divers, wearing air tanks, paddle quickly to the balloon. First they attach a buoy—a steel drum filled with tubing and almost unsinkable—to the thin steel cables from which the nose cone dangles forty feet below the surface. Then two divers go down to attach a heavy hemp hawser to the cables, and the cone is lifted gently to a wooden cradle on the deck. Here, for the next two hours the scientists swarm over it, measuring it with calipers, removing the delicate instruments that traveled with it in its flight, reading them, cleaning them of any salt water that might have seeped in—usually about a pint—and putting the cone back together again. It is then lowered, tenderly, into a padded, cone-shaped container, to be taken back to the States for further examination.

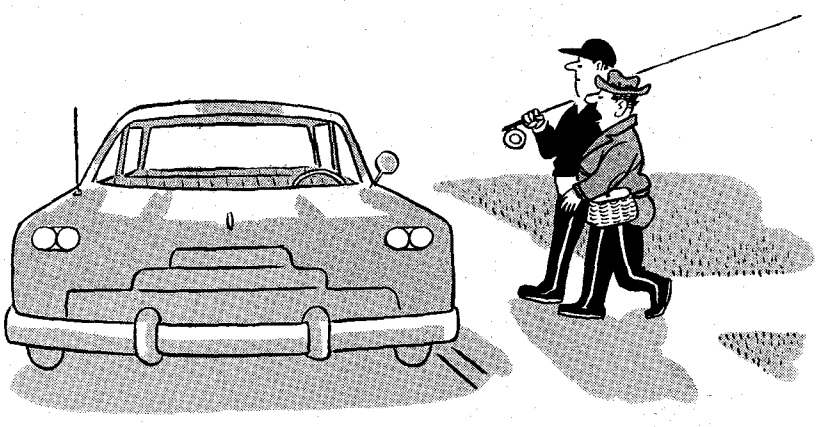
Sometimes the cone itself sinks and a plastic ball, ejected from the falling cone a few seconds before impact, is picked up from the sea. Its tiny instruments have kept a record of the flight, extremely valuable on nights when the ionosphere is misbehaving, bending the radio waves and causing the ground-based receivers to get a garbled signal.

The moment of recovery is, of course, a time of high excitement, and a great deal of running and shouting goes on. One skipper, anxious not to bump the cone as the ship lay wallowing in a rough sea, backed down hastily and tangled his propeller in the floating parachute. On the first recovery of an Army Jupiter off Antigua, big sharks were nosing around the nose cone as the recovery ship came up. The divers, working forty feet down in the luminescent water, ignored them, and they made no attempt to attack until the men started scrambling back into the rubber boat. Then they rolled to the surface, their great jaws yawning inches away from the divers' thrashing legs. Now both balloon and parachute are soaked with shark repellent before the missile is fired.

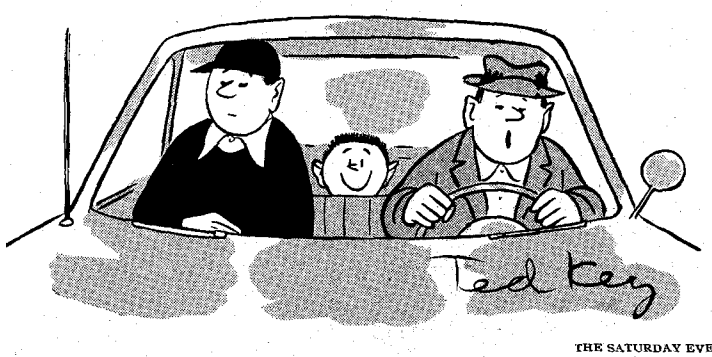
Navy recovery ships working out of San Juan have succeeded in picking up three shorter-range missiles out of four attempts. The one they missed was the one they wanted most—the cone that contained the monkey, "Old Reliable." The search went on for hours, but nothing ever was found. "One scientist kept walking the deck with a little sack of peanuts, ready to feed the monkey. He looked like he was about to cry," a crewman said. The search for a Thor-Able containing Wickie, a white mouse, was equally disappointing. Planes flying south of Ascension saw the falling nose cone, and for a few seconds after the impact the light flashed. The sound signal came and went spasmodically, as if the package were sinking and bobbing up again. When the recovery ships arrived, nothing was there.

In the wide oceans far to the south, where the long-range missiles fall, chances of recovery are slim. A tiny error in direction or the shutting off of the propulsion system a few seconds too soon may cause the projectile to miss by many miles, instead of hitting, as its launchers hope, within a few miles of the target. Soluble plugs in the flotation gear dissolve if the package is not found within a few hours, and the missile sinks, for there have been reports of unidentified submarines snooping around the recovery ships, and we are taking no chances that a package crammed with instruments might fall into Soviet hands.

Though it has no function in the recovery of nose cones, Grand Bahama is the busiest of the down-range stations. Lying only twelve miles west of the flight



"Had quite a to-do with my boy last night."



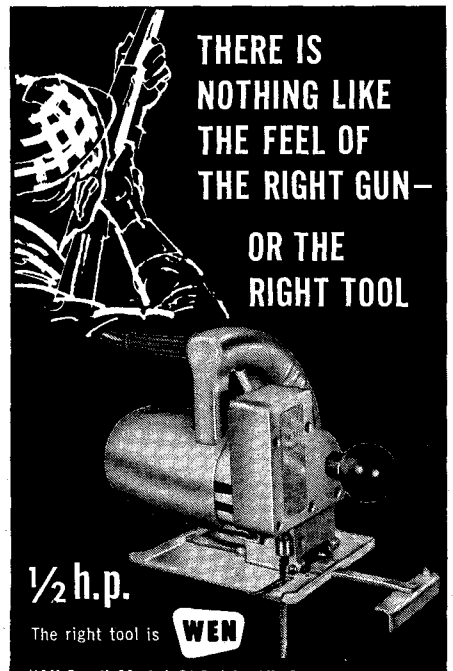
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Wanted to tag along."

Shop these irha hardware week Values

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

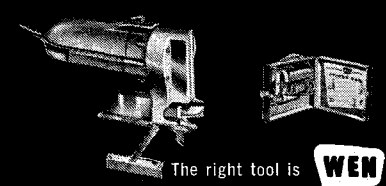
THERE IS NOTHING LIKE THE FEEL OF THE RIGHT GUN— OR THE RIGHT TOOL



½ h.p.

The right tool is WEN

"All-Saw" Model 909 $44.95. Does everything a pattern saw will do—More than a circular saw does! Does many things a band saw or nibbler will do—and many things that, until now, only a chain saw could do. No other portable electric saw can cut a 6" thick board or a 6" log, yet cut any pattern, too! Cuts all metals up to ½" steel and 2" pipe—all materials cut with a knife.

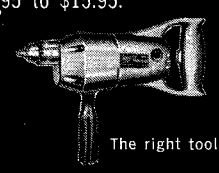


The right tool is WEN

AT A SPECIAL PRICE
Power Saw Model 505 $29.95. FOR HARDWARE WEEK ONLY—$24.88! Cuts 2 x 4's in seconds —½" steel. Does work of rip saw, jig saw, cross cut saw, scroll, coping hack, band and keyhole saw. Makes own starting hole. Saw kit with saw, rip guide, circle cutting attachment, metal carry box, 5 blades $32.95.

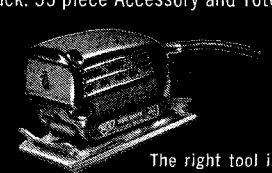
The right tool is WEN

Soldering Gun Model 199K $9.95. Ideal for all home soldering jobs. Working hot in 2½ seconds. Long reach, long life tips. Automatic spotlight. Sturdy plastic housings, all perfectly balanced. 6 Models—featherlight 100 watt to 250 watt heavy duty. Other guns and kits $5.95 to $15.95.



The right tool is WEN

2-Speed ⅜" Power Drill Model 808 $29.95. Quick positive change from 1000 to 3000 r.p.m. and back for just the right speed for different jobs. AC/DC motor delivers maximum torque under load. ⅜" Jacobs geared chuck. 35 piece Accessory and Toter Kit $9.95.



The right tool is WEN

Sander-Polisher Model 202 $13.95. For sanding wood, metal, feather edging plaster patches and joints, etc. For polishing car, furniture, woodwork—any surface. Straight-line action permits working with the grain for perfect, scratch free surfaces. 3 types—fine finishing, general utility, heavy duty. Other models and kits to $19.95.

WEN PRODUCTS, INC. S-4
5810 Northwest Highway • Chicago 31, Illinois
(Export Sales, Scheel International, Inc., Chicago)

path, peering down the muzzle of the cannon, so to speak, its job is to record a multitude of separate bits of data during the first crucial moments when the missile, pushed by its blazing rockets, is climbing toward its burn-out point somewhere over San Salvador. It also comes in on many tests with which the more remote stations have no concern. X-10 guided missiles, for example, are fired past Grand Bahama, turned around and brought back at high subsonic speed to be recovered and flown again or to be intercepted by a Bomarc somewhere off shore. The base is also charged with monitoring the air waves before a test, to be sure that no electronic interference may occur. It once discovered that the tower at Tampa airport was sending out a signal which caused a target drone, cruising off Grand Bahama, to drop its flaps.

The men are happy enough to be kept busy. Long, low-lying, covered with scraggly pines and palmetto scrub, Grand Bahama is one of the most barren of the down-range islands. The base, at the center of the island on the Caribbean side, is forty miles from the nearest town, over a potholed coral road called Morphine Drive, on the theory that only those whose derrières have been dulled by narcotics can endure the ride.

To a lonely man, the journey is sometimes worth the trouble. At West End, where the road terminates, stands the magnificent Grand Bahama Club, a $7,000,000 hostelry with a huge palm-fringed swimming pool and gardens of tropical flowers where fountains play. Built by certain investors under the delusion that the Bahama Government would permit them to operate a gambling casino, the hotel now is patronized by quiet, elderly folk and by shoals of pretty secretaries from Florida's East Coast cities, who fly over for the weekends. An R.C.A. camera crew that tracks a flying missile by photographing it against the background of the stars is stationed near West End, and the camera operators train binoculars on the airfield. When a plane-load of girls arrives, they pass the word back to the base and, if no shoot is scheduled, a great exodus begins. By truck, jeep and motorcycle, the men at the base take off for West End. Under the influence of moonlight, calypso music and a few rum punches, romances frequently flower, and marriages ensue. David Donaldson, the R.C.A. manager, met his wife, Jane, a Pratt & Whitney secretary from West Palm Beach, on one of these happy weekends. After a swift courtship, they slipped off to Folkston, Georgia, to be married by a justice of the peace wearing a plaid shirt, and they now live happily in a trailer, parked on a windswept sand dune so close to the sea that the murmur of the surf lulls them to sleep.

Married men, and those who would not endure the agony of the ride to West End even if Marilyn Monroe were waiting there, pursue many hobbies to while away the hours between shoots, when there is nothing to do but keep the black boxes tuned and ready. Ken Waltz, the R.C.A. communications manager, prowls the villages looking for "t'underbolts." These are strange, greenish-black stones, unlike any rocks found on the island, highly polished and with a chisel edge. The natives say they fall from the sky during storms and can only be found at the foot of trees that have been struck by lightning. Waltz believes they are religious totems, brought here by African slaves, or artifacts fashioned by some prehistoric race. The natives prize them and keep them in their houses as a protection against lightning.

Novice skin divers test their underseas legs in a deep, clear pool in Gold Rock

Are you sure the wall paint you plan to buy goes on as smooth, dries as fast and washes as well as those wonderful

LOWE BROTHERS PAINTS

Style-Tested Colors for Home and Industry

®

ODORLESS, TOO, and such wonderful new colors! Write today for free Mellotone and Mello-Gloss color cards and dealer's name. The Lowe Brothers Company, Dayton 2, Ohio.

Shop these irha hardware week Values

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Creek before venturing out to the offshore reefs. Interest in diving around the reefs, in fact, has waned on Grand Bahama since one diver was bitten on the shoulder by a barracuda, and Roger Cline, a subcable technician, found himself rubbing noses with a hammerhead shark. Uttering a shriek so piercing that the shark took flight, Cline leaped from the depths like a Polaris missile, sold his diving gear and hasn't been near the water since.

Eager to keep the men amused, Pan American provides, free, a variety of sporting goods, including volleyballs, golf clubs, punching bags, wrestling mats, archery sets, fishing tackle and diving masks. Bill Terrell, a P.A.A. assistant manager, became so enamored of archery as a sport that he took his vacation on a safari to Africa, where he hunted lions with a bow and arrow. Another bowman had his archery privileges taken away when he put an arrow through a balloon the weatherman put up. A guitar player whose caterwauling annoyed his barracks mates had to find another hobby. They tied his guitar to a weather balloon, and the last he saw of it, it was drifting, on a rushing wind, in the direction of Barbados.

Though every kind of athletic gear is provided by P.A.A., many men prefer less active pastimes. Dan Magrew, a P.A.A. employee, collects "conch pearls," pink, deep rose, and rich brown globules sometimes found in the huge emperor conchs. Speedy Collier, a telemetry technician, writes children's books, builds stereo hi-fi sets and, on request, analyzes the handwriting in "honey drippers," the letters the men on the base receive from their sweethearts.

"They want to know if the writing reveals that their true loves are really true," Speedy says. "I always reassure them."

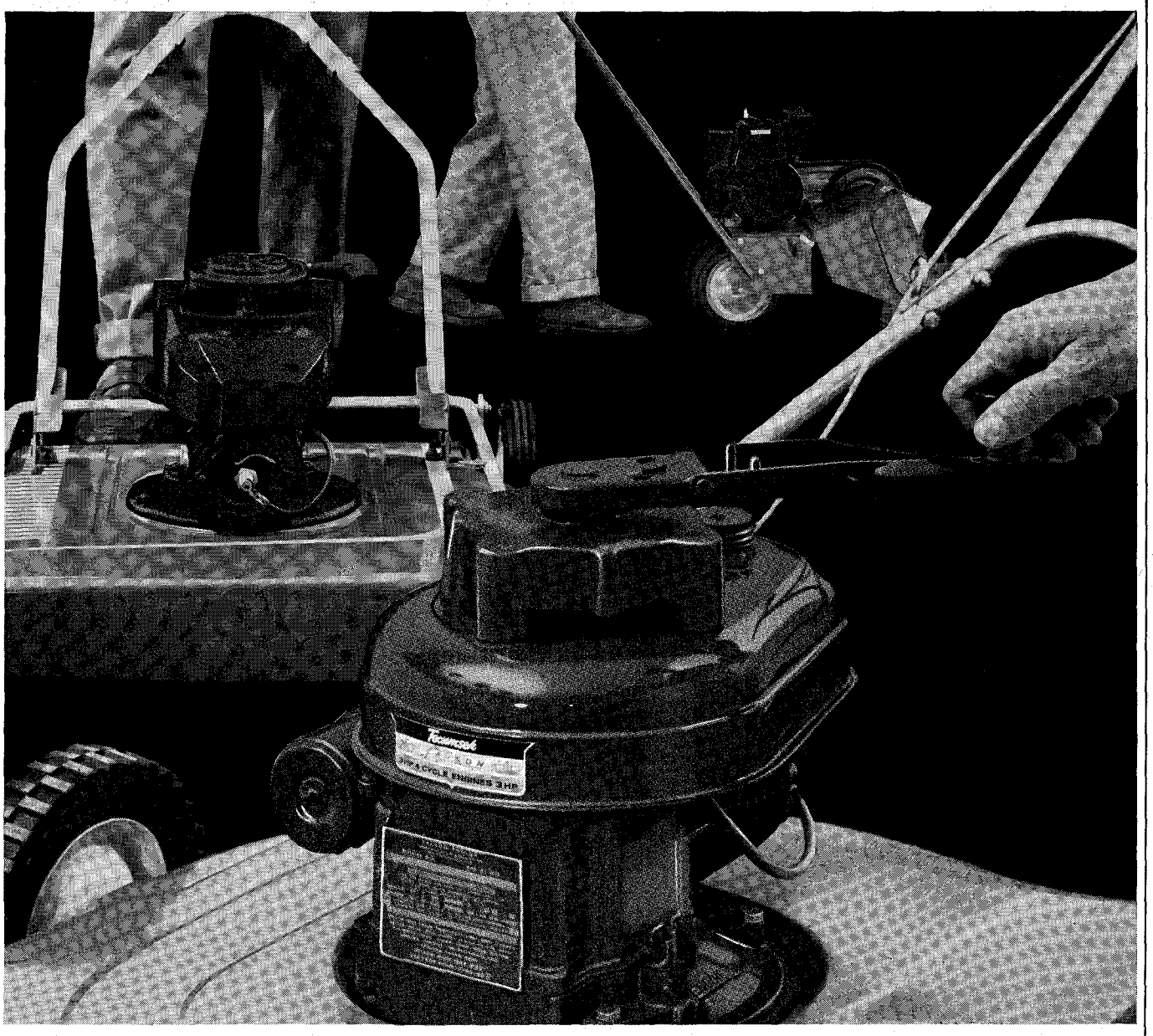
Eleuthera, to the south, is as beautiful as Grand Bahama is barren, a wooded island of gently rolling hills, where, in the fervent prose of Mrs. McGrath, there are "beaches like sickles carved in ivory . . . bush close-woven as tapestry . . . water like colored light . . . sands faintly pink, hard and smooth as on the first morning in Eden." It is also full of colorful characters, who for reasons of their own have found Eleuthera—which means freedom—a happy place to live. Among them are several retired British Army officers, who now and then invite people from the base to small dinner parties. The British, immaculate in white dinner jackets, are always amazed when the Americans show up in gaudy, short-sleeved shirts open at the throat, or clad more formally in sports coats the color of an electric spark.

Eleuthera, set up to track the Matador and Snark, has not been particularly busy since the development of these missiles has been completed, and its people sometimes find the time passing slowly. They amuse themselves by racing "go-carts"—small, low-slung speedsters powered by lawn-mower engines—which they build themselves from do-it-yourself kits. They also spend happy evenings at French Leave, a quiet but plush resort, where the flower arrangements are done by an Italian count, and at the Cleartide saloon, a thatch-roofed establishment which looks as if it should be frequented by Somerset Maugham characters—and frequently is. One of them, a bewhiskered young man alleged to be the heir of an American shoe fortune, carries his own pewter mug with him at all times, keeping it replenished with rum and water. In this way, he says, he avoids germs. Another bearded individual, an R.C.A. technician named Dan Kaylor, carves abstract sculptures from flotsam he picks up along the beach. Occasionally he finds a mahogany log, from which he whittles life-sized nudes, posed coyly, like September Morn. These pieces are less successful than his abstractions, though, for they always fall on their faces when he tries to stand them up.

Eleuthera, where Capt. Robert Reynolds is the base commander, was a resort island before the base was established and is still growing in favor with those who find the Florida spas too blatant and noisy. Arthur Vining Davis, the millionaire nonagenarian; Robert Trent Jones, the golf-course designer; Juan Trippe, of P.A.A., and Frank Pace, of General Dynamics, have developed a beautiful golf course at Cotton Bay and a fine club at Rock Sound, and these facilities are available to people from the base in the off season. The island also has considerable scenic charm. The north end, with its stone walls and cottages, has a Cape Cod look about it, and in other areas, where beef and dairy cattle graze, the landscape is as lush and green as Wisconsin in the spring.

San Salvador, to the south, is busier than Eleuthera. It is also smaller and more barren. Once the three monuments, each supposedly marking the spot where Columbus first landed, have been visited, the island's scenic wonders have been exhausted. The local feeling is that Columbus came ashore, took one look around and then shoved off immediately, and that nobody in his right mind has come to San Salvador since.

By way of compensation perhaps, San Salvador boasts the finest club down range—a low, stone building erected by the men themselves, with a décor featuring dusky maidens in dishabille and fancy booths and tables in blue and pink. Here



Fast Start . . . Easy Go . . . with
LAUSON-POWER PRODUCTS dependable engines

Power mower or cultivator . . . 2-cycle or 4-cycle engine . . . walk or ride . . . choose the power equipment that suits you best. Just be sure that the engine carries a Lauson or Power Products trademark. Then you know you are getting easy starting, full rated power and many seasons of trouble-free operation.

Lauson and Power Products engines deliver more value because they are years ahead in design. The light weight of an aluminum crankcase is combined with long wearing cast iron in cylinder liners and other critical wear areas — just like automobile engines will be made in a few years. Extra value features such as full pressure lubrication . . . ground cams and shaft . . . valve guide and seat inserts . . . give you higher quality and added life. Many power mowers feature Lauson engines with the new Sure-Start wind-up starter. It spins the engine 20% faster and 2 to 3 times longer than a recoil starter, yet a child can operate it. Whether your choice is 2-cycle or 4-cycle power, the Lauson and Power Products trademarks show you the best in quality, value and dependability. Ask your power equipment dealer for a demonstration.

For service, find your Lauson-Power Products dealer under "Engines, Gasoline" Find it Fast In The Yellow Pages

Find It Fast In The Yellow Pages

Tecumseh LAUSON 4 CYCLE ENGINES
Tecumseh P POWER PRODUCTS 2 CYCLE ENGINES

TECUMSEH PRODUCTS COMPANY
Builders of
LAUSON-POWER PRODUCTS ENGINES

Shop these irha hardware week Values

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an orchestra made up of base musicians plays on Saturday nights, and chess players test their mettle against Father Kramer, the Catholic priest, the only white man on the island before the Americans came. The only competition to the club are "rips," joyous hoedowns on Saturday nights at gin mills in Cockburn Town, the local metropolis, which has a population of 200. San Salvador also has a vigorous skin-diving club, called the Water Wigglers, whose members, led by a leathery amphibian named Russ Howard, prowl the offshore reefs collecting sea fans, and brain and staghorn corals. They also shoot barracuda so large and tough that, when struck, they whip and bend the iron spears almost double. The Water Wigglers were a daredevil lot at first, but they have grown more cautious since two divers, trying for a depth record, went down on the ocean side of the reef and never came up again.

Wit's End

By R. H. Grenville

It is quite definitely a place;
  it does exist.
People have been there and
  returned to say
How perilous the journey:
  every twist
Of the trail rock-strewn and
  potholed with dismay.
None ever liked it that I
  can recall,
Or went there willingly;
  yet, having been,
Each boasts about it, happy
  to recall
The harrowing aspects of
  that hectic scene
Where once he floundered,
  desperate and alone,
And proved himself a match
  for the unknown.

Social life on San Salvador is so restricted that the P.A.A. base manager, a lean and earnest man named Bill Shepard, fears the men will become slovenly in their dress and habits. No restrictions are placed on working garb, which usually is shorts, T shirts and floppy shower slippers. The men are warned however, not to come to the mess hall barefooted or in any other state of undress, and Shepard has banned the growing of beards, on the grounds that they harbor sand fleas. He also keeps a sharp eye on the wingspread of mustaches. "We don't want our people looking like pirates," he says. "We want them to look like normal, clean-living Americans."

Grand Turk, next in the down-range chain, is even more arid and barren than San Salvador, but the social life is gay. The resident commissioner, a former R.A.F. pilot named Geoffrey Guy, likes Americans and frequently entertains them at parties, where they make merry with the young Britishers who man the cable and wireless station. The island is also inhabited by a number of delightful old ladies, all of them in their eighties, who, when they speak of "Her Majesty," usually are referring to Queen Victoria. Widows of former commissioners and salt-company managers, they live in ancient weather-beaten houses, built of Bermuda cedar and stone brought in as ballast by the salt ships 150 years ago, and filled with fine old furniture and Wedgwood and Royal Doulton china that would make an antique dealer drool. They are fond of Capt. Sheril D. Huff, the Air Force liaison officer, and occasionally invite him and his associates in to have a glass of lemon squash.

Some housing is available at Grand Turk, and a few men have brought their wives down. P.A.A. does not encourage this practice, however, for on some of the other islands difficulties have arisen. Where the only other females are dusky maidens who smoke clay pipes, ride donkeys and carry fagots on their heads, a wife soon finds herself overwhelmed with the attentions of eighty to 150 lonely men, and this occasionally has led to trouble.

At Mayagüez, a cool and pleasant station high in the hills of Puerto Rico, the problem of loneliness does not exist. With a town of 80,000 nearby, good housing is available, and the married men bring their wives and children with them. Also, Ciudad Trujillo, mecca and oasis for all the range, is only two hours away by air. The plane that flies out of Canaveral every day, dropping off mail, cargo and the Miami papers at each island, hauls some 200 men a month to the Dominican capital for a week of revelry. There they live in two luxurious hotels, both owned by Pan American, at a special rate of nine dollars a day for a double room. They visit the old cathedral and other ancient landmarks of the Spanish-conquistador era. Also, when the mood is upon them, they repair to sundry smoky dives where, despite the language barrier, they find no difficulty in establishing cordial relationships with the local populace, particularly the females, who come in a variety of shades from café-au-lait to ebony. Most men, of course, would prefer to spend their vacations in the States. They avoid this, though, for fear of jeopardizing their Federal tax exemptions, the law requiring that a man must be out of the country for 510 days out of eighteen months to be eligible for a refund.

Ciudad, where Maj. Byron Greene acts as the Air Force's diplomatic representative with the local government, is not only the playground for the bachelors of the range; it is also the supermarket for the married men. Each plane coming south brings grocery orders from the handful of wives up range, to be filled by Major Greene or the flight crews, who trudge through the city's huge, clean market loading woven baskets with fruits and vegetables which the plane crews deliver on the flight back north.

Crews of the picket ships which sail out of the Air Force marine bases at Recife and Trinidad have no cause to revel in Ciudad, for these places themselves are noted for their fleshpots. Nor do the men who man Antigua, a busy station commanded by Maj. Ray Cullen where not only missiles but also the earth-girdling satellites are tracked, find time hanging too heavily on their hands. Cruise ships put in often, bringing tourists, among them bevies of unattached females; and at the handsome resort hotels steel-drum bands play for dancing on flower-fringed patios. The island is also scenic and rich in history. Fields of sugar cane and sea-island cotton blanket rolling hills, and the British are restoring Lord Nelson's dockyard, where men-o'-war dropped anchor more than 150 years ago, when England was locked in struggle with France, Spain and Holland for control of the Caribbean. Yachts of rich Americans, who patronize the luxurious Mill Reef Club, now find shelter there.

Far to the south lies Fernando de Noronha, seven square miles in area, a onetime prison island which those stationed there consider wonderfully adapted to such a purpose, for there is nothing to do but swim and fish. Remoter still, at the end of the range where the missiles fall, is Ascension Island. Lying 5160 miles from Canaveral, inhabited in the main by sea turtles, wild jackasses, rabbits, goats and sooty terns, it is so dreary and bleak a spot that the tour of duty—except for Air Force people—is only six months, and the civilians who stick it out draw a 40 per cent salary bonus.

Now and then reports sweep the range that the tracking functions may be transferred to the Pacific Coast or to the Gulf, and the sounds of faint cheering arise from Ascension. These rumors stem from wishful thinking. Some bases are being put on stand-by status—Mayaguana and Saint Lucia already are in this category—as instruments of longer range come into service. But whole new families of missiles are coming up that must be proved and tested. And as far in the future as anyone can now foresee, there'll be lonely men on barren islands, squirting electronic impulses into the sky and asking those fast-flying birds, "Where are you?" and "How are you doing?" THE END

Standard Quality PLUMB HAMMERS
Specially Priced For Every Purse

1 PLUMB SPECIAL $5.25 VALUE NOW $4.99
Non-Breakable Fiber-Glass Handle —won't rust, corrode or rot. Can't bend or break. Non-slip Neoprene Grip. 16 oz. polished head.
Reduced to $4.99

2 PLUMB SPECIAL $4.50 VALUE NOW $3.99
16 oz. polished octagon head. Octagon handle of tough, tested second growth hickory.
Reduced to $3.99

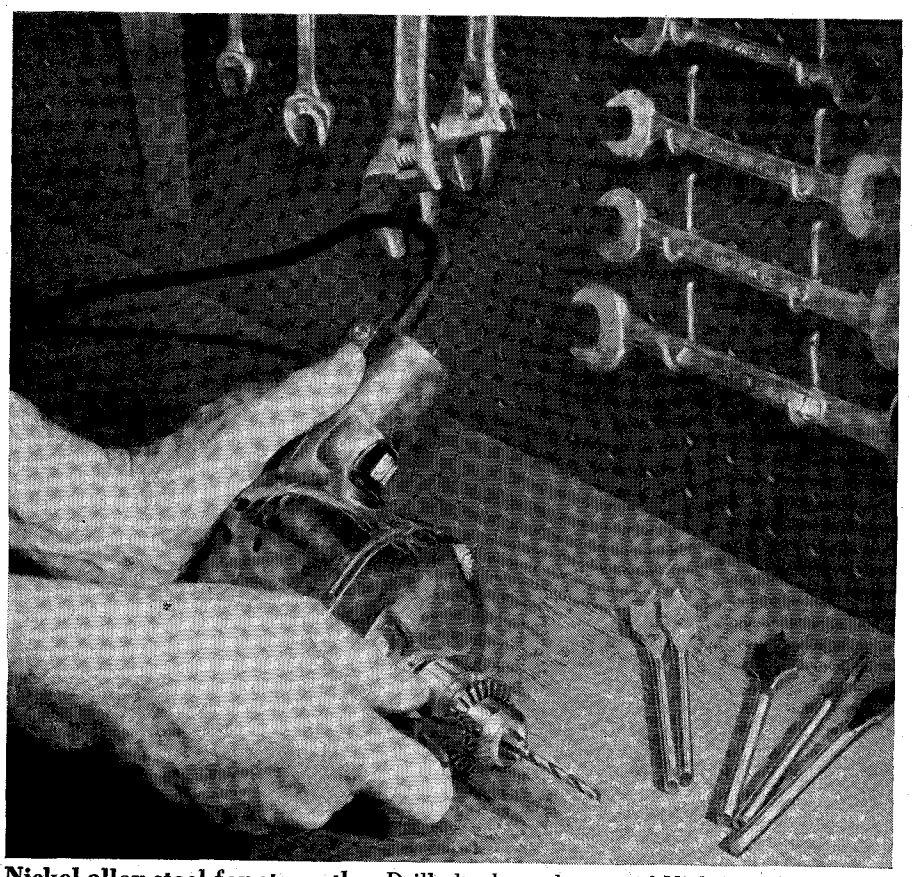
3 PLUMB SPECIAL $3.50 VALUE NOW $2.99
16 oz. polished head. Flat-sided handle of tough hickory.
Reduced to $2.99

4 PLUMB SPECIAL $2.60 VALUE NOW $1.99
16 oz. metallic green head. Oval hickory handle.
Reduced to $1.99

HEADS STAY TIGHT
Heads and handles are permanently joined with patented , the wonderful wedgeless assembly. Won't loosen in normal use.
FAYETTE R. PLUMB, INC., PHILADELPHIA 37, PA.

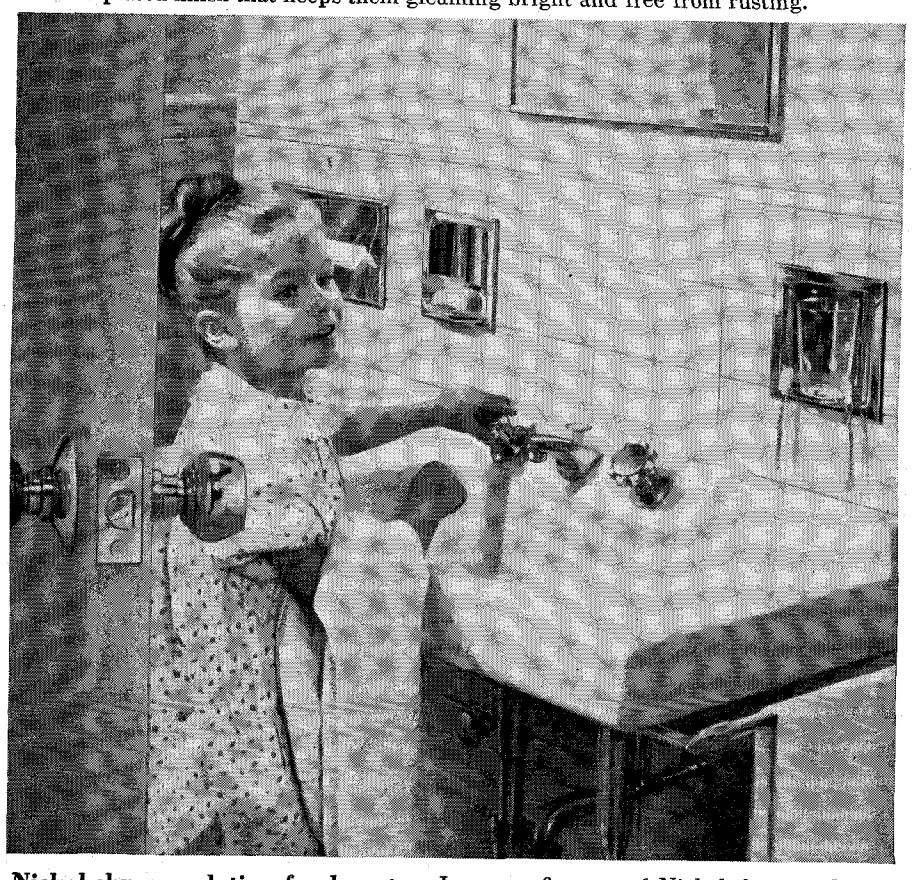
Shop these irha hardware week Values

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Nickel-alloy steel for strength — Drill chucks and gears of Nickel-alloy steel are tough and strong — made for hard use. And those wrenches have a durable Nickel-chrome plated finish that keeps them gleaming bright and free from rusting.

Nickel Stainless Steel for easy cleaning — Nothing is easier to care for! That new stainless steel tile on the wall—as well as utensils, disposal cans, wall ovens and sinks—keeps thoroughly clean and bright with just soap and water.



Nickel-chrome plating for beauty — Lustrous fixtures of Nickel-chrome plating add welcome sparkle to a bathroom. They don't tarnish, never need polishing. No worry about rust or corrosion, either — vital in a humid room.

Nickel-alloy heating elements last longer—And so, an electric paint remover like this one can give you better service. There's a Nickel-alloy element in that soldering iron, too—still others in quality percolators and ranges.

When you buy hardware with Nickel in it you buy strength, wear resistance, lifetime beauty

Whether it's tools or fixtures or things for the kitchen—better quality hardware has Nickel in it somewhere.

Nickel adds to the corrosion resistance of stainless steel, makes it easier to work . . . to shape into beautiful designs. It adds toughness and strength to steels that go into your hardest-working tools. As Nickel-chrome plating, it puts a lasting finish on tools that you'll be proud to own.

You can't *see* the Nickel in the hardware you buy. But when Nickel is there, you know you're getting hardware that performs better, longer.

The International Nickel Company, Inc.
67 Wall Street New York 5, N. Y.

©1959, T. I. N. Co., Inc.

INCO TRADE MARK **Inco Nickel**

makes hardware perform better, longer

Shop these irha hardware week Values

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Lost My Wife to Tokyo TV

(Continued from Page 33)

"I hate to disillusion you, dear," said my wife gently, "but I think they're smiling at me."

In a Ginza "departo"—Japanese for department store—a dignified, rather aristocratic-looking Japanese came up to my wife, took off his hat, bowed formally and said, "I want you to know that Thursdays are very pleasant."

Then he put his hat back on and marched off.

Down in Kamakura, where one of the biggest Buddhas in the world is the main attraction, my wife was watching an archery contest when a group of elderly Japanese eagerly bore down on her. She spent the next two hours signing autographs.

As her train was leaving the station a teen-age-girl admirer came rushing to the train window, waving a piece of paper. There wasn't time for the autograph, but the conductor solved everything. He, too, was a "fuan," as the Japanese so quaintly pronounce "fan." He promised the girl to leave the autograph with the station-master at the next station. Then he sat down and had a nice long chat with my wife about her show.

In Yokohama a kimono-clad lady with three daughters was on her way by taxi to a wedding when she saw my wife sitting in our car. She stopped the taxi, got out and came over to say, "I never miss a Thursday."

When my wife took our three-year-old son, Paki, to a neighborhood primary school on "Athletic Day," 600 children broke ranks and the cheering section deserted its post to clamor for autographs. Order was restored when the principal announced over the loud-speaker that Shirley-san would give autographs after the track meet ended.

One day my wife—or perhaps I should just call her Linda—got a ticket for

NEXT WEEK

PROSPERITY HITS PARADISE

Hawaii: The Big Boom in Our Newest State

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 26:

CAN MAN BE MODIFIED?

By Jean Rostand

MY FAIR LADY

Inside Story of the Biggest Box-Office Hit

By Richard Maney

IN COLOR:

WE EXPLORED THE DROWNED MOUNTAINS

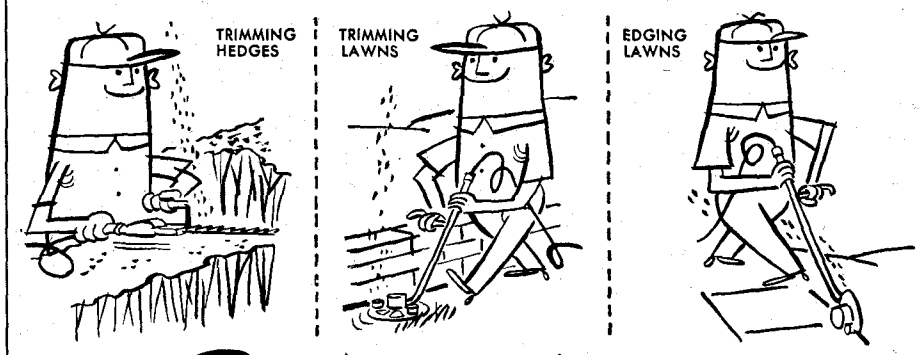
Spectacular Cruising Ground for U.S. Yachtsmen

A NEW PERRY MASON SERIAL

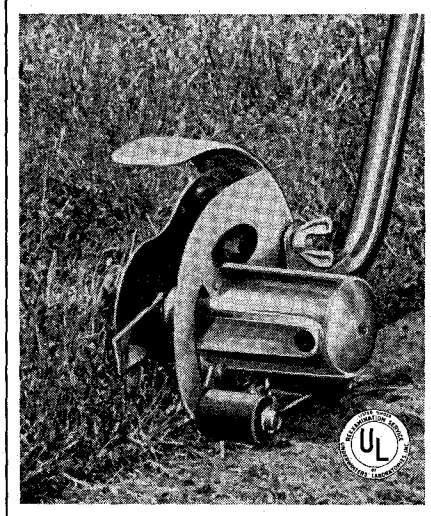
THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

By Erle Stanley Gardner

You'll Breeze through Yard 'n' Garden jobs...

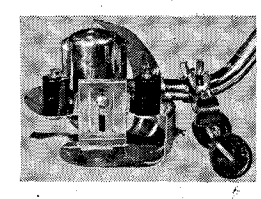


with Black & Decker® Tools



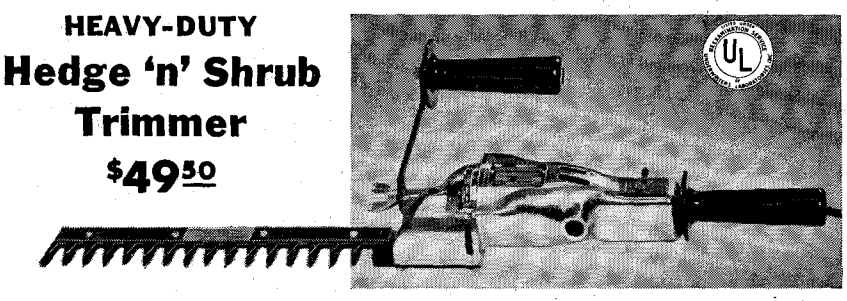
COMBINATION
LawnTrimmer'n'Edger

Eliminates all hand trimming around trees, under fences, against walls, along walks. Quick adjustment for trimming or edging (*see left*). Cuts coarsest grass with ease. Safety deflector plate, shock-proof foil-guard handles, instant-release safety trigger switch. *Good news!* Extra blade packed with every unit. WITHOUT WHEELS $39.50



NEW Swivel Wheels, exclusive with B&D, support weight of unit, make trimming slopes and other awkward spots much easier. Unit with wheels $43.95

HEAVY-DUTY
Hedge 'n' Shrub Trimmer
$49.50

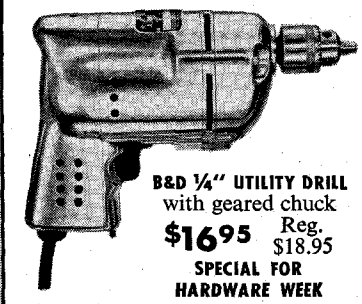


A real time saver in yard work. Power to spare for the thickest shrubs and hedges. Balanced one-hand operation, extra-long blade (13″). Shock-proof, foil-guard handles adjustable to many positions. Here's a really professional trimmer at a home-owner price.

HEDGE TRIMMING ATTACHMENT
$19.95

Fits B&D Power Driver and ¼″ Utility Drills for close-coupled operation. Ideal for occasional trimming jobs.

HARDWARE WEEK SPECIAL



B&D ¼" UTILITY DRILL with geared chuck
$16.95 Reg. $18.95
SPECIAL FOR HARDWARE WEEK

You get the Big Difference in Black & Decker Drills

You get a difference in *motors*, because B&D makes all its own motors. A difference in *construction*, in *design* . . . B&D knows how to build quality drills. Now there's a *Big Difference* in price, too, on the B&D ¼″ Utility Drill! See your dealer soon. For a limited time, this unit can be yours at a special low price!

Look Under "TOOLS-ELECTRIC" in "Yellow Pages"

Black & Decker®
Towson 4, Md., World's Largest Maker of Electric Tools

Shop these irha hardware week Values

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speeding while en route to a Japanese university where she teaches conversational English two days a week. The cop wasn't a "fuan."

But when she appeared in traffic court a few weeks later it turned out that the judge was. While other offenders waited, the judge held up court for an hour while he discussed in detail practically every show in which Linda had appeared. Then he apologetically fined her $4.18 and let her go. The delay made her late for class, so she had to speed again, but this time she didn't get caught.

In a more recent brush with the authorities she bumped into a motor scooter. Nobody was hurt, and the damage to the motor scooter amounted to three dollars. But a traffic jam resulted when witnesses gathered around to ask for autographs.

"Mrs. Beech is famous," a Japanese editor told me at lunch the other day. He gave me a sly look. "I've seen her picture in every major magazine and newspaper in Japan."

I acknowledged the compliment to my wife with what I hoped was a brave little smile. After more than a decade as Far East correspondent for the Chicago Daily News I thought I was a fairly important fellow around this town.

But nobody asks me for my autograph, and when I go home in the evening the house is full of reporters and photographers, none of them there to see me. When my wife told a reporter that she wrote occasionally for the Daily News, the story mentioned, down about the tenth paragraph, that her husband "also" worked for the Daily News.

Ten years ago I shook hands with Emperor Hirohito. But when Crown Prince Akihito's engagement to commoner Michiko Shoda was announced, did the Tokyo papers ask me for comment? No, they asked my wife.

Only today Linda was invited to a ceremonial function by the governor of Tokyo. Was her husband invited? He was not. Of course, I couldn't have gone anyway because of a previous engagement, but just the same they might have asked me.

The worst part is the knowing looks I get when I go into the Press Club bar. "How does it feel to be the husband of a famous television star?" the fellows ask. The first guy who calls me "Mr. Linda Beech" gets belted.

Being eclipsed by my wife in what is supposed to be—but is increasingly less so—a man's country has strained my reserve of oriental stoicism. But I have worked out my rationalization. What is more natural, I asked myself, than having your wife turn into a TV star?

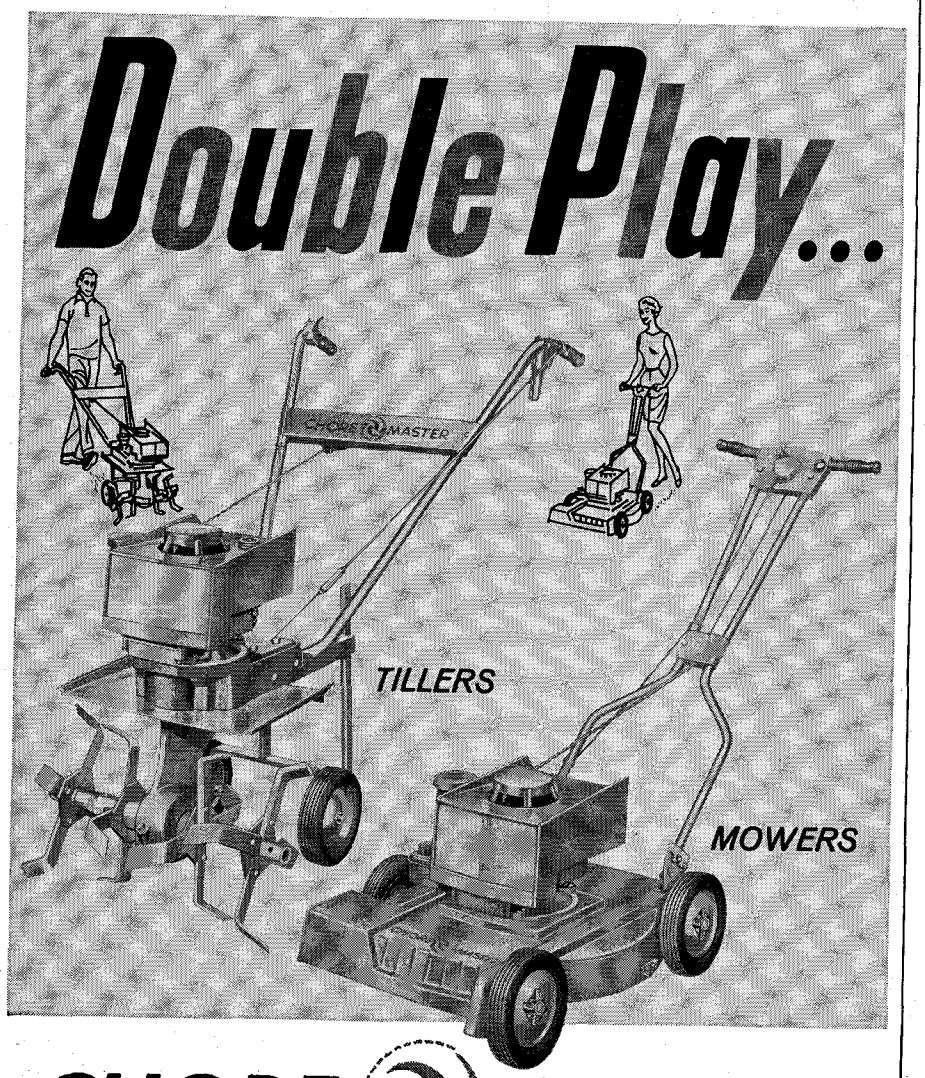
It is simply one of the many occupational hazards of being a foreign correspondent—like getting blown up on bridges, being thrown out of countries or stepping on an old, forgotten land mine. You have to take these things in stride.

I was in Sumatra last spring, trying unsuccessfully to find a revolution that was reported to be happening. In Tokyo a cunning young advertising man named Ken Fujita was trying more successfully to think up new ways to make money.

Japanese telecasting is only five years old, and commercial TV got going only a scant two years ago. But Japanese television is growing at such a fantastic rate that the demand for program material far exceeds the supply. To fill the gap, Japan has, as usual, turned to the United States. About 30 per cent of all Japanese TV time is taken up by American programs. Eighty per cent of all filmed programs are canned in the United States. Japanese dialogue is dubbed in. Such programs as I Love Lucy, Mr. and Mrs. North, Highway Patrol and The Lone Ranger are as popular in Japan as in America.

After watching I Love Lucy and Mr. and Mrs. North, Fujita came up with an idea. Why not a live half-hour "situation comedy" using real Japanese-speaking Americans, with plots laid in Japan? Thus was born Tokyo Blue Eyes Diary, "blue eyes" being a friendly Japanese colloquialism for a foreigner.

The idea caught the commercial eye of Japan's biggest cheese maker who, having learned his dairying at Ohio State University, was launching a mammoth campaign to convince 90,000,000 Japanese they ought to eat more cheese and butter. My wife was to be his "Elsie the Cow."



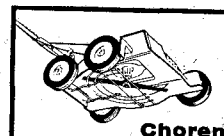
CHORE MASTER

Built by YUBA POWER PRODUCTS

. . . "You can tell a workman by his tools". When you own CHOREMASTER your tools say this about you: You're particular! You want a precision-engineered tool that's trouble free. You're practical! You expect and get a no-risk twelve months warranty.

You're cautious! You appreciate the safety CHOREMASTER alone gives you and your family with features like SAFE-T-GUARD. And though you're not really lazy, you want the best lawn or garden job with the least possible effort . . . to save time for all the other important things you enjoy doing. Cut your work in half—double your play with CHOREMASTER.

It costs no more to buy the very best . . . a CHOREMASTER Tiller or Tiller/Mower Combination! Easy Pay Plan. Write for Bulletin CSEP-4-25 or for nearest dealer, see yellow pages in your telephone directory under "Lawn Mowers"



Choremaster Safe-T-Guard

Greatest improvement yet for mowing safety. Completely guards the mowing danger zone.

Choremaster Air Glide Rider

The finest riding rotary at ½ the price of comparable units. Rugged quality, smooth air glide ride, completely safe!

YUBA

YUBA POWER PRODUCTS, INC.

800 EVANS ST., CINCINNATI 4, OHIO

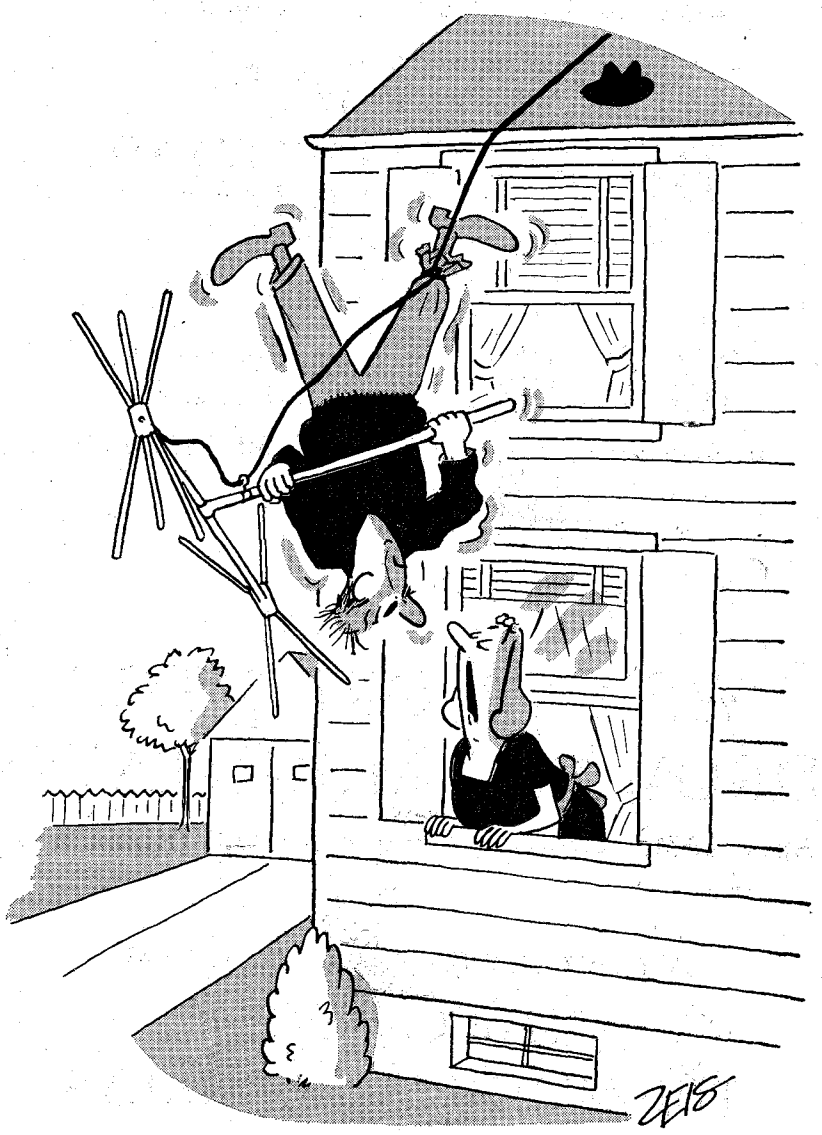
A Subsidiary of

YUBA CONSOLIDATED INDUSTRIES, INC.

America's FIRST FAMILY of Power Tools

MANUFACTURERS OF FAMOUS SHOPSMITH Mark 5

Shop these irha hardware week Values



"Dinner's ready."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With a sponsor lined up, the next problem was to find an American cast. Linda, whose previous acting experience was limited to play readings and occasional amateur theatricals, thought it would be a great lark to appear in Japanese television. She had spoken Japanese as a child in Honolulu, where her family employed a Japanese maid, and picked up the language again after moving to Japan.

Ken Nilsson, a lanky young Los Angeles disk jockey who learned his Japanese in Army language school and was about to get his discharge in Japan, was selected to play George to Linda's Shirley.

The continuing theme of the program was to be the adventures—hilarious, it was hoped—of an earnest young American couple determined to live, eat and speak nothing but Japanese.

The idea was sound enough even if some of the scripts were not. Every American who has had to cope with Japanese culture has a ready fund of funny stories like, for example, the consul general who was having a visiting bishop to dinner and instructed his cook to bake a cake for the occasion. When the cake was borne in, it bore the lovingly lettered words, HOORAY FOR GOD.

As nearly as possible the situations in Tokyo Blue Eyes are modeled on real-life incidents. In one show George telephones Shirley that a celebrated but eccentric movie director is coming to lunch and instructs her to entertain him until he, George, arrives.

When the "director" shows up wearing workman's clothes and carrying a plumber's tool kit, Shirley thinks nothing of it. She gives him tea and shows him around the house. They are talking about techniques for bathing babies when George arrives and—you guessed it—the director is unmasked as the plumber who came to fix a leaky faucet.

When the maid berates the plumber for not revealing his identity, the plumber replies, "I thought that was the way Americans behaved. Aren't they all like that?"

That one went over big with Japanese who have had to contend with American ways. So did the one in which Shirley, learning that George and his boss are going to a geisha house, attempts a social revolution by dressing up as a geisha and joining them.

That show left Linda limp. She had two minutes to get into a geisha costume, whereas it normally takes a real geisha two and a half hours to dress. To make the costume switch on time she had five dressers.

The success of Tokyo Blue Eyes has astonished practically everybody, including the delighted sponsor who, in an unguarded moment, said he wanted it to go on forever—like I Love Lucy.

Using baseball idiom in the best American tradition, the sponsor's advertising director said, "When we bought this show we didn't know whether we would strike out or hit a home run. We hit a home run."

The program director, a dynamic, pint-sized ex-kamikaze pilot named Takanori Yamamoto, who recently turned to educational television, accepted the Tokyo Blue Eyes assignment with misgivings.

"It was too different," he says. "Besides, I was worried about the language barrier and whether I could get good actors. Then I didn't know where the program was headed or exactly what to do with it.

"We thought about all the outstanding differences between East and West and how to transfer western humor into Japanese and vice versa. Then we made an important discovery. We discovered that while Americans and Japanese live differently they will laugh at the same things. What's funny to one is funny to the other. The strength of the show rests on common humanity."

The majority who view the show are probably teen-agers, but it appeals to all ages. Young Japanese like it because it brings a modern young American couple into their living rooms. Older Japanese like it because they see a pair of Americans trying to live up to old and disappearing customs which they cherish.

> A small town is one in which the postmaster knows more than the schoolmaster.
>
> HAROLD COFFIN

For these reasons Tokyo Blue Eyes has had an unexpected result. Although calculated to sell cheese, it has also helped sell America, in that it has brought Americans and Japanese closer together. And it hasn't cost the United States taxpayer one cent.

Just how many people Tokyo Blue Eyes reaches nobody knows. The same can be said of every other television program in Japan. There are nearly 2,000,000 television sets in Japan—about half of them in the Tokyo area—and the number is growing at a rate of 50,000 monthly. The industry estimates that each set has six viewers, which would mean a total audience of 12,000,000.

But there is no independent scientific survey system in Japan to measure a program's audience rating. Sponsors and advertising agencies rely on random checks or what their relatives say. Rival stations conduct their own polls, each proving that its own programs have the highest ratings. Station KRT, which has carried Tokyo Blue Eyes for more than eight months, claims that it outdraws three competing shows.

Some Japanese say they like the program because—ahem—"Shirley-san is such a sweet little American girl. So natural and fresh she might do anything next." (She isn't "little"; in fact, at five feet seven she towers over most Japanese males. But it's true that "she might do anything.")

A few Japanese tune in on the program, waiting for the Americans to make a language slip. There have been some slips, but what is surprising is that there haven't been more. In Japanese television there are no prompting devices.

Nilsson, a crack linguist who is fluent in other languages besides Japanese, reads as well as speaks Japanese. While fluent in the spoken tongue, Linda does not read it. Her scripts come to the house in Romaji—romanized Japanese—and she first goes over them with the maid. Sometimes our six-year-old son, Kimo, who is completely bilingual, is consulted on a fine point of Japanese idiom.

Although he never misses his mother's show, it is not Kimo's favorite. He much prefers The Lone Ranger or a good *sumo* match. And he still wonders why "mommy" doesn't wave back at him when he waves to her on the television screen.

The home workouts are followed by three three-hour rehearsals before the show goes on the air. Memorizing some sixty or seventy pages of dialogue in a language as alien as Japanese isn't easy.

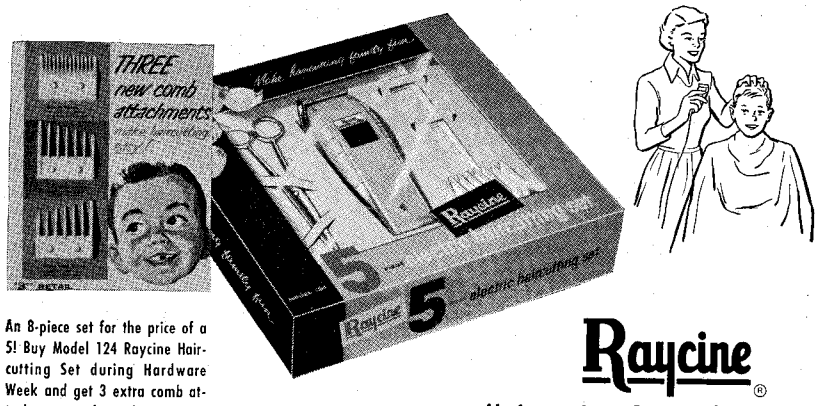
Gene Sarazen, World Famous Golf Professional, says:
"For a 'Golf Green' lawn I recommend the equipment Pro Greens Keepers Use!"
Swept Wing "Country Club" Adjusts to Varying Water Pressures
Swept Wing "Parkside" Adjustable Double Rotating Nozzles
Swept Wing "Greenwood" Old Faithful for deep-root Soaking
Swept Wing "Suburban" Sprinkles up to 75 foot diameter
"When good grass is a man's business, he insists on the best watering equipment. That's why professional greens keepers of the best golf courses use Allenco sprinklers. The Allenco oscillating 'Green Keeper', for example, sprinkles square, waters down the corners, gives grass the water it needs, where it needs it—at the roots! And, it's a streamlined beauty. Give your lawn a professional 'putting green' look! Use Allenco sprinklers."
At YOUR HARDWARE AND GARDEN SUPPLY DEALER
W. D. ALLEN Manufacturing Co.
BELLWOOD, ILL. • NEW YORK CITY
Shop these irha hardware week Values

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shop at this sign Independent HARDWARE STORE *for Hardware Week savings April 23 — May 2*

SAVE $3.00

on each of these
Hardware Week values



An 8-piece set for the price of a 5! Buy Model 124 Raycine Haircutting Set during Hardware Week and get 3 extra comb attachments — for right tapering, left tapering and blending — FREE. Look for this display at your hardware store.

Raycine®

Haircutting Set with 3
extra attachments — $13.95 value

only $10.95 during Hardware Week

Buy now, save $3.00 . . . and eight or ten haircuts will more than pay for your Raycine set. When you buy Raycine, you get the best . . . precision electric Clippers, "Butch" attachment, professional comb and shears, 3 extra comb attachments, illustrated easy-to-follow step-by-step haircutting instructions. Don't miss this big Hardware Week bargain.

$14.95 Oster®
Electric Knife Sharpener

only $11.95 during Hardware Week

Buy now at this special low Hardware Week price for those gift-giving occasions just ahead — Mother's Day, weddings, anniversaries, Father's Day. Give a Model 484 Oster Electric Knife Sharpener . . . a wonderful gift because it's so wonderfully useful!

Save another $3.00 . . . and then save more by getting added years of service from knives and scissors through proper honing with this Oster Electric Knife Sharpener. Restores factory edge to blades in seconds. Only Oster has aluminum oxide sharpening wheel that sharpens without scratching. Smartly styled Oster Knife Sharpener is designed for counter use or wall mounting, has convenient cord-storage compartment.

John Oster Manufacturing Co., Dept. F9, 4989 N. Lydell Ave., Milwaukee 17, Wis.

Shop these irha hardware week Values

But with the aid of a loyal studio crew Linda has learned many of the tricks of the trade.

When the program started she didn't even own a pair of false eyelashes, to the surprise of her fellow players. Sakura-san, who played the maid, contributed her own hair to make the lashes, and Hattori-san, the show's neighbor lady, made them herself in three days.

It took me quite a while to take Linda's TV career seriously. One reason I couldn't take it seriously was that she was being paid only thirty-three dollars a week. Compared to the average Japanese wage scale, that isn't bad.

But Japanese commercial television is making money hand over fist and still pays coolie wages to all but star performers. It can get away with this because it knows that if one person won't do the job another will. Labor is cheap in Japan. There are no unions in Japanese TV. Besides, it's still considered rather vulgar to haggle over money, a fact which Japanese employers exploit to the fullest.

"This TV business is taking up more time than it's worth," I told Linda one day after the reporters left. "Besides, if I'm going to be a Stage-door Johnny I want to get paid for it. For ten per cent I'll be your manager and see if we can't get you a raise."

It was a deal.

A few days later I met with the advertising people who handled Linda's program. I walked into the room, feeling like a Hollywood agent with the hottest property in town. I could imagine myself telling Sam Goldwyn, "Sam, you don't get this girl for less than a hundred grand and a percentage of the gross."

What I said was, "For what you're paying my wife I'll be glad to match it and keep her home."

The advertising fellows thought this was pretty funny until they learned that I was serious. They thought it even less funny when my remark was somehow leaked to the Tokyo press. Still, the leak didn't hurt negotiations. We settled for a sum which, while ridiculously low by American standards, made Linda one of the highest-priced entertainers in Japanese TV.

The success of Tokyo Blue Eyes and the deluge of publicity that has descended on Linda inevitably brought her to the attention of Japanese TV's most implacable foe—the motion-picture industry.

She has completed one travel film, had a minor role in a full-scale production, and now one of the major studios is going to make a movie based on the Tokyo Blue Eyes scripts.

Where it will all end I don't know and neither does Linda. The last thing she expected to be was an actress, although I have observed at various times that she puts on a pretty good performance at home without benefit of rehearsal.

Her whole background was intellectual rather than emotional. Her father, Dr. A. J. Mangelsdorf, is a highly respected plant geneticist and a mainstay of Hawaii's sugar industry. Her brother, John, is an industrial psychologist. Her Uncle Paul is a Harvard professor and distinguished economic botanist. Two other uncles have reached top executive positions in major oil companies via the scientific route.

As for Linda, she came to Japan in 1949 to work for SCAP after graduating from the University of Hawaii with a degree in oriental philosophy. She had intended to write a thesis for a master's degree, but somehow never got around to it.

Instead, she met and married me—and now she's the "idol of millions." One thing more. The Japanese papers keep getting her age wrong. They say she's twenty-eight. She isn't; she's ——!

The Day Nothing Happened

(Continued from Page 31)

a resident of Scarsdale, turned to ask his seat companion, Mr. Harry Creevey, of Hartsdale, whether they were running a little slow, and Mr. Creevey replied, according to Mr. Johansen, that he "thought so." A more exact recollection is that of the conductor, Mr. Leland Harcourt, who remembers distinctly looking at his watch and remarking, "We're eleven minutes behind." This would seem to establish the time of departure as 8:09.

As the train pulled out, a short, stout figure, wearing the expression of someone who is late, was seen running down the platform, carrying a small rectangular briefcase and waving a folded umbrella. It was Mr. LeRoy Goss, of 121 Maple Avenue, Bronxville. He had missed it again.

At this same moment, several miles away, a dapper mustached man named Ansel Blodgett, employed as a window dresser at S. Klein's department store on Union Square in New York, was boarding the 8:10 Stamford local at Columbus Avenue in Mount Vernon. Ansel Blodgett had never met LeRoy Goss, but their paths were destined to cross less than four hours hence.

LeRoy Goss had overslept this morning. His wife, Mrs. Goss, had called upstairs to him several times, but Mr. Goss did not awaken until 7:31. He shaved hurriedly, nicking himself on the cheek about an inch below the left ear, and, unnoticed in his haste, he left the hot-water tap running, a small but steady trickle. He was to be reminded forcibly of this later. While he was eating breakfast, a poached egg on toast, Mrs. Goss mentioned that she would drive him to the station because she needed the car to keep her Friday appointment with the hairdresser. Mr. Goss pointed out that today was only Thursday.

"I keep thinking it's Friday," Mrs. Goss said.

She was never to keep her appointment.

Thursday in Manhattan began like any other. The streets, even at this hour, were filled with people going to work. New York was a metropolis of many persons with diverse passions and ambitions. Some in the city would be born today, and others would die. Small pebbles in small pools.

As LeRoy Goss emerged from the lower level of Grand Central station, the hands of the clock above the information booth stood at 8:47, and he elected to save time by taking the subway to his office at 24th Street and 4th Avenue. Had he traveled by bus, as was his wont, he might have seen J. Frankel, proprietor of a small pet shop on the corner of 27th Street, in the act of feeding some tropical parakeets in his show window. Thus does history hang by a slender thread.

Mr. Goss' office was located on the sixth floor of a brownstone-fronted building that had seen better days, but not much better. The elevator was out of order, and it was necessary to walk bent-legged up five flights of stairs. His secretary, Mrs. Freda Heppner, had been with him for eleven years, but on this Thursday she was suffering from an infected upper right molar—though later she was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to claim it was an upper left molar—and so it was that her place had been taken by a Miss Loretta Runkel, a large blonde from Biloxi, Mississippi, wearing the expression of someone who is asleep. As Mr. Goss entered the office he said, "Good morning, Mrs. Heppner," and Miss Runkel—according to at least one witness, an office boy named Jerry—replied, "I'm Miss Runkel" or, more accurately, "Ah'm Miss Runkel." Mr. Goss asked if there was any mail, and Mrs. Heppner or, more accurately, Miss Runkel said no. He then sat down at his desk and crossed his legs, one foot flexing up and down pensively.

LeRoy Goss was worried. His wife, Mrs. Goss, had given him a list of things

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Thoughts in a Doubting Time

By Catherine Haydon Jacobs

You who have sat disconsolate,
Dull eyes upon the rug or floor,
Know how a sudden intimate
Burst of sun will force a smile,
Will fill the room from door to door
With reassurance to beguile
Even the heart's inquisitor.

Once I remember looking west
Into the sad, soft evening sky.
An ill-shaped cloud disturbed my quest
Of beauty; like a thing of woe,
It gathered speed and hurried by,
Then paused to shed a dazzling glow
Of crimson glory. Who am I,

And who are we to question when
A city's episode of day,
Reaching for its meridian,
Gathers an early madrigal,
A wood-note, luminous and gay,
From one small sparrow's vocal scrawl?
Ah, who am I to say?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

to purchase in town today, but he had misplaced it. He knew she wanted a spool of silk thread to match the sample in his pocket, but there was something else she had mentioned, and he could not recall what it was. He thought several times of calling up Mrs. Goss to ask her, and once his hand actually strayed to the phone. Had he rung his home in Bronxville, he would have made a startling discovery.

Mrs. Goss was not there.

After Eva Goss had dropped her husband off at the station she had decided, on an impulse, not to wait until the following day to have her hair done, and so she had driven to a beauty parlor in White Plains. She was a woman of great determination, and when she was born she was to marry LeRoy Goss twenty-three years later.

Her hairdo accomplished, and it being then 11:09, she had called at the house of a friend, Mrs. Elsie Creevey, of Hartsdale, a relative by marriage of the Harry Creevey who had taken the train to New York earlier this morning, and asked if she was ready to attend the regular Friday Bridge Club luncheon at the Westchester Country Club. Mrs. Creevey had pointed out that Friday was tomorrow.

"I've been mixed up all day," is Mrs. Creevey's version of what Mrs. Goss replied.

Eva Goss then drove back to her home at 121 Maple Avenue, a modest suburban dwelling. The phone was ringing as she opened the door, but when she picked up the receiver, the operator said the other party had hung up. Swiftly the course of events was moving to its climax.

At 11:56, having tried in vain to reach his wife, LeRoy Goss left the office, intending to purchase the spool of silk thread during his lunch hour. He could not yet remember what else she had told him to get, but he thought he'd better buy the thread before he forgot that too. There is no record that his secretary warned him, "You should not go to S. Klein's this day." Slowly he headed south on 4th Avenue, keeping to the right-hand side of that thoroughfare, and turned west on 15th Street. As he entered Union Square, a dapper, mustached man came out of the Klein store and crossed his path. It was Ansel Blodgett.

The hour was 12:07.

Time was running out. Already a setting sun incarnadined the office buildings of Manhattan, and the streets were filled with people going home from work. In the pet shop on the corner of 27th Street, unknown to Mr. Goss, J. Frankel lowered the shade in the show window filled in parakeets. Twelve blocks to the south, Ansel Blodgett, wearing the expression of someone who is thirsty, stopped off at a bar near S. Klein's to fortify himself for that which lay ahead. At the same moment, Mr. Goss rose from his desk and said, "Good night, Mrs. Heppner," and his secretary replied, "Ah'm Miss Runkel." Watching him, one might have guessed he was aware that this day was nearing its fateful end. He walked bent-legged down five flights of stairs, the elevator still not running. As he emerged into the street, the chimes in the Metropolitan tower were booming exactly five.

Mr. Harry Creevey met Mr. B. A. Johansen at the information booth on the lower level of Grand Central Terminal, and together they walked through a gate marked 5:13 WHITE PLAINS LOCAL. As the gate slammed behind them, a short, stout figure was seen running across the terminal, carrying an umbrella and waving a briefcase. LeRoy Goss had missed the train again.

Mrs. Goss was waiting in the car at the Bronxville station when Mr. Goss arrived at 6:03. Her first words were, "Did you remember to get the parakeet food?"

"That's what I was trying to think of all day," Mr. Goss said. "I knew there was something I'd forgotten."

"You forgot and left the hot-water tap running this morning too," Mrs. Goss reminded him forcibly.

In the modest suburban dwelling at 121 Maple Avenue they sat down to a supper of creamed halibut, which Mrs. Goss had ordered under the impression it was Friday. Mr. Goss ate in silence, and Mrs. Goss, wearing the expression of someone who is trying to make conversation, asked, "What happened in the city today?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Goss, removing a halibut bone from his mouth.

Tomorrow would be another day.

THE END

More time for family fun...
while your entire meal cooks automatically
without watching!
one dial setting controls heat
AUTOMATIC
waterless cooker
TRADE MARK
prepares a complete meal
one control
operates all four
AUTOMATIC SKILLET $16.95
HEAT CONTROL $5.95
AUTOMATIC SAUCE PAN $12.95
AUTOMATIC GRIDDLE 'N SERVER $19.95
Now . . . cook a complete meal at one time, automatically with no "pot watching" — enjoy more time for family fun! Prepare a roast with vegetables in the cooker and, at the same time, pudding and sauce in the twin inset pans. 5 qt. capacity. With heat control, insets, rack and trivet, $22.95.

WEST BEND
4 PC. CANISTER SET $9.95
3-WAY DISPENSER $5.95
SERVING OVEN WITH CANDLE WARMER $5.95
CAKE HUMIDOR $7.95
matching pantry ware in copper 'n snow
BRIGHTENS YOUR KITCHEN with an exciting new harmony of color — copper-color aluminum with gleaming snow-white trim. Unique colonial silhouettes identify contents. Tarnish-proof.
delicious coffee in elegant style
FLAVO-MATIC, now Gold electroplated, complements the finest table setting. Perfect coffee, automatically. Ivory plastic trim. 6 to 8 cup, $24.95.
FLAVO-MATICS IN CHROME, COPPER-COLOR AND POLISHED ALUMINUM FROM $11.95 TO $19.95.
heats water quickly for 'instants'
TRIG TEA KETTLE — Hot water quickly for tea, instant or drip coffee. Trigger operates spout cap. 2½ qts. $4.95.
grilling fun for the family picnic
PORTABLE GRILL broils 8 man-sized hamburgers at one time on big 10" x 15" grill. Stores in suitcase-type container for easy carrying. $4.95.
WEST BEND ALUMINUM CO.
Dept. 574, WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

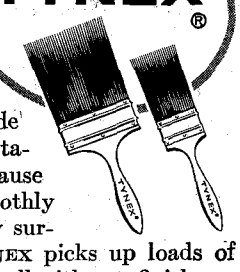
Shop these irha hardware week Values

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAINTING A DOOR

VARNISHING A FLOOR

For smooth, even flow, use brushes made with Du Pont tapered TYNEX®



You'll enjoy working with a well-made brush containing tapered TYNEX, because paint flows smoothly and evenly on any surface. Tapered TYNEX picks up loads of paint, too. Works well with any finish . . . including the new water-base paints. And when you're done . . . cleans in a jiffy. Remember, good results require a good brush. Ask your dealer for an assortment of quality brushes with the trademark TYNEX on their handles.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET: Tells you how to select the proper brush—paint like an expert and achieve decorator effects. Write TYNEX, Room 373, Du Pont Building, Wilmington 98, Delaware.

TYNEX®
NYLON FILAMENT

TYNEX is the registered trademark for Du Pont nylon filament

DUPONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Hustling Hubert Makes His Bid

(Continued from Page 39)

phrase which has been conspicuously absent from his vocabulary in the past.

Ingratiating qualities of the gentleman from Minnesota are his ready sense of humor and his ability to laugh at himself. When it was suggested that Humphrey had made a mistake in a recent course of action, the senator soberly agreed, "Yes." Then, rolling his eyes heavenward, Humphrey threw back his head and raucously laughed. "Mistakes? Man, I invented 'em." Humorous self-appraisal is a refreshing habit of Humphrey, just as it is of Adlai Stevenson.

Humphrey's humor is in the Mark Twain tradition—earthy, explosive, exaggerated, in the style of the American frontier. It contrasts sharply with Stevenson's urbane, intellectual wit. Humphrey makes use of the pungent phrase, the unexpected and incongruous. He astounded a staid diplomatic dinner at the British Embassy by suddenly blurting out, as he described a heated Senate debate, "Oh, boy, and then did the manure hit the fan!" Humphrey since has learned that such colorful expressions are received in diplomatic circles with highly arched eyebrows. Today he undoubtedly would substitute, "We had a hot discussion."

The frontier molded Humphrey's personality in many ways and has strongly influenced his political thinking. In his philosophy, he is a direct descendant of Andrew Jackson and the later Populist movement. The mark of the frontier and of the Populists had not yet vanished from South Dakota, when Humphrey was a youth there. His liberalism is rooted in the troubled political soil of agricultural reform, fed and nurtured by Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal. He is a liberal in the classic American tradition. That liberalism calls for a man to help himself insofar as he is able, but for Government action to meet problems insoluble by the individual. It is the liberalism of Roosevelt, George W. Norris and Bob LaFollette.

Senator Humphrey's political thought is a natural outgrowth of his background. His father, a druggist by trade and a Wilsonian Democrat in politics, raised Hubert on an intellectual diet of Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine. The elder Humphrey owned drugstores in several South Dakota towns before settling in Huron, and his arrival there raised no cheers among the druggists already established in the small city. In fact, they enlisted the local chamber of commerce in a fight against their new competitor. Druggist Humphrey won the ensuing brawl, but the fight made a deep impression on his son, who since that day has viewed chambers of commerce with a certain distrust. Hubert was brought up in economic tranquillity until the twin calamities of the depression and the drought of the '30's overwhelmed South Dakota.

You be the Judge

By SARAH MORRIS

It was Saturday night, and a gay collegiate crowd milled through the lobby of the city's largest hotel to attend a dance. An elderly woman stepped out of a cab and into the hotel's revolving door. Two playful college athletes chased into one compartment of the door, gave a push, and caused the old lady to fracture a hip. She sued the hotel.

"The hotel was negligent," the lady's lawyer maintained. "It should have had a doorman on hand to control the revolving door and supervise its use."

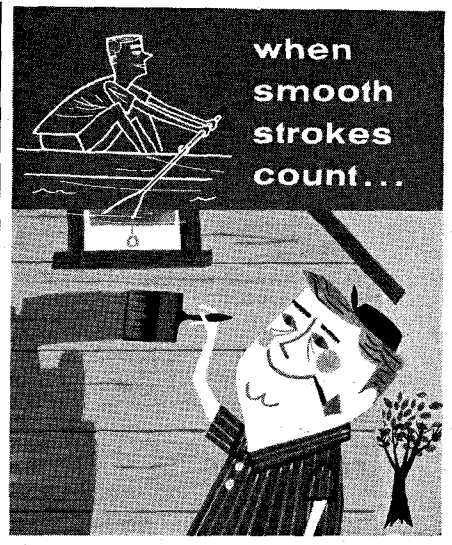
"Not so," the hotel's lawyer replied. "People came and went all the time without an accident at that door. How could the hotel know that two college boys would run into the door like crazy kids?"

If you were the judge, would you make the hotel pay?

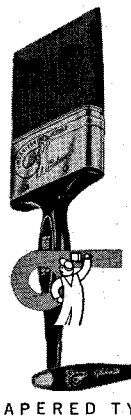
• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The hotel had to pay. The court said that while a doorman ordinarily was not required, the hotel should have posted one at the door while it entertained the carousing holiday group of young people.

Based upon a 1938 New York decision.



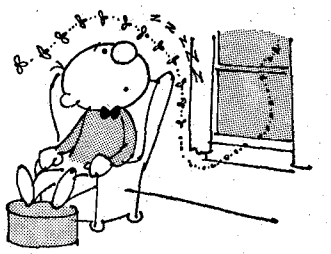
count on
BAKER
SMOOTH STROKE
BRUSHES



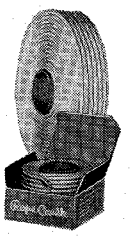
The "pro's" agree — the smoother the stroke, the better the result. Get professional results with Baker 'smooth stroke' Paint Brushes and Rollers. You'll dip less, cover more, get neater, better-looking jobs. And, you'll save lots of time and money, too!

FREE! 32-page book tells you "How To Do A Good Paint Job" with brush and roller. Write to Baker Brush Co., Inc., 83 Grand Street, New York 13, N. Y.

TAPERED TYNEX OR PURE BRISTLE
AMERICA'S FINEST PAINTING TOOLS
© 1959 • Baker Brush Co., Inc.



now's the time for
DAP®
ROPE CAULK

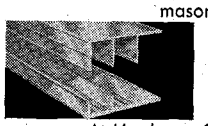


Use DAP Rope Caulk to keep out bugs, air, water, dust. Seals around screens or window air conditioners in seconds —weatherstrips windows —does a dozen home repair jobs. Sold in rolls at hardware, paint, building supply dealers, where you'll find a DAP caulk, glaze or seal for every home need.

DICKS-ARMSTRONG-PONTIUS, inc.
Dayton 3, Ohio

Gain extra storage space!

md
Aluma-Slide
SLIDING DOOR TRACK
for ⅛ to ¾-in. panels of glass, plywood, masonite, etc.



Fast, easy way to make more storage space in any room. Aluminum track set comes packaged ready to use.

At Hardware & Lumber Dealers

MACKLANBURG-DUNCAN CO.
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Shop these irha hardware week Values

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hubert had to leave the University of Minnesota in his sophomore year. He helped his father in the drugstore, then compressed into six months a two-year course at the Denver College of Pharmacy. Father and son working together weathered the storm, and by 1937 Hubert was back at the University of Minnesota with a wife, Muriel Buck, of Huron, whom he had courted while filling prescriptions. He also took with him a lasting memory of leathery faces of farmers gazing hopelessly at the swirling dust storms which were carrying away their farms. He made top grades and was entitled to wear a Phi Beta Kappa key when he received his B.A. degree and diploma in 1939.

The studious Humphrey then took a teaching fellowship at Louisiana State University, where he made an enduring friendship with Russell Long, now the junior senator from Louisiana. He hastened back to Minnesota to hold a multitude of jobs, many of them at the same time. He was variously an instructor in political science at the University of Minnesota, an official of the WPA program in his state, and assistant regional director of the War Manpower Commission.

In 1943 he sandwiched between other activities his first run for mayor of Minneapolis. In a field of ten, the unknown Humphrey ran second and lost the runoff by only 4900 votes. This taught him that in Minnesota running as a Democrat wasn't enough. He needed the support of the Farmer-Laborites, then an independent party. He hammered together a Democratic-Farmer-Labor coalition and in 1945 was elected mayor of the city.

These political maneuvers were carried on during World War II. They stimulate his political opponents to ask: "Why wasn't Humphrey in the service?" Humphrey answers the question in considerable detail. "I was first classified Three-B," he says, "because I was married and had three children. I had a job with the Army Air Corps, teaching world politics and government. In the spring of 1944 I volunteered for the Navy, but was turned down because of physical disability. In 1945 I took an Army physical which showed a double hernia and calcification of the shoulder. I was reclassified One-B (limited service). I offered to sign waivers, but the request was denied. Before further action was taken, the war ended." Humphrey heatedly denies that he used political influence to avoid induction. "I told the draft board that I was politically vulnerable and they should put my name at the head of the list. Ask them why they didn't do so."

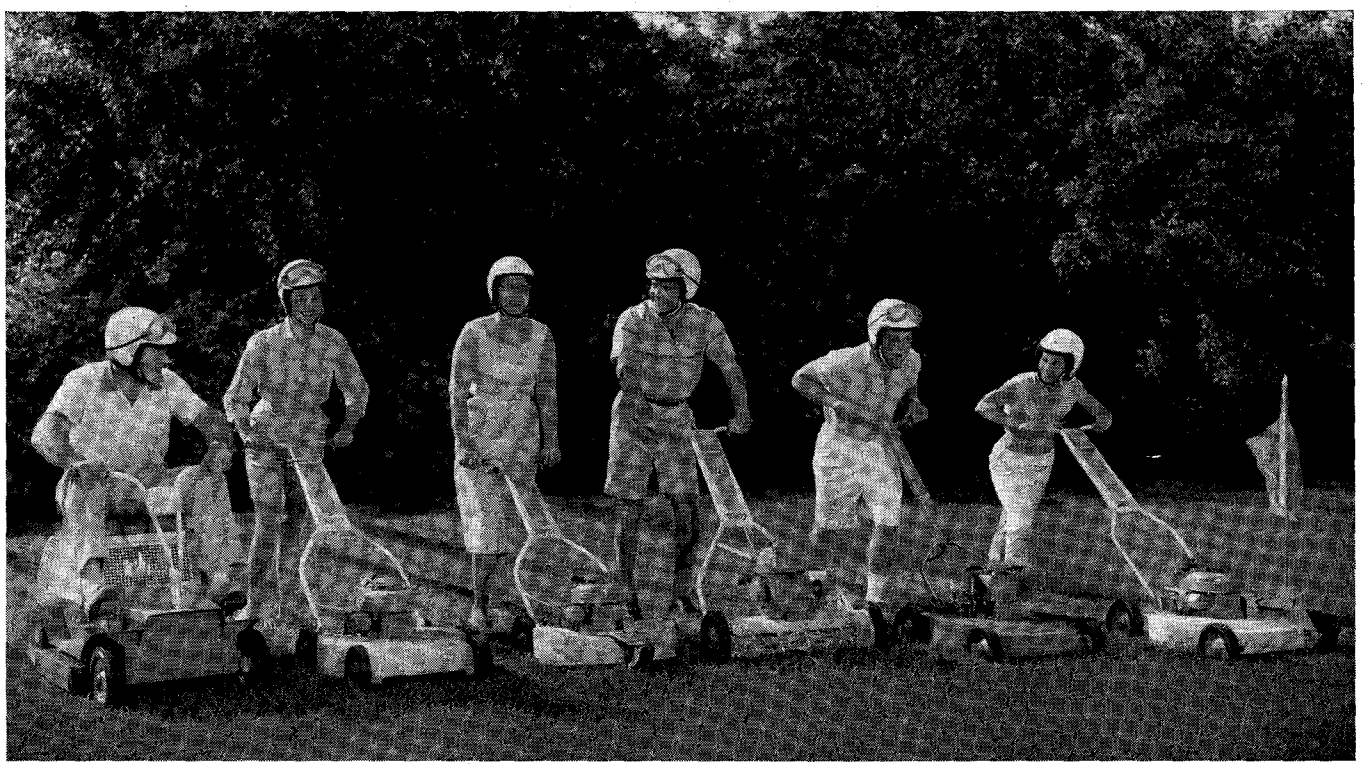
As mayor of an industrial city in the heart of the farm belt, Humphrey had opportunity to woo the two constituencies which still form the bulk of his support—farmers and labor. His record as mayor was a good one. Both farm and labor interests encouraged him to run for the Minnesota Senate seat held by Joseph H. Ball, in the 1948 election.

Humphrey propelled himself into national prominence at the 1948 Democratic National Convention—at an incalculable price to the party, some of his enemies believe. It happened when the convention was debating a proposed civil-rights resolution. The night before, Humphrey had agreed to support a compromise civil-rights plank, but now he took the rostrum to oppose it. He blew the convention apart with the stirring climax to his oration: "It is now time for the Democratic party to get out of the shadow of states' rights and walk forthrightly in the bright sunshine of human rights." His action brought bitter remarks of "double-crosser" and "publicity seeker" from party chieftains who had so painstakingly constructed the compromise, but Humphrey asserted then, and still does, that grave political and philosophical doubts prompted his change of mind. At any rate, his proposed substitute plank passed over the vociferous opposition of the South, elements of which ultimately took a walk from the convention, muttering darkly about "that radical mayor of Minneapolis."

There isn't any question that the civil-rights speech helped Humphrey defeat Ball in the 1948 election. The farm revolt which toppled Thomas E. Dewey from his premature Presidency also aided Humphrey. The Taft-Hartley bill, which Ball favored, also figured heavily in a campaign noted for the number of eggs and tomatoes besplattering the Republican and for the number and variety of speeches given by Humphrey.

Early in his first term as senator, Humphrey learned the hard way—but quickly—that speeches which go over big at the Minneapolis Labor Temple receive short shrift under the dome of the Capitol. Freshman senators are expected to be seen, not heard. In defiance of this unspoken edict, Humphrey challenged the essentiality of Sen. Harry F. Byrd's committee on nonessential Federal expenditures. In attacking Byrd, Humphrey was smiting a prominent member of the "the Club," that informal, potent coterie of senators who dominate the upper chamber. While Humphrey made his speech against the Byrd committee, other senators on the floor turned their backs, then one by one retired to the Senate cloakrooms. The freshman senator completed his speech in pointed isolation. He took the rebuke to heart and didn't repeat the offense; today he is an accepted and influential member of the Club.

ANNOUNCING THE REO "MOW-ATHON"



Your chance to share $10,000

Not a contest. Nothing to write or guess. We're so sure that the rugged new 1959 Reo will do a top mowing job for 8 years or more that you can share $10,000 just for helping us prove it!

If you've owned a power mower before, you know how long most of them last. Two years — three years — maybe four years . . . and your investment is down the drain.

But not the '59 Reos . . . we're so sure they will last twice as long that we'll pay you to help us prove it. Here's why . . .

They're stronger—with rugged steel construction; straight-through axles . . . and exclusive shock-absorbing rotary blade!

They're more efficient. All controls are conveniently located. Fingertip lever adjusts cutting height. Quiet, rugged engines handle the toughest jobs. Trim within ⅜".

They're fully warranted. Full 1-year warranty on engine and mower plus exclusive protection against crankshaft damage on rotary models.

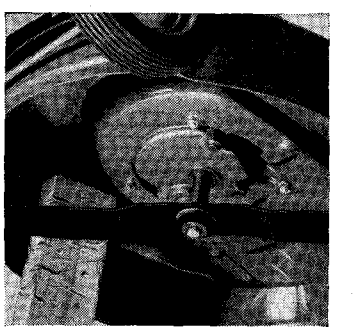
They're serviced better. Nationwide network of one-stop Reo service centers for both engine and mower!

You can share in the $10,000 jackpot! Just buy a 1959 Reo. Use it. Exercise normal care and maintenance. Show us that it's still in good running condition as of June 1, 1967; and share with other qualifiers in the big Mow-Athon jackpot!

The money has been set aside. You can't lose; and you'll have enjoyed years of smooth mowing . . . *at the lowest cost per year of any machine you can buy!*

Test-drive the new Reos . . . rotary and reel-type mowers in every price range . . . and the Reo Rider, finest of the riding rotaries. See your Reo dealer *now!*

REO



NO CRANKSHAFT DAMAGE

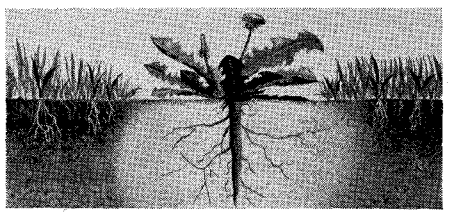
While running at full throttle, this '59 Reo was dropped on an oak stake 500 times. Reo's exclusive heat-treated Reoflex blade absorbs *all* the shock with no damage to the crankshaft. Only Reo gives you an unlimited guarantee against crankshaft damage.

MOTOR WHEEL CORPORATION
LANSING 3, MICHIGAN
Makers of Reo Lawn Mowers and Duo-Therm Heating Equipment

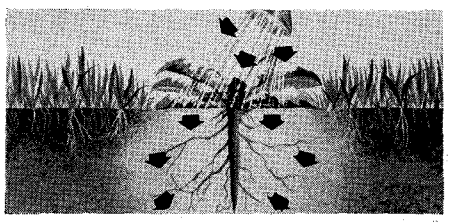
Shop these irha hardware week Values

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

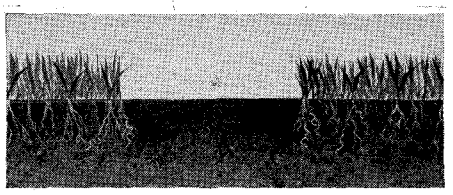
How
WEEDONE
helps you have a better lawn



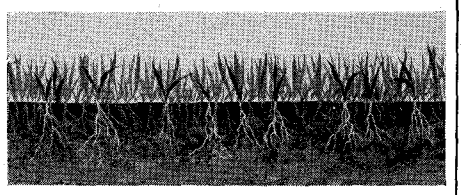
Broad-leaved and other lawn weeds mar the appearance of your lawn, crowd out desirable lawn grasses, rob good grass plants of needed nutrients.



WEEDONE penetrates the weed, kills it roots and all. Dandelion and other lawn weeds die from leaf top to root tip, yet WEEDONE will not injure fine lawn grass.



By killing unsightly weeds, roots and all, you give desirable lawn grasses room to grow, preserve valuable plant nutrients which weeds rob from the soil.



You'll have a healthier, more beautiful lawn if you control lawn weeds the WEEDONE way. It's the original 2,4-D weed killer, now with 2,4,5-T added.

WEEDONE is easy and economical to use—liquid for sprayer, dry for spreader application. Harmless to children and pets. Sold wherever fine garden products are available . . . still at the same low price: 8-oz. can $1.00, 5-lb. bag $2.25. Larger sizes available. (Dry form slightly higher west of the Rockies.)

AMCHEM

WEEDONE
kills weeds, roots and all!

Amchem Products, Inc.
(Formerly American Chemical Paint Co.)
St. Joseph, Mo. • AMBLER, PA. • Niles, Calif.
Amchem and Weedone are registered trademarks of Amchem Products, Inc.

A capacity to understand and to learn has been Humphrey's sturdiest asset. His national fame may rest upon his gift for words, but his influence in the Senate stems from his grasp of complicated issues. "That mind of Hubert's is so fast," said one colleague, "that you haven't begun to explain a problem to him before he has explored its ramifications and has suggested solutions to a problem you haven't stated." When the ex-freshman, on whom his associates once turned their backs, now speaks on farm or foreign policy, other senators are inclined to listen. Before making up their minds, some of his colleagues now telephone him and ask, "Hubert, what do you think?"

Humphrey has pursued assiduously his self-appointed role as spokesman for the embattled farmers. He has fought a protracted running battle with Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson, whom he has called "the worst Agriculture Secretary in history." He regularly demands Benson's dismissal, a demand up to now unheeded by President Eisenhower. Humphrey's own proposed solutions for the farm-surplus problem have ranged from higher price supports to conversion of wheat into a ricelike gruel, as practiced in Old Testament days, for export to Asiatic countries.

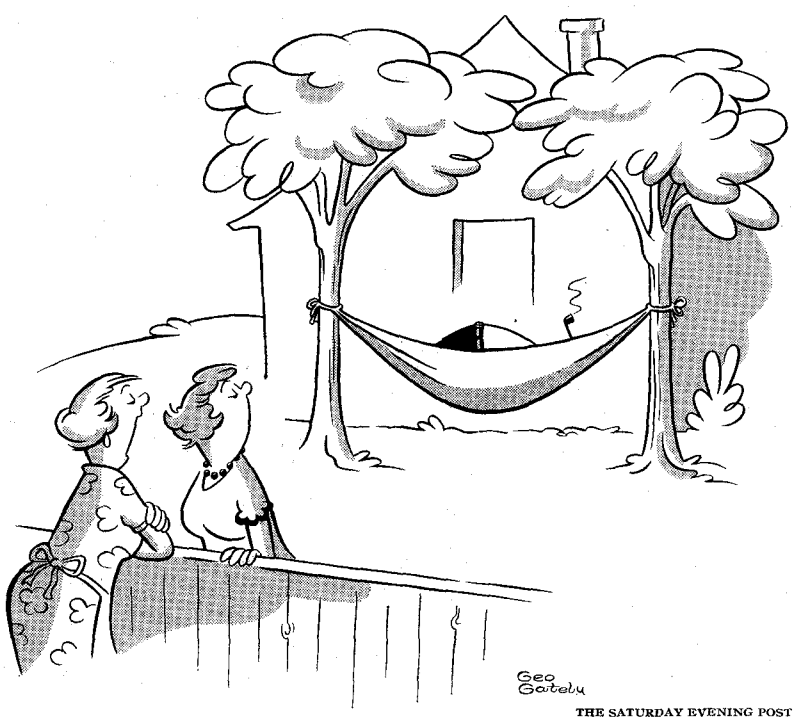
His influence in foreign affairs is no accident. It is the result of methodical and determined self-schooling in international relations. A man of Humphrey's energy and mental capabilities was not likely to sit idly by while other men debated the all-important questions of foreign policy. By careful reading of the newspapers, by interviews with State Department officials, talks with foreign ambassadors and by studious homework, Humphrey became one of the most effective of the Capitol's voices on foreign policy. The present Administration has frequently requested the Minnesota Democrat to perform legislative chores in behalf of its diplomacy—tasks which Humphrey has willingly executed. However, his co-operation has not stilled his demands for the resignation of John Foster Dulles, demands as unheeded as his cries for removal of Benson.

Humphrey has parlayed his native intelligence, wide curiosity, astute political mind and power to learn into imposing credentials for the 1960 Democratic nomination. Whether he will win the nomination depends upon the political climate of the country, the future face of the Democratic Party, convention in-fighting, and the inexplicable roll of the dice, which so often determines a convention's choice.

He meets the tacit requirements which American politicians generally, but not always, seek in presidential candidates. His life has been free from scandal, he is a Protestant, and he possesses a photogenic family of four children, Nancy, twenty, Hubert, Jr., sixteen, Robert, fourteen, and Douglas, ten. His wife, who regards her husband with bemused admiration, would do well as First Lady. His name is nationally known and, at forty-eight, he has reached political maturity.

Among the paradoxes of Humphrey's candidacy is the undebatable fact that he is a politician. By instinct, training and desire he is a political animal. When Nikita Khrushchev told Humphrey he had won a recent Kremlin battle, despite being outnumbered, he described his opponents as being "good mathematicians, but bad politicians." He was talking Humphrey's language, for the man from Minnesota is constantly aware of the advantages accruing to those who know the art of politics. Humphrey's difficulty lies in the widely held view that he is too obviously a politician. In his personal relations he often has tried to be all things to all men. After the debacle in the 1956 convention, Humphrey uttered not one word of criticism of those who had abandoned him. He refrained partially because, as a politician, he recognized and was sympathetic to their motives. Humphrey knew that he might someday need them again. No need to antagonize through useless recrimination.

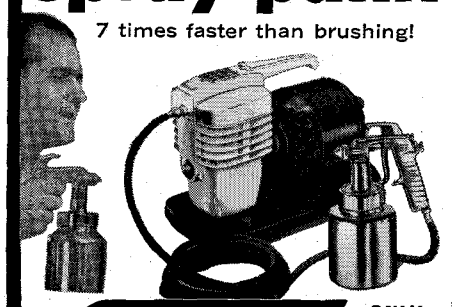
The cry of "opportunism" frequently has been raised against him. Despite Humphrey's long record of opposition to Wisconsin's Sen. Joseph McCarthy, liberals declare he was riding the wave of McCarthyism when he introduced a bill to outlaw the Communist Party, a bill which, in greatly amended form, was overwhelmingly passed by the Congress. "Not at all," replied Humphrey. "The Communist Party is a conspiracy to overthrow the Government of the United States, and the people have a right to protect themselves against that conspiracy." Conservatives have likewise labeled him opportunistic in his civil-rights program, pointing out that in Humphrey's Minnesota, civil rights are no problem at all. This charge is unfair, but the politicians'



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Looks like your husband put on a little weight."

pull the trigger...
spray paint
7 times faster than brushing!



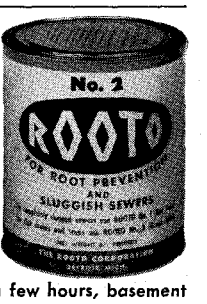
Speedy Sprayer ONLY $32.00 less motor

Paints a house to a toy! Saves its cost on first major job. Speedy Sprayer does in minutes what brushing takes hours. Finish is smooth, flawless. Uses any ¼ h.p. motor with ½" shaft. *No. 780 Outfit*—10 ft. air hose, tire chuck, quart gun, less motor, only $32.00. Useful in every workshop. At leading stores.

Free! Write for "How To Spray" Booklet and folder.

W. R. BROWN CORPORATION
Specialists in Portable Paint Sprayers for Over 37 Years
2663 N. NORMANDY AVENUE, CHICAGO 35, ILL.

CLEAR ROOT-BLOCKED SEWERS



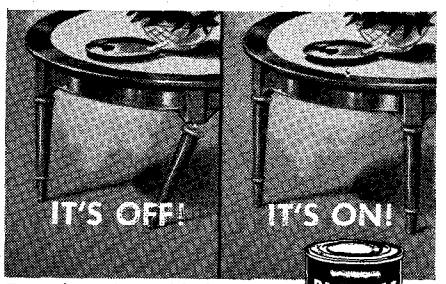
No digging or mechanical equipment required. No need to pump out flooded basement. Pour Rooto into cleanout base and in a few hours, basement will be dry. 10-yr. record of results. Rooto also clears waste-clogged drains, sluggish sewers, grease traps. Ask your hardware dealer or plumber. Guaranteed.

Clean and Activate **SEPTIC TANKS** with **SEPT-X**

in one operation. One 2-lb. can is sufficient for each 500 gal. capacity. Only $2.75 per 2 lbs. No other product needed. Positive results or your money back. Send for free pamphlet "Care and Maintenance of your Septic System."

ROOTO CORPORATION
17319 WYOMING • DETROIT 21, MICHIGAN

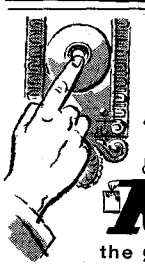
TABLE TIPSY?



Reset loose legs with firm-holding Plastic Wood. Can be sanded, painted or varnished.

For surest results always use GENUINE

PLASTIC WOOD
Handles like putty—hardens into wood!



Friends drop in?
You'll hear . . .
"Such good taste . . . so color-wise"
When you paint with Kyanize

Kyanize
the **good choice** in paints

WHY NOT EARN MORE?

You can easily earn extra money by selling magazine subscriptions in your free time. Thousands of our representatives made their start by asking for our generous commission offer. No obligation. Address a postal today!

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
729 Independence Square Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Shop these IRHA hardware week Values

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mantle—loud and ostentatious—which cloaks Humphrey, makes people suspicious of his sincerity. Such reactions will militate against his presidential try.

Humphrey is the spiritual heir of the New Deal-Fair Deal. With the outstanding exception of Stevenson, Humphrey is the natural candidate for the Northern liberals who dominate the Democratic Party. In fact, many New Deal Democrats have already started beating the drums for the Minnesotan. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, whose word is not without influence in the party, recently told a TV audience that Humphrey has within him "a spark of greatness." A number of wealthy Eastern Democrats upon whom the party depends in some measure for financial support have quietly declared they are "interested" in Humphrey. The big labor organizations, a major strut in the Democratic edifice, look sympathetically upon him, while important segments of Democratic agriculture will give him enthusiastic support. Some of his Democratic colleagues favor him as the party's 1960 choice because, as one of them explained, "Hubert is the only campaigner we've got who can put Dick Nixon through the meat grinder." However, the assumption that Nixon will necessarily be their opponent is no longer accepted by most Democrats.

Thus, Humphrey has a large reservoir of potential support. But he will have problems in the months ahead as he tries to solidify his strength and to prod favorable forces into open and partisan activity. In seeking to energize those forces, Humphrey will be kept off balance by the enigmatic role of Adlai Stevenson, for much of Humphrey's latent strength is what the politicians call "second choice." Large numbers of those who might support Humphrey are committed, either by personal attachment, impersonal admiration or sheer force of habit, to Stevenson. Unless and until Adlai definitely removes himself from consideration, this potential Humphrey strength will lie inert.

Humphrey, too, has observed the traditional amenities by stating that 1960 will see him run only for re-election as senator. Yet, Humphrey obviously is running for the presidential nomination and to reach his goal must indulge in some rather intricate political footwork. He must wean away strength from Stevenson. He must do this while maintaining a public mien of sober, reflective statesmanship—a façade at variance with the popular concept of Hubert Humphrey.

It was no accident that Humphrey's footsteps led him last winter to the inner sanctum of the Kremlin, where he chatted for eight hours with Nikita Khrushchev. He has deliberately chosen foreign affairs as a vehicle to establish his qualifications for the Presidency. In these days of summit conferences and personal diplomacy it does little harm to be seen in the presence of the international "greats." Humphrey's decision to identify himself with foreign policy also was grounded in the hard realities of American politics.

He recognizes that the archenemy of the White House-bent senator is the White House-bent governor. Usually the governor has won. The governors' triumphs have been due to a number of political factors, the most outstanding being the ability of the governors to take cover on many touchy national issues upon which the senators must cast votes. The governors, too, can point to their administrative experience—a qualification thought to be of prime import to a would-be President. According to Humphrey's law, the senator must seek to offset the governor's advantages by appearing pre-eminent in fields not available to a state executive. Foreign policy is a senator's logical preserve. Thus, Humphrey has staked out claims on such vital foreign-policy matters as disarmament and government operations abroad. One of his chief rivals for the nomination, Senator Kennedy, is equally aware of the potentialities of the senator as a statesman. Kennedy regularly enunciates a program for Algeria or a program for India or a program for anything which is beyond the continental limits of the United States.

In assessing Humphrey's chances for the 1960 nomination, one must recall the events of the last, hectic twenty-four hours of the 1956 Democratic Convention. The story starts a month and a half earlier on a hot July evening in Washington, where the leading Democrats had gathered to honor Sen. Walter F. George. After the speechmaking, Humphrey and Adlai Stevenson huddled in a hotel room. They talked of potential vice presidents, should Stevenson win the nomination. Humphrey, elated, left the room. He had the firm impression that Stevenson looked most favorably upon him as running mate—that if normal convention procedures were followed, Stevenson would designate him as first choice. The story told by Stevenson forces is slightly different. They maintain Stevenson declared his willingness to accept Humphrey, but deny that Adlai indicated a preference for the Minnesotan or that he pointed his finger and said, "You are my boy."

When the convention opened in Chicago, Humphrey was optimistic. He worked hard for Stevenson, in part to offset the defeat Stevenson had suffered in the Minnesota primary earlier that year. Humphrey had forgone a "favorite son" candidacy and had plunked for Stevenson. In a major political upset, Kefauver had won the primary. The failure of Humphrey's Minnesota organization had hurt his political prestige and was being used as an argument against his vice-presidential try.

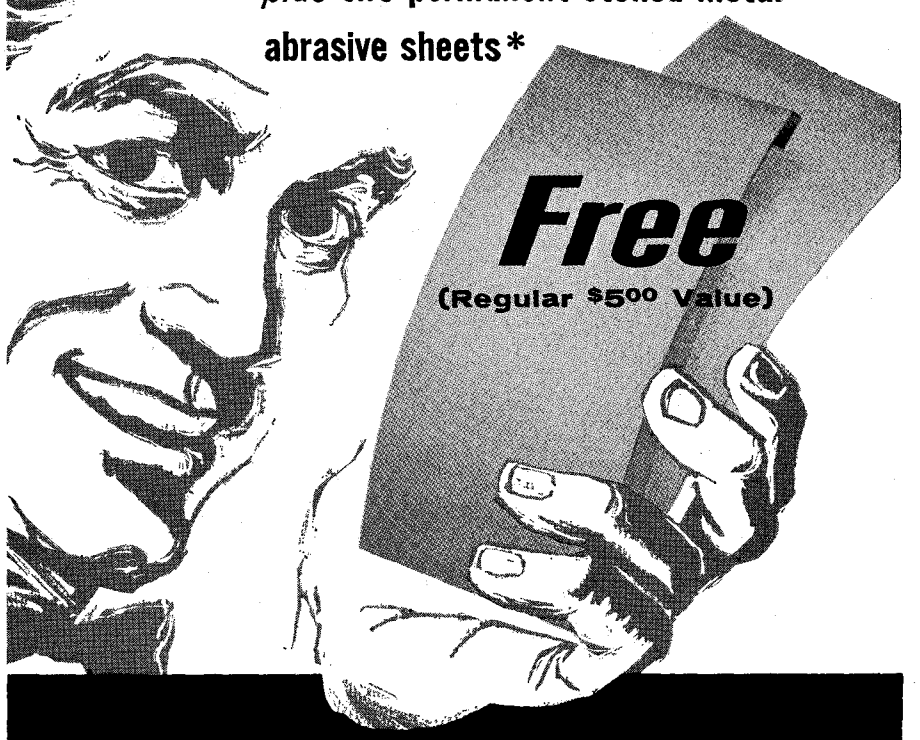
As expected, the convention nominated Stevenson. Humphrey awaited the next step nervously; he was expecting Stevenson to tell Democratic leaders, in a series of hotel-room conferences, that Humphrey was his personal choice for the No. 2 spot on the ticket. In at least one meeting, Stevenson asked prominent Democrats a question: Should he designate his choice or leave it to the convention? The answer was a unanimous "Pick him yourself." This encouraged Humphrey to believe his hour was at hand.

Humphrey's flanks were well protected, he thought. His friendship with Lyndon Johnson of Texas had ripened over the years and seemed about to pay off. Johnson wielded great influence among Southern delegates; he could help Humphrey where the Minnesotan was weakest. Humphrey expected the heartiest endorsement from labor. He had every reason to count upon agriculture. It remained only for Stevenson to speak the word and the convention would swing behind Humphrey.

But Stevenson did not speak the word. Instead, the appalled Humphrey watched and listened at a television set while Stevenson told the delegates that they, not he, should pick the vice-presidential candidate. It was every man for himself. Of all the major contenders, Humphrey was the least prepared for jungle warfare. Kefauver had the organization he had built during his presidential try; Jack Kennedy had been standing ready should the opportunity come. Humphrey had staked his all on Stevenson's backing—and that had not materialized.

In the ensuing sleepless, phrenetic hours, Humphrey learned some of the most galling lessons of big-time politics.

TWO SANDERS IN ONE!
plus two permanent etched metal abrasive sheets*



Two abrasive sheets FREE with your purchase of the ONE, the ONLY, the ORIGINAL
Cummins® Double Action Sander
at the regular price of $49.95 slightly higher in Canada

THE KEY IS THE SECRET!
2 sanding actions with the turn of a key!

Standard Finish (Orbital Action)
Super-Fine Finish (Straight-Line Action)

A Cummins Exclusive. Fast and Positive. Turn key to right for Standard Finish sanding action — turn key to left to change sanding action to Super Fine Finish. Heavy-duty ball bearing construction.

There's "Pay-Off Power" in America's Only Double-Action Sander!

*Bonus Value! Two permanent etched metal abrasive sheets — a $5.00 value — free with your purchase of a Cummins Sander at the regular $49.95 price! Each has a special etched one-piece surface for uniformity, and long life. One of these Uni-Brasives is especially designed for orbital sanding; the other for straight-line sanding! That's all you need because these abrasives last for years.

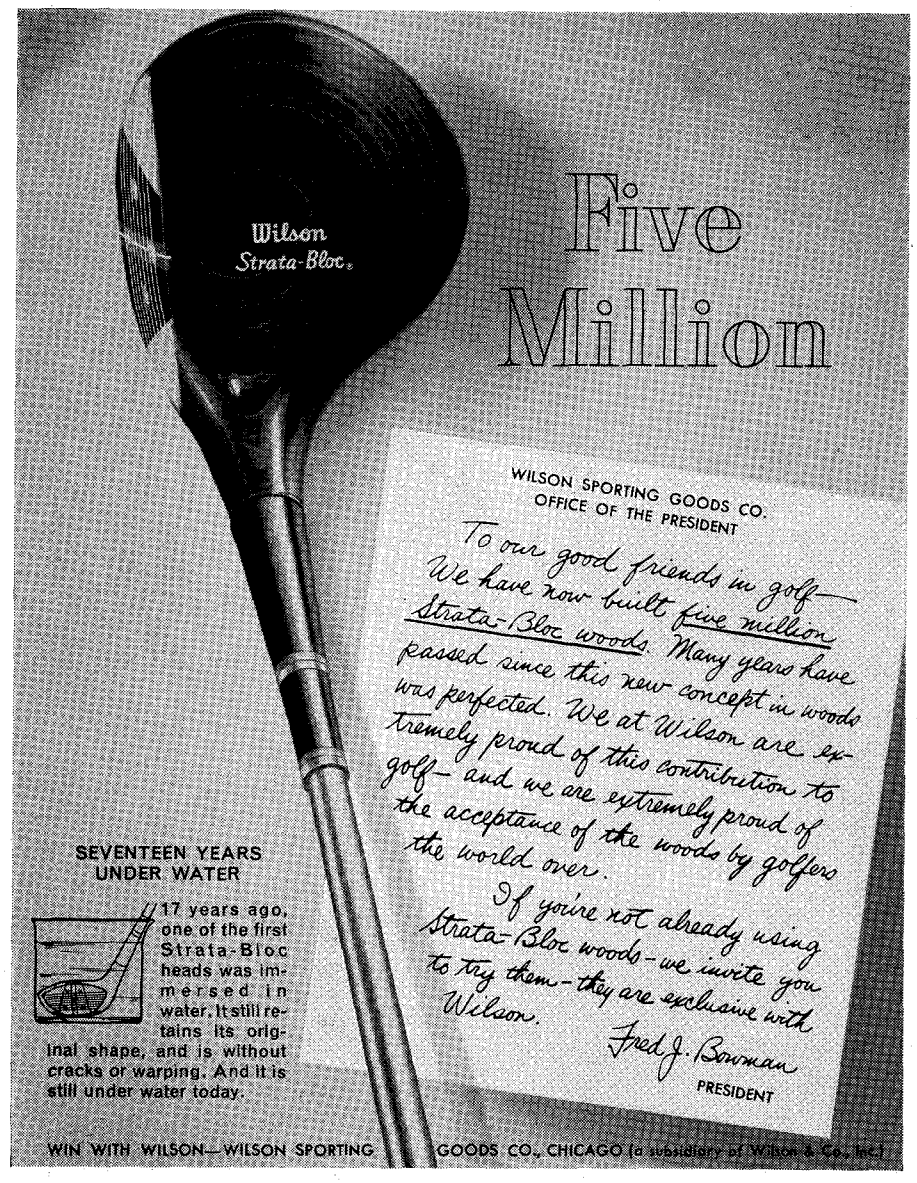
LIMITED OFFER! See your Cummins dealer now!

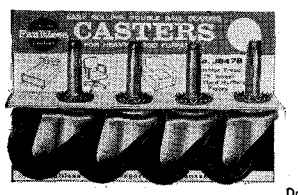
Cummins Portable Tools Designed for Professionals, Priced for Everyone

5055 N. Lydell Ave., Milwaukee 17, Wis., Div. of John Oster MANUFACTURING CO., ©1959, J.O.M.C.

Shop these irha hardware week Values

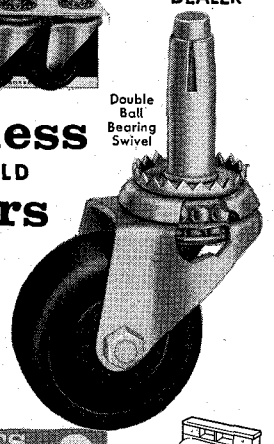
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Wilson
Strata-Bloc
Five
Million
WILSON SPORTING GOODS CO.
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
To our good friends in golf—
We have now built five million
Strata-Bloc woods. Many years have
passed since this new concept in woods
was perfected. We at Wilson are ex-
tremely proud of this contribution to
golf—and we are extremely proud of
the acceptance of the woods by golfers
the world over.
If you're not already using
Strata-Bloc woods—we invite you
to try them—they are exclusive with
Wilson.
Fred J. Bowman
PRESIDENT
SEVENTEEN YEARS
UNDER WATER
17 years ago, one of the first Strata-Bloc heads was immersed in water. It still retains its original shape, and is without cracks or warping. And it is still under water today.
WIN WITH WILSON—WILSON SPORTING GOODS CO., CHICAGO (a subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

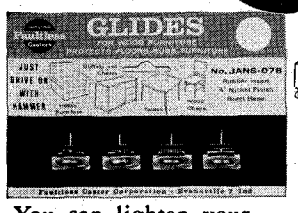


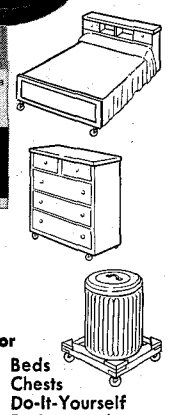
SEE THEM AT YOUR HARDWARE DEALER

Faultless
HOUSEHOLD
Casters



- Lighten your housework
- Save floors
- Easy for you to install





You can lighten your household tasks easily with Faultless Casters. Faultless Famous Double Ball Bearing Swivel turns with the slightest effort. Choice of hard tread wheels for carpets or cushion tread wheels for other floors.

For
- Beds
- Chests
- Do-It-Yourself Projects such as Trash Can Dollies

Look for the Faultless Caster Display.

NOELTING
Faultless
Casters
Faultless Caster Corporation
Evansville 7, Indiana

COOLER CHEST!

THIS aluminum chest will hold a full case of beverages. Equipped with a bottle opener, a drain plug, and removable food tray it is ideal for picnic or traveling enjoyment.

To earn yours send us three 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10 each or five 2-year *Ladies' Home Journal* subscriptions at $6 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your home at the full advertised price. Both new and renewals count but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write your order on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance to us. Offer good in continental U.S. only, until October 31, 1959. Sorry, no cooler chests may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
727 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

Lesson No. 1: Political leaders must ofttimes follow, not lead. The Southern votes, over which Johnson was to pass his magic wand, bolted. Waving Humphrey a limp and apologetic farewell, Johnson followed his flock into the Kennedy camp.

Lesson No. 2: Never count on those you have supported. At a postmidnight press conference, Humphrey was asked if he expected the help of labor. "I certainly do," he answered with emphasis. "I don't know of anyone who deserves it more." But the votes don't always go to the deserving. Walter Reuther wished Humphrey well and delivered his votes to Estes Kefauver.

Lesson No. 3: Bloc-voting groups hold together only when backing an apparent winner. Despite the efforts of some farm leaders to hold the line for Humphrey, the individual farm delegates split their votes between Humphrey's rivals. Within less than twenty-four hours the Humphrey structure crumbled. When the roll call of states was completed, Humphrey finished a bad third.

The lessons will not be forgotten. "I know now," said Humphrey shortly after the defeat, "where the pressure points in a convention are." He emerged from the ordeal vowing that never again would he lose a convention fight. Better not to enter the fray than to be beaten under the watching eyes of delegates, newspapermen, and the millions of TV viewers.

During the next few months, Humphrey will roam the country taking political soundings. The ostensible excuse for the trips will be lecture tours. He makes speeches at fees ranging from $1000 to nothing—a sliding scale somewhat associated with ability to pay and the political importance of the prospective audience. A man of modest means, Humphrey finds his speechmaking tours a source of substantial income. They have the corollary advantage of bringing the personality of Hubert Humphrey to the attention of those who otherwise might never have heard of him. His travels around the country will help Humphrey decide how seriously he should go about the task of lining up 1960 convention delegates.

Although Humphrey may find that he can count on the active or tacit support of labor, agriculture, the eggheads and Northern liberals, he still faces his greatest problem in the South. Below the Mason-Dixon line his firm stand on civil rights is received with downright hostility. His civil-rights speech at the 1948 convention is still remembered. In 1952, he joined the "young Turks" of the Democratic Party in attempting to stuff a loyalty oath down the throat of a reluctant South. The young Turks lost their fight, but the name of Hubert Humphrey had again been unfavorably impressed upon the collective mind of the South.

It is possible, of course, that Humphrey's well-publicized forays into the civil-rights field will work to his political advantage. With its eyes fastened on the large minority voting blocs of the industrial North, the Democratic Party might simply override the desires of the South. In such a case, Humphrey would be a logical candidate. If, however, the convention should try to compromise the differences between its widely divergent factions, the Minnesotan's chances will fade. Said a Southern senator recently, "The leaders of the South know that Hubert has come a long way from his wild-eyed days, but do the Southern people?"

Throughout his life Hubert Humphrey has suffered from appearing too small for each job as he approached it. There were those who scoffed at his ability to be mayor of Minneapolis, but he made a good mayor. When he ran for the Senate, his opponents said he wasn't big enough for the job—but even his detractors admit he has performed well. Minnesota businessmen as a group do not admire and do not vote for Humphrey, but long ago they learned that if they need something done in Washington, Hubert will do it.

At a Washington meeting of Minnesota chambers of commerce, the chairman introduced Humphrey, waggled a finger in warning and said, "Remember, if you speak for more than five minutes, you'll lose every vote in the room."

Casting his eyes at the assemblage, Humphrey replied, "I haven't got a vote in this room anyway," and proceeded to talk as long as he pleased, delighting his audience.

It is safe to assume that Humphrey delighted Khrushchev as easily as he did the businessmen. It probably was Khrushchev's first long exposure to an articulate, well-informed, assertive product of America's Main Street. Khrushchev may have been as saddened as was Humphrey that the talk produced such few areas of agreement. Even the bouncingly optimistic Humphrey came out of the shadows of the Kremlin mourning the vast gap which separates Russia from America on so many issues. But, as is the nature of the man, Humphrey found something at which to take heart. Khrushchev had agreed to extend fuller co-operation in the mutual search for health improvement, and Humphrey immediately called for action to take advantage of Khrushchev's offer.

In a way, that keys the man. Humphrey has an instinctive belief that any idea is better than no idea at all. He can always see a ray of light in an otherwise dark situation; he has a compulsive drive to use his imagination to seek solutions to problems.

There are certain predictions that are easy to make, should Hubert Humphrey become President of the United States. His administration would be zestful, imaginative, politically oriented and intensely partisan. It would possess motion and flexibility. There would be little doubt on which side of an issue the White House stood. Friends would be rewarded; enemies punished. It would be an administration in which presidential ideas would be forcefully articulated and energetically pushed.

A woman who knows him well was asked what she thought about Humphrey as President. She mulled the question, then her face brightened and she replied, "I can tell you one thing. With Hubert in the White House, living in this country would be a lot of fun." THE END

Or Should We Cancel the Trip?

By LARRY DART

The loaf of bread, I'll bring
from home;
The book of verse, I'll borrow.
The jug of wine, all neatly
corked,
Awaits our jaunt tomorrow.

But thou must tell me where
we'll sing,
For this I've not provided.
Dost thou know of a wilderness
That's not been subdivided?

Shop these irha hardware week Values

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Block I Lived On

(Continued from Page 43)

thousand children of the West Side, because the fields had been pre-empted by sports-loving longshoremen.) The parkmen drove us back to 78th Street, where we dodged the automobiles that drove across our playing field without even stopping to let somebody run out a triple.

We knew somehow when cars were coming, even with our backs to them, so that we could scatter at the last second with the cry, "Timber!" Several times each day we stepped casually away from instant death, while our mothers, leaning in horror from their apartment windows, were preparing to have heart attacks. We also dodged pails of scalding water that were poured on us by witches who weren't sports fans, especially when their brownstones were the stadium walls. These women frequently caused us to call our games because of scattered showers.

Our block didn't deserve the harassment we received, because we weren't really a bad bunch. We were, for example, honest—unless you insist on counting our early assaults on the five-and-ten-cent store at 79th Street and Broadway. When our fathers were boys, they stole apples from Lower East Side pushcarts. We stole paper clips and pen points from the five-and-ten—surely a reflection of the march of education.

This five-and-ten business, the earliest block activity I can remember, began when we were in the third or fourth grade at Public School 87. We had been discussing our need for pen points and pencils when Bernie said; "In the five-and-ten now, they don't cost anything. They're giving stuff away."

"Giving away?" we all said. "You're crazy." Nevertheless, we allowed him to lead us to the store, where he showed us a stationery-counter bargain in which two items were being sold for the price of one. "I take the free one," he said.

Bernie disappeared from The Block a few years later, about the time that Bésame Mucho was leading the Hit Parade. (I can date the events of my boyhood by remembering what songs were blaring from The Club 78 at the time.) It wasn't long before we learned that Bernie's father had rushed the family to Philadelphia. We never knew why, and we never saw Bernie again.

When Bernie left, we had to reorganize the stickball teams. It was then that The Block first realized that we lived most of life together, as parts of one happy unit—praying for Pete Reiser every time he knocked himself unconscious by crashing into the wall at Ebbets Field, teasing doormen by throwing tennis balls over their canopies, comparing the important messages we used to carry as monitors for our teachers ("I'll meet you in the tearoom at one, Hazel. Send this boy back at once. Don't let him waste time with his friends in your room. Marie.")

We were especially sad when Bernie made his sudden exit, because he had shown us how to defeat boredom with games that were brilliant invitations to self-destruction. It was Bernie who walked across the ledge between the roofs of the two corner apartment houses to teach us the useful principle that wind does not affect a real gymnast's balance. It was Bernie who talked Eddie into hanging by his hands from the window sill of his fourteenth-floor apartment because "just playing stickball is getting pretty dull."

The police of the 68th Street station house considered stickball a dangerous criminal activity, in spite of the fact that it gave us many hours of supreme fun—hours we could have spent dangling from windows and derailing trolleys. The sneakiest raid the police ever pulled was the one in which they caught us flat-footed by driving the wrong way into our one-way street. Home plate was always the manhole cover near Broadway so that fielders could face oncoming traffic and sound an alarm when a patrol car turned into the street from Broadway. That gave us a few seconds to scatter. On the infamous day the police came at us from Amsterdam Avenue, our fielders were facing in the wrong direction for alarm-sounding. The cops' unsportsmanlike maneuver outraged the American sense of fair play we had been learning from John Wayne war movies.

If we had warning about a raid—sometimes a lady who was dumping hot water on us would be kind enough to let us know that she had called the cops—we threw the stick and ball into the bushes or lobby of one of the apartment houses, and casually assembled on the sidewalk to await the grim guardians of the peace, who would soon roll up the street.

If the police caught us before we could hide the hot equipment, they put the stick and ball in the patrol car and said: "O.K., yer farder kin come down a' station house an' pick these up. An' if he don' come down soon, the stuff goes t' th' P.A.L." Then they took our names for the official records of the Juvenile Bureau.

Some of The Block gave phony names, or rather names that were phony for them but real for guys on other blocks; but I always announced "Ralph Schoenstein," because I never found a cop who could transfer it to his book without a struggle. The Block enjoyed this because I was striking back for all of us. "Shune—*what?*" the cop used to bark. "S-H-U—c'mon, don't be a wise guy, let's have the rest—an' go *slow!*" he would demand, as if ordering the surrender of a weapon. My mother was never concerned when the police took my name; but she was distressed when they took our stick, because it was usually the handle of her carpet sweeper or mop.

Our excursions to the movies on Saturday afternoons were high adventure. We favored two theaters—R.K.O. 81st Street and Loews 83rd—and our block was thrown out of them more often than the used popcorn bags. The theater ushers and matrons regarded us as enemies far worse than the Japanese whom John Wayne was fighting on the screen. First of all, we rarely sat in the children's section; such segregation was humiliating—children's sections were for kids. Instead, we slipped into seats in the section reserved for human beings and whispered to the adult beside us: "You're my father, get it?" After the matron had found us with a flashlight and herded us back to the juvenile jungle, we gained revenge by throwing chocolate-covered peanuts at girls.

We rarely saw the ends of those Saturday-afternoon movies, because by the time the last reel was on the ushers were already carrying us up the aisle. Once we retaliated against the theater in splendid style. An Edward G. Robinson suspense picture called The Woman in the Window was playing at R.K.O. The picture had such a surprise ending that people were not allowed to enter during the last fifteen minutes. Most of us were thrown out so early that we didn't care how it ended; but Eddie, fighting a rear-guard action, managed to resist his usher long enough to see the surprise. When he finally came flying out to join us, The Block decided that we would tell the people in line outside how the movie ended, and thus save them half a

(*Continued on Page 101*)

Never before—a rotary mower styled new as a car, with features just as revolutionary! Completely fingertip operated—*even* stand-up safety starting. Quick wheel adjustments give cutting heights from ⅛" to 3¾". Exclusive Flexor Blade eliminates crankshaft damage. All steel from handle to housing. In a size that's perfect for *your* lawn.

Write today for full color illustrated brochure on complete line of HOMKO reel and rotary mowers.

WESTERN TOOL & STAMPING COMPANY Dept. SEP-81, 2725 Second Ave., Des Moines 13, Iowa.

great glue for every job you do

For Free Gluing Booklet send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Elmer, The Borden Company, Dept. 4B, 350 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

BORDEN'S PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME HANDYMAN

Every home needs more shelves

md SHELF BRACKETS

Beautiful gold, black or silvery-satin brackets of sturdy aluminum. Won't rust or tarnish. In 6 sizes 4 in. to 12 in. for every need. Inexpensive, handsome.

At Hardware & Lumber Dealers

MACKLANBURG-DUNCAN CO.
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

BVI New Electric PAINT SPRAYER $12.95 complete

Built-in motor! Just pull trigger and spray paint, varnish, enamel, insecticides and garden sprays 3 to 7 times faster! Sapphire nozzle, quick spray adjustment. Fully guaranteed. Now at dealers . . . everywhere!

BURGESS VIBROCRAFTERS INC.
Grayslake, Illinois

HANG FIXTURES SECURELY... USE MOLLY SCREW ANCHORS and JACK NUTS

PERFECT FASTENERS to hold anything on walls, floors, ceilings

With Molly you can install fixtures exactly where you want . . . not just where studs are. Won't pull *through. Spider backing reinforces area in which* used. Fixtures can be removed and replaced in same anchor. Easy to install without disfiguring wall. Inexpensive, guaranteed. Ask your hardware dealer for genuine Molly . . . the name is stamped on the cap.

***New* JACK NUTS HOLD IN HOLLOW-CORE FLUSH DOORS**

Now you can fasten fixtures securely to flush doors! Jack Nuts need only ⅜" expansion space, grip any material up to 3/16" thick.

SEND $1.00 FOR SAMPLE BOX OF 12

EXPANDS BEHIND WALL **MOLLY CORPORATION**
220 N. 5TH ST., READING, PA.

Enclosed is $1.00 for sample box of (check one) ☐ Mollys ☐ Jack Nuts

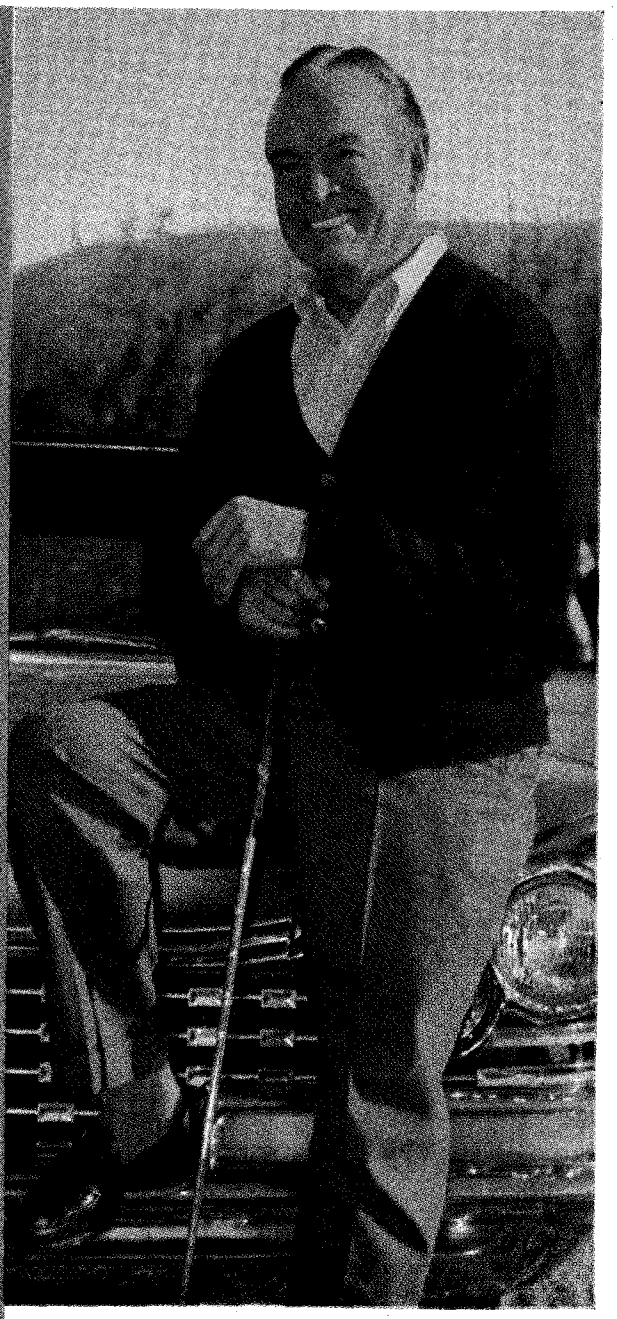
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE ____

Shop the irha hardware week Values

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Interstate 35 (U.S. 65) near Owatonna, Minn. It's new-type concrete . . . the modern pavement for modern driving.

"How flat can a highway be? Travel this new-type concrete as I did—you'll see!"

Says **BOB HOPE,**
popular motion picture star,
now starring in "Alias Jesse James"
in De Luxe Color
released through United Artists

Concrete cuts highway lighting costs. Studies show proper lighting levels can be reached on concrete with 50% fewer fixtures than needed for dark-colored pavement. Yearly savings on electricity total up to $720 per mile.

"Flat jokes, I can do without. But when it comes to highways—the flatter the better. I don't know how they get new-type concrete so flat and smooth-riding, but I like it. Makes driving easy, really relaxing. When I hear about all the miles of it on the Interstate System, man, I'm ready to roll!"

Two miles or two thousand—every ride is a pleasure trip on new-type concrete.

Quiet and comfortable. Never a thump. Laid continuously, it has only tiny, sawed-in cushion spaces you can't *hear* or *feel*.

You get a smooth-riding surface that freezing and de-icers won't roughen. Billions of minute air bubbles prevent it. They're put into new-type concrete by a unique process called "air entrainment."

Then, too, specially designed subbases keep this pavement firm and level. No waves or ripples. Laid flat, concrete *stays* flat!

New-type concrete has a life expectancy of 50 years plus—with up to 60% less upkeep cost than asphalt. Yet initial expense is moderate. Concrete is one of the best friends a taxpayer can have!

And what could be *safer?* Wet or dry, concrete's grainy surface gives dependable skid resistance. At night, its light color gives you far better visibility than on any dark surface.

Look for new-type concrete on new Interstate System highways. It's the preferred pavement!

NEW-TYPE Concrete

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 99*) buck. I never will forget the way that line dissolved when Eddie shouted: "It's all a dream!"

We really shouldn't have driven that business from R.K.O. because we saw all the movies free on critic's passes that my father, a newspaper editor, received. Since the R.K.O. pass was a card that admitted only two, Maurice and I used to go in with it first and then slip it under the side fire door to Bobby and Eddie. They waited a few minutes, entered, and then slipped it under the side door to Dickie and Barry, who did the same so the rest of The Block could be seated.

The doorman, a kind, astigmatic old gentleman, should have caught on after six or eight undersized critics had entered, but he never stopped us. Perhaps he realized that he didn't command sufficient manpower to break up such a smooth-running conspiracy. Of course, he would have had to fight from a stationary position. Had we been able to lure him away from the front door, the theater would have fallen to the kids.

Public School 87 was an important center of block living. I am proud to recall that I was responsible for the school also becoming a center of block aesthetics even though I was the youngest and smallest of The Block and should have been two years behind them. (I skipped four grades because there was nothing new to be learned in them. Whatever they taught you in 3B had already been mentioned at least a couple of times in 3A.) I spent most of my school time from the third to the seventh grade writing one-act plays about Lincoln, Galileo, the Panama Canal and football, in which The Block performed the major roles.

I remember one highly theatrical week in Mrs. Muller's 6A class when Barry played Colonel Goethals, a female slave and Red Grange. Mrs. Muller was foolish enough to call my first play, about the Hamilton-Burr duel, a "happy way to learn history." After that I wrote so many short dramas that I was able to stage one whenever an exceptionally dull study of history was upon us.

In my play about the conquest of yellow fever during the building of the Panama Canal (Mrs. Muller had refused my request to use real mosquitoes), The Block exploded with laughter every time an actor mentioned the name of Doctor Gorgas, the sanitation expert who was the hero of the story. I couldn't teach my cast to accent the first syllable of the doctor's name, so I finally had to change Gorgas to Goethals, even though Goethals handled the canal locks, not the mosquitoes. The Block became hysterical so easily at matinee time that I was forced into other historical inaccuracies just so we could keep the plays going and avoid the regular sixth-grade curriculum.

We had a gym teacher named Mr. Forshner who liked to bounce a medicine ball off our heads to keep our reflexes sharp; and we had an English teacher named Mr. Feeney who liked to rap a ruler across our fingers whenever we made a mistake in grammar. You were corrected by Mr. Feeney's grammatical ruler when you made such a conventional boner as, "George laid down" or "The teacher hung himself." Worse, if you said, "With who did Roosevelt meet?" or "Forshner never hit me like Feeney hit me," he made you stay after school and write the Pledge of Allegiance fifty or a hundred times. Mr. Feeney's loyalty oath was the first serious writing I ever did. I learned a lot about the meaning of America while laboring over those after-school compositions. I also learned to hate Mr. Feeney.

The Block couldn't counterattack against Mr. Feeney, because not even Eddie dared to throw an eraser at him. All we could do was report him to Miss Levey, who believed fervently in purposeful punishment and considered mass production of the familiar Pledge-of-Allegiance text a complete waste of time.

Miss Levey, a history teacher, spent most of our lesson period warning us against the evil doings of Herbert Hoover, William Randolph Hearst, Hamilton Fish, Fulton Lewis, Jr., William McKinley, Martin Dies, Gerald L. K. Smith, and Chiang Kai-shek. There is a special scar in my memory for the day she asked the class: "Does anyone in this room listen to Fulton Lewis, Jr.? If anyone is shameless enough to listen to Fulton Lewis, Jr., I want the moron to stand up and tell me why." A shameless moron named Jerry stood up, but his reason for listening to the commentator was not a passionate belief in right-wing politics: Fulton Lewis, Jr.'s, broadcast simply preceded The Lone Ranger.

Author Ralph Schoenstein at the age of 13 as he made a speech after his Bar Mitzvah, an important event in the lives of many members of The Block.

Nevertheless, Miss Levey ridiculed Jerry as a witless tool of the N.A.M. She didn't give me a Fulton Lewis, Jr., complex, but she did leave me with a Herbert Hoover hate that I have not been able to erase completely. In spite of the many fine things that Mr. Hoover has done, I still cannot hear his name without wincing a little.

After being cowed by the medicine ball, ruler and politics of three tyrannical teachers, The Block itched for a way to strike back against the faculty. I am ashamed to remember that we gained satisfaction by throwing erasers at poor Miss Sapiro and singing cruel parodies about her extensive nose to the tune of Poinciana ("Poinciana, is that a nose or a banana?"), the song that was popular when our forces were raising cain on Okinawa and The Block was doing the same in an arithmetic class.

By the time that Brazil, It Might As Well Be Spring, and Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby? had made the radio Hit Parade, we were graduated from P.S. 87 and liberated from the school half of our hostile environment. Then, when we entered our teens, everyone in The Block except me went to a coed high school. The sudden interest in girls puzzled me. I remember that at the beginning of every summer, before we went to monastic, Hebraic boys' camps, one of us would announce to The Block: "This summer I'm gonna get it!" I never made this announcement because I never was quite sure what "it" was.

In the fall The Block always came home and played our fifteen varieties of ball games. We also played hockey on roller skates, a violent sport in which you could easily learn what your legbone looked like. I was better at hockey than at other sports because I could skate well and slip through narrow spaces. But skating was only half of block hockey: The other and more important half was stopping. After you had built up great speed and come in for a goal, you had to find a parked car to stop yourself.

We also needed parked cars to supply fenders for first and third bases in stickball; home and second were manhole covers. It wasn't easy to find these parked cars, because we played most of our street games during the Second World War, when few cars were produced. But this dearth of cars, both parked and moving, was a blessing that today's city boys lack: It left many spaces for stoopball and many uninterrupted periods for all street games. Walk along a New York side street today and you will see why stoopball has died: The only spaces are around hydrants and you just can't have a hydrant in the infield. But during those years that America was fighting the Axis, two stoopball games could be held at once, and at least three stickball hitters could come to bat before The Block had to cry, "Timber!"

We also enjoyed running foot races, but we eventually had to move our races from the sidewalks of 78th Street because people kept walking along the track. I will never forget one cold Sunday morning in January when we all put on sneakers and went down to Riverside Drive Park to run races, so I could use the stop watch I had received for Christmas. I don't remember who was first in the hundred-yard dash, but I do remember that Dickie was first to vomit in the Hudson River. The watch worked well.

I compensated for my mediocrity in sports by supplying all The Block's athletic equipment. When a hockey puck went into a sewer, it was my hockey puck and my job to attempt its rescue. When a truck ran over a football, it was my football and I had to replace it. When the angry husband of a mad Hungarian woman stormed out of his cellar to grab for our stickball bat, it was the handle of my mother's mop that he lunged for, and my duty to write block chants about what rotten people Hungarians were. It wasn't easy for me to do this, because I was part Hungarian myself—and because the other part was coward. So I composed the abusive chants at my house, and Eddie ran across the street and sang them in front of the woman and her enraged husband.

But it was in conceiving indoor sports that our imaginations flowered most brilliantly. On winter evenings and rainy days during that decade, my sixth-floor apartment at 210 West 78th Street became The Block's gymnasium. There—in my bedroom and sometimes in the living room and foyer—we played baseball with a miniature bat and a table-tennis ball, a game in which a drive hit off the wall was a double, one off the mirror was a triple, and one out the window was a trip downstairs for the batter.

We played badminton by stringing a cord across the room, and we played basketball with a tennis ball and two inverted lamp shades which I hung with friction tape over doorways at opposite ends of my room. One doorway led to the kitchen, the other to my parents' bedroom. These basketball games were awkward contests if there were more than two players on a team, because my room didn't have space for eight boys in motion. During those games, I spent most of my time wondering when Mr. Hammerschlagg below us in Apartment 5A would complain about the thundering hoofbeats on his ceiling, and hoping that when Maurice made his flashy lay-up shot he would not follow through into my parents' bedroom to be congratulated by my half-dressed mother.

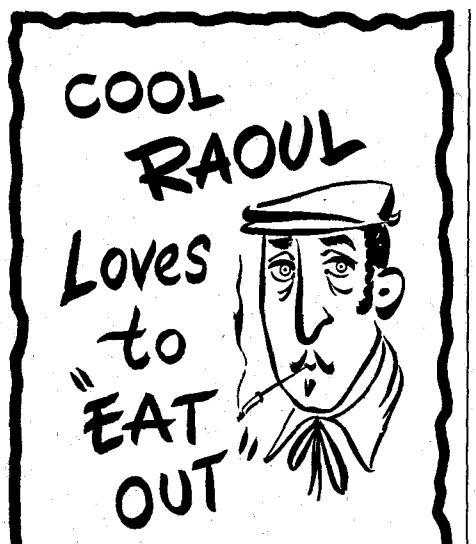
Our most important indoor sport was the nightly track meet. When The Block gathered in my apartment to compete in the 78th Street Olympiad, their zealous dedication to sport was so great that they often came in sneakers, sweatshirts and sweatpants. If the Olympiad was held on a summer night, we often stripped down to undershorts, socks and skin. In my bedroom we were able to stage almost every event of a college track meet; only the javelin and discus throws presented never-conquered challenges. The high hurdles were easy to stage: we placed two chairs a few feet apart in my bedroom and raced from the kitchen, through my bedroom, to the finish line in my parents' bedroom.

For the high jump, I ran a string across my room that could be raised or lowered. We did our high jumping by running up to that string from an angle, springing over it in contorted leaps, dives and sprawls, and landing on my bed. We could have done pole vaulting with the same setup, but we were afraid that Eddie's head would bump the low ceiling. He had claimed that he could pole-vault twelve feet. Maybe he could have, but only in the right apartment.

My favorite track event was the mile run because I was fast and because it gave me a chance to use my stop watch. I had figured out that 123 times around my apartment—or maybe it was seventy-nine; I'm living at a different track now—was a mile. Bobby held The Block record for the indoor mile: he sprinted, slipped, skidded, stumbled and staggered through it in about nine minutes. He would have made much better time had he not kept running into my grandfather on the kitchen turn.

In order to survive and even gain some small glory, I and the other weak boy on The Block—Maurice, who also was very thin, wore teeth braces and usually struck

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Life in the garret and cool jazz set can be austere. So when Raoul (it's Ralph back in Scranton) meets an old friend in on a Big City weekend, he steers his "live one" to the best of spots. Best in food, not jazz, for Raoul's not one to let opportunity pass. From experience he heads for tables set with Syracuse China. Result: his friend is delighted with fine food and service, amazed with Raoul's knowing ways. Syracuse China is also your way of knowing, and the restaurant's way of showing, you can expect the very best whenever and wherever you dine out.

WRITE TODAY (address below) for your free "conversation piece" Turn-Over Card and full-color folder.

Emblem of Food Service Excellence
SYRACUSE China

SYRACUSE SINCE 1871 China

Commercial Dept. E
Syracuse 4, N. Y.

Look for this emblem when you "dine out."

OPPORTUNITY

IF YOU want extra money, and have spare time to put to use, this is for you! You can spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions—and earning generous commissions. Just send us your name and address on a postal card. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss. Subscription work of this type can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you.

Write that postal today. Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
728 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

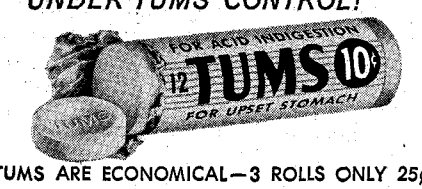
COMPACT, COMPLETE AND COMFORTABLE!

Low in price . . . high in cruising comfort for two. Write for free brochure.

TROJAN BOAT CO., Lancaster 3, Pa.

HEART burn?

KEEP YOUR TUMMY UNDER TUMS CONTROL!



TUMS ARE ECONOMICAL—3 ROLLS ONLY 25¢

out at stickball—had to become stooges to The Block heroes, the guys who could pass a football more than two sewers. Anyone who could pass a football two sewers—twice the distance between one manhole cover and the next—attracted one or two voluntary slaves. It was easy to tell The Block's leaders from the stooges. I almost tore off my right arm trying to pass a football one sewer, while Eddie could pass it two sewers; he also shaved at the age of eleven.

Eddie was a leader and I was his stooge. To earn his favor, I risked my life on the fields of friendly strife. I dived into cellarways trying to catch towering fly balls after they had bounced off buildings, and I chased long hits so far into Amsterdam Avenue that I was almost run over by the Number Five bus. I stopped at nothing in my efforts to please Eddie. One afternoon in the movies, I proudly watched for the matron while he smoked The Block's first cigarette with studied nonchalance.

Maurice was Bobby's stooge. The ultimate meaning of my boyhood existence was found in being a better stooge to Eddie than Maurice was to Bobby. To do this, I had to spend half my boyhood trying to keep Maurice from catching forward passes, or trying to catch them while he was defending against me. I used to lie awake nights figuring out new ways to get free from Maurice. And when I slept, Eddie's grim questions thundered in my dreams: "Are you sure you can get free of Maurice? Can you lose him by the first sewer or do I have to fling two sewers?" Sometimes I received an ultimatum: "Dammit, if you don't get free of Maurice on this play, don't bother to come to the movies with us tomorrow." (I simply was to leave my father's pass with him.) The supreme triumph of my boyhood was when I dashed behind Maurice to catch a two-and-a-half-sewer pass from Eddie that floated down between a 1942 car and the Number Five bus. On my way back to the scrimmage line with the ball cradled against (and totally obscuring) my chest, I didn't even feel the hot water as it fell on me.

I am against mugging, bopping and rumbling as outdoor sports, but I can understand why the boys of New York love to roam in gangs. For no matter what I did, I could not lose my identity as one of The Block, even when girls began to interest me. I had one date during my decade as a member of The Block, but this bold venture turned out so badly that I left girls alone until I went to college. My date was a girl from P.S. 87 named Sandra, whom I took to the Stuyvesant High School junior prom at a hotel five blocks south of my home. On my way to this prom, I walked from Broadway to West End Avenue on 76th Street and therefore passed through a rival block. While gallantly escorting Sandra down this street, I was moderately composed until one of the more etiquette-conscious gentlemen from the 76th Street block shouted from his observation post on a stoop: "You're supposed to walk on the *outside*, stupid!"

I was so flustered by this reminder that I gave Sandra a passionate account of the way our block had recently beaten 76th Street in hockey. I don't remember how much romantic conversation I made with Sandra that night, but I am sure that at one point in the prom I reminded her that Pete Reiser would easily have hit .375 had he not run into the center-field wall so many times.

All of a sudden—when Good Night, Irene was popular—The Block was no more. When I returned from my freshman year at Hamilton College and awkwardly rejoined The Block on the mad Hungarian's stoop, I learned that Jerry had left the University of Michigan to become a lieutenant in the Army. When I returned from my sophomore year and The Block met near the sewer into which our rubber balls used to roll, I learned that a North Korean mortar had blown Jerry apart. A few weeks later, I heard that Jimmy, from the 76th Street block, had also been killed in Korea.

Although Jimmy belonged to a rival block, his death depressed me as much as Jerry's; for Jimmy had been almost as short and thin as I, and had always stood behind me at the front of the line when P.S. 87 class formations marched to assembly. When I was sick, he became the smallest in the class and therefore the leader. When I heard that Jimmy had died in an ambush, I remembered that we used to cover each other in football and hockey; it was my job to get free from him and his job to get free from me. By the time I heard of Jimmy's death, I had begun to grow quickly—three inches in my sophomore year. Although I missed him badly, at least he wasn't around to see me sprout out of my old role as the smallest kid in the neighborhood. He always hated leading those marches into assembly.

Block reunions were less frequent after my junior year, even though we tried hard to recapture the old spirit, and occasionally removed our gray-flannel jackets to play stickball halfheartedly with the new block that was trying to take our place on 78th Street. The strained nostalgia of infrequent reunions could not soften the terrible realization that we were strangers drifting into separate adult worlds, that The Block was dying.

By the time I left for the Army in 1953, Eddie and Bobby had moved to Long Island, Barry was in medical school, Maurice had a job with an advertising agency, Dickie was at a college in Louisiana, Joel was with the Air Force in Maine and I was at Fort Dix, New Jersey. The block was now merely a street off Broadway.

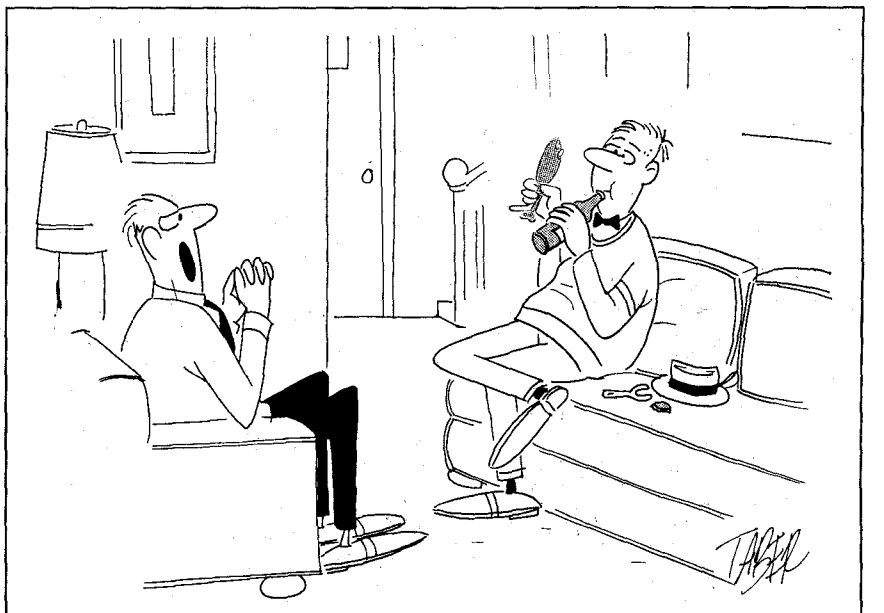
Early in 1955, while I was stationed in Japan, my family moved from 210 West 78th Street to 85 East End Avenue. Soon after my return, I went back to West 78th Street to salute the past. I discovered an alien world. The Club 78 had changed its name and was now frequented by strangers. Amsterdam Avenue, where the Number Five bus no longer ran, had become a one-way boulevard with staggered lights. Traffic was heavy; it would have been suicide for a center fielder to chase a long hit bouncing toward P.S. 87. I looked for the school and was shocked to see a new building under construction. Gone were the rooms where Mr. Feeney had rapped our knuckles and we had sung that awful parody about Miss Sapiro's nose. I turned back and walked up the street. It was then I realized there were so many cars parked that there was no open space in which to play stoopball.

I walked up Broadway to the old R.K.O. 81st Street theater. It had become a color-television studio. When I stepped inside, a gruff doorman ejected me. I should have thanked him for being thrown out of that theater; it was the only part of my visit that linked with the past. When I went to the 77th Street theater, I found a supermarket.

As I was about to leave the neighborhood—one more converted movie house would have reduced me to tears—I met Maurice and Dickie, the only two block members still living on 78th Street. Maurice soon was joined by his fiancée, who took him away after some polite small talk. Dickie told me he was trying to get a commission in the Air Force; I told him I was trying to get started as a writer. After that exchange, we had nothing we really wanted to say to each other—except a mutual regret that we both were looking for jobs instead of playing stickball. Because I was now five feet, nine inches, I was sure I could at last hit three sewers. But I had matured too late; it no longer mattered how far I could hit, because Eddie, now living with his wife on Long Island, wasn't there to see me do it.

Driving back to the East Side in my family's car, I was afraid I might cry because of an intense longing I felt for something I could neither reach nor even understand, something wonderful that was now lost. More than anything else, it was the stickball that affected me during that ride across Manhattan to the East River. Games were everywhere. Just after passing the corner of 82nd Street and 2nd Avenue, I stopped the car to let a boy run out a good hit. It was a long, high drive that ricocheted off a building, the kind of drive I hit when I was giving my all to please Eddie. I shouted to the center fielder to keep playing the ball, because I saw that the batter was a fat boy who ran slowly.

Had I been on my way to take the oath of office as mayor of New York, I still would have stopped my car until that play ended. No matter what my age or mission, I will never fail to pause respectfully when a city boy is running out a good hit. THE END



"What other kind of work do you do besides cleaning out refrigerators?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Terror in the Town (Continued from Page 40)

in disorder. With a cry of pretended dismay, the youth hastened to gather them up.

Only he did not gather them up. His clumsy hands scattered them more, and his shuffling feet trampled them into the milky water. Only when the last garment was defiled, the last book ruined, did he manage to scoop them back into the suitcase.

He rose with a look of contrition on his handsome face. (Why are they always so handsome, these young devils?) "How careless of me, *profesor!* How clumsy!" From the doorways the others watched, and it seemed to me that the whole street held its breath.

The teacher reached for the suitcase. "An accident, Lico. Think nothing of it."

"But your clothes! Your precious books!" On the balls of his bare feet, hands limp at his sides, shoulders and eyelids drooping, El Gato watched the man's face and waited.

"Of no consequence," Richard Randall insisted, shrugging. "My valued possessions will arrive later, in a trunk. Come along, Señor Artega." And we walked on, leaving the boy open-mouthed behind us with his feet in water.

When I had introduced the teacher to my wife and children, I led him to the room that was to be his: a nice room, large and airy, with freshly whitewashed walls and a good bed. A door led to the patio, where we had a mango tree and many flowers, mostly white flowers, tended with loving care by my daughter, Teresa. The teacher opened the patio door and placed his muddy suitcase on the tiles outside, where it would not soil the room. He turned to face me.

"That was the one they call El Gato?"

My stammering made him smile.

"So it was, eh? Well, we've established contact, at any rate. That's over with. Who were the others waiting to jump into action if I challenged him? His gang?"

I nodded helplessly.

"I suppose you held a meeting and decided to let me find things out for myself," he said. "That's quite all right. I don't blame you. But I already know a good deal, you see. I had a talk with your former teacher in the capital."

"You talked with Antonio López?"

He sat on the bed and frowned at me. "López was angry and may have colored his story for my benefit. Let me see if I have things straight, Señor Artega. You are being terrorized here in Pescadero by a gang of toughs ranging in age from twelve to fifteen, led by this Lico Morales who calls himself The Cat. They've just about taken over the town."

I nodded sadly.

"These boys are all to be students of mine?"

"They—they will make up more than half your class."

"And I can't expect any help from your decent citizens or undermanned little police force, eh?"

"Or the government," I sighed. "We are too small a town, too remote."

He offered me a cigarette. "So it's to be Randall versus El Gato and his gang with no holds barred. I suppose you know I'm only a student myself."

"*Sí, señor.* That was explained to us."

"I was doing graduate work in social-science research at the university. We may as well have all our cards on the table, Señor Artego. I'm twenty-two, my Spanish is reasonably good, I did a little boxing and played football in college; my teaching ability is wholly untried. I took this job because it seemed to offer a rare chance to study life in a small town off the beaten track. Now tell me about your El Gato. López said the boy's father was a notorious bandit."

I shook my head. "Is, *señor;* not was. Is a notorious bandit! This is a wild and desolate corner of San Marlo. For years, Martín Morales and his outlaw followers have all but ruled it. But he is not the boy's father. Only an adored uncle."

The American gazed thoughtfully at his cigarette. "A slight case of hero worship, eh? And, of course, the uncle is the real reason why all of you have been letting the boy get away with it."

I bowed my head. "Now you know everything."

We liked this young American. My wife and I, our two sons, our daughter, Teresa, we all liked him. He did not pretend to be better than we or tell us how wonderful his America was. He was polite, considerate, and asked a thousand questions about Pescadero. He praised the simple food my María served him.

His trunk came by bus, and was carried to the house without incident. He went to look at the school, sorted the books, rearranged the desks, even rolled up his sleeves and did some painting. If he worried about what would happen when the time came for him to face El Gato, he was too busy to show it.

The night before opening day, I walked with him in the plaza, and we drank beer together at the little café of Serapio Zurieta. The teacher was in fine spirits. As we climbed the tilted street past the school on our way home, all was quiet. The old stone building stood like a church in its dignity.

Was it possible that I had seen Antonio López standing in that doorway only a few weeks ago, screaming curses and shaking his fists in helpless rage, while El Gato and his cronies stood in the cobble-stoned street, gazing at heaven in mock sadness?

"Well, Felipe," the teacher said, resting a hand on my shoulder, "tomorrow tells the story, eh?"

"Tomorrow, Señor Randall."

"How many times," he sighed, "have I asked you to call me Dick, or Ricardo?"

"I am sorry. Tomorrow, Ricardo, our prayers will be with you."

How could we know that El Gato and his gang were inside the building at that very moment, preparing their reception?

In Pescadero, school begins at eight o'clock. Ricardo arrived at half past seven, unlocked the door and walked in. Did I say that he had done some painting there in the classroom? Not liking the dark walls and dingy ceiling, he had spent hours transforming them, to make the place more cheerful. The cost of the paint had come out of his own pocket.

Now he stood in that room and saw every foot of wall and ceiling space blotched with enormous red and black inscriptions. Not insulting inscriptions. Ah, no. Lico Morales was too sly for a thrust so obvious. These were shouts of welcome.

GOOD MORNING, DEAR TEACHER! WELCOME, BELOVED PROFESSOR! MAY YOUR STAY IN PESCADERO BE A SOJOURN IN PARADISE! And many, many others.

A few minutes before eight, the students arrived. Always they entered the same way, waiting in the street for El Gato to appear, then following The Cat and his cronies into the building in a kind of procession. Even my two sons, Juan and José, entered the school thus,

Be a drink expert!

The Bacardi back label tells you how

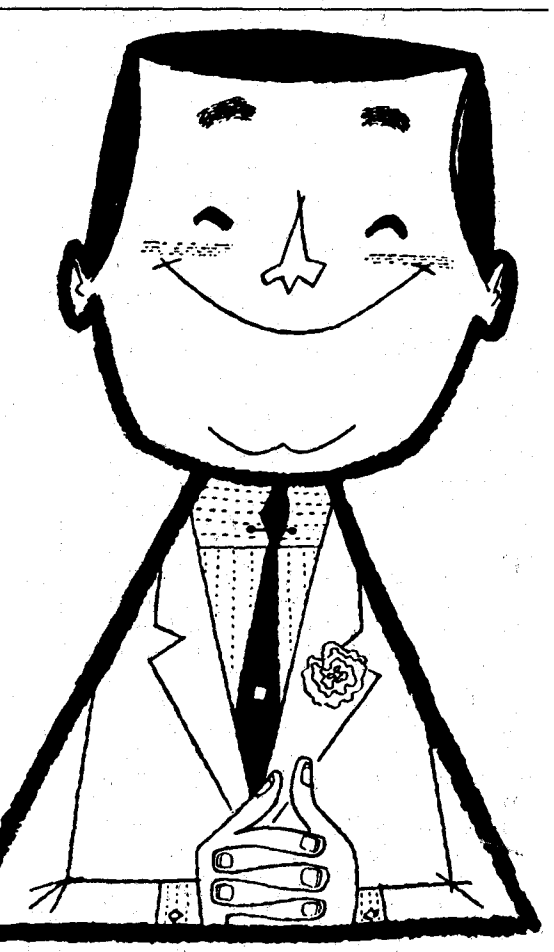
Bacardi is light and smooth and mixes happily with nearly *any* mixer.

And you become an expert just by buying a bottle, because incomparable Bacardi is *in* the bottle and famous recipes are right on the back label.

So be an expert. Buy for smoothness. Buy for pleasure. Buy Bacardi!

Be a 100% expert

—send 10¢ for two delightful food and drink booklets with more than 50 expert recipes.



Here's all you need to be an expert

The front label tells you it's BACARDI—the back label gives you famous recipes. Easy to make, easy to take!

BACARDI
America's favorite brand · by far

© BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., DEPT. S, 595 MADISON AVE., N.Y., RUM, 80 PROOF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for it was how El Gato wished it, and woe to the student who dared arouse his wrath.

They found the new teacher seated at his desk, reading a book. Juan and José told me this. He glanced up. His gaze traveled tranquilly about the room as the students noisily seated themselves. He returned his attention to the book until the room was quiet as a church and every eye was expectantly on him. Then he stood up.

"Never before in the history of Pescadero, I am sure," he said with a smile, "have students so enthusiastically welcomed a new teacher. I am deeply moved and shall cherish these sentiments the whole time I am here. I thank you." A small smile played about his mouth. "That is, I thank all of you except a certain few who, I understand, do not share these sentiments and therefore could have had no part in painting them."

Utter silence greeted this little speech. All eyes were on El Gato, who gripped the sides of his desk and gazed at the teacher with a puzzled frown.

The teacher glanced at him as though noticing him for the first time. "There is something you wish to say, Lico?"

El Gato half rose, shook his head in bewilderment, and fell back again.

"Then we'll begin by passing out the books," Richard Randall said; and for the rest of that day he had no trouble.

In a town the size of Pescadero, news travels with the speed of wind, and can be depended on to gather up exaggerations as a wind picks up dust. By nightfall there were some fantastic tales of what had happened, and the new teacher was a hero. We were not surprised when El Gato and his cronies assembled in the plaza to discuss their defeat.

El Gato sat importantly on the stone bench by the fountain, and the others crowded about him, some sitting on the broken concrete walk at his feet. There was much talk and not a little argument. But in the end they dispersed quietly and the town breathed again.

In class the next morning, when the teacher instructed his students to take up their history books, El Gato said sneeringly, "I do not like this book. It is stupid."

The teacher was silent a moment, then nodded. "An understandable reaction," he said calmly. "History is often made by stupid men. What part of the book offends you?"

"This nonsense about the saintliness of Jorge Moncada," El Gato jeered. "A hero, the book calls him. The savior of our country. He was a chicken-hearted coward!"

To understand this outburst and the gasp that greeted it, you would have to know something of our history. It is a long story. Perhaps I can shorten it by saying simply that Jorge Moncada was the Mohandas Gandhi of San Marlo in our long struggle for independence.

"You would call Moncada a coward?" the teacher said, lifting his eyebrows. "Why?"

El Gato and his cronies must have planned the incident carefully. "He was afraid to fight!" The Cat hissed.

"Afraid even to raise his voice!" shouted Pedro Ferrara.

"A mouse!" bellowed Vicente Barrios.

"A weakling!" thundered Bernal Garcia.

Other members of the gang contributed their noisy opinions, and in a moment the class was in an uproar.

The teacher leaned on his desk and waited for the tumult to subside. Then, smiling, he walked down the aisle to El Gato's desk. "I think we have a slight misunderstanding about this Jorge Moncada," he said. "Allow me to demonstrate. You, Lico, stand up."

The youth obeyed, his graceful hands loosely curled at his sides, and his gaze boldly fastened on Richard Randall's face.

"Do you recall the name of the man who was dictator of San Marlo at the time of Moncada's passive resistance?" the teacher asked.

"General Huerta! A brave man!"

"Excellent. Now then, you are General Huerta. I am Jorge Moncada. We are face to face, and we are sworn enemies. Tell me what would happen if I were to strike you."

El Gato lifted his limp hands lazily to his belt and said with a smile, "Try it, *mi profesor*."

"You see?" the teacher said, also smiling. "You invite me to try because you are surrounded by friends who would rush to your assistance. This does not make you brave; only strong. Nor does my refusal to fight you make me a coward; only wise. In the end, because wisdom always wins out over mere strength, I will defeat you. That is to say, Jorge Moncada will defeat General Huerta. Which is what happened, as you know."

The teacher walked back to his desk. When he turned, El Gato was still standing, glaring at him. "You may be seated, Lico," the teacher said.

But this was only the beginning. It proved nothing. El Gato and his cronies were experts, from long practice, in this business of smashing a teacher's spirit.

One day they would be silent, pretending not to hear when spoken to. Another time they would be deliberately stupid, forcing the teacher to explain the most elementary instructions again and again.

They came to school early and threw stones in the street, blocking the sidewalks to honest citizens. They came late and trooped in with a great deal of unnecessary noise, followed, of course, by the other students, who dared not enter until El Gato gave his permission. They forgot their books, their notebooks, their pencils. They even forgot their names.

Mostly, of course, they argued; sometimes with the teacher and sometimes among themselves. When they argued among themselves, the debates often became heated and led to blows. It was up to the teacher to stop such demonstrations, no?

This teacher ignored them. Turning to the blackboard, he called the quiet students to him and went on with the lessons. And the combatants, who brawled only in the hope that he would foolishly try to part them, soon tired of senselessly pounding one another and returned sullenly to their seats.

Of course, some of the other students were frightened by these uprisings, and one evening a group of parents called at my house to protest. Richard Randall was very patient with them.

"It will be difficult for a time," he explained. "And you are quite right: some innocent student may be hurt—though not seriously, I think. But what is the alternative? El Gato wants only one thing: to entice me into losing my temper and lifting a hand against him. If I do —— But, of course, I must not. By ignoring him I may discourage him. He is too intelligent to pursue a profitless campaign."

"Intelligent!" gasped Jaime Quintanilla, the furniture maker.

"Gentlemen," the teacher said, "Lico Morales could be the smartest boy in the school if he wished to. In spite of trouble-making, he earns excellent marks."

"He should be in jail!" muttered Diego Chamorro, the baker.

"I think not. And I think in time you will agree with me. If"—and here the teacher smiled—"I live that long."

The parents agreed on one thing: that Señor Randall was doing his best, and for that they admired him. My daughter, Teresa, admired him so much that she suddenly and impulsively decided that she, too, must become a teacher.

Teresa was just seventeen, tall for her age. I had been extremely careful about the friends she selected and where she went. A girl with her beauty would not be overlooked by boys old enough to be thinking of girls, and some of El Gato's crowd, like El Gato himself, were older than the sum of their birthdays.

But when Teresa asked to walk in the plaza with Ricardo Randall of an evening, to talk about becoming a teacher, what could I say? Could I insult such a fine young man by withholding permission?

They were together often, and some of the townspeople read more into it than was so. "Oho, Felipe!" chortled Quintanilla. "So you may be having a *yanqui* for a son-in-law one of these days, eh?" And, "Aha, old friend," whispered Chamorro, nudging me in the ribs. "Our Ricardo has found more in Pescadero than dusty old schoolbooks, I see." They were not displeased, you understand. Only amused.

"Nonsense!" I fumed. "My daughter seeks advice on how to become a teacher, that's all. If they wish to go strolling of an evening, that is their affair!"

Secretly, perhaps, I hoped —— But never mind. What would be, would be. We are a good family. There was an Artega among the conquistadores who first settled San Marlo, and the grandfather of my María on her mother's side was an associate of Jorge Moncada, the savior of our country. The American, no matter what his background, could do worse than fall in love with my Teresa.

Meanwhile, he walked with her in the plaza and talked about school, and in school he was slowly making progress. "Be patient," he said to me. "Soon The Cat may run out of ideas."

But The Cat, too, was aware of the American's interest in my Teresa, and when the opportunity came, he was waiting.

They were discussing the career of Consuela Ordóñez, who fought at the side of General Huerta in our revolution. "A brave woman," the teacher said, "but cruel. As you know, she was the general's mistress, and because of her influence on him ——"

El Gato had limply lifted a hand. "What is a mistress, *maestro?*"

"A woman who lives ——" The teacher caught himself. "I think you know the answer to that, Lico. As I was saying, because of this woman's influence ——"

"Is she perhaps a woman not married to the man with whom ——"

"That will be enough, Lico!"

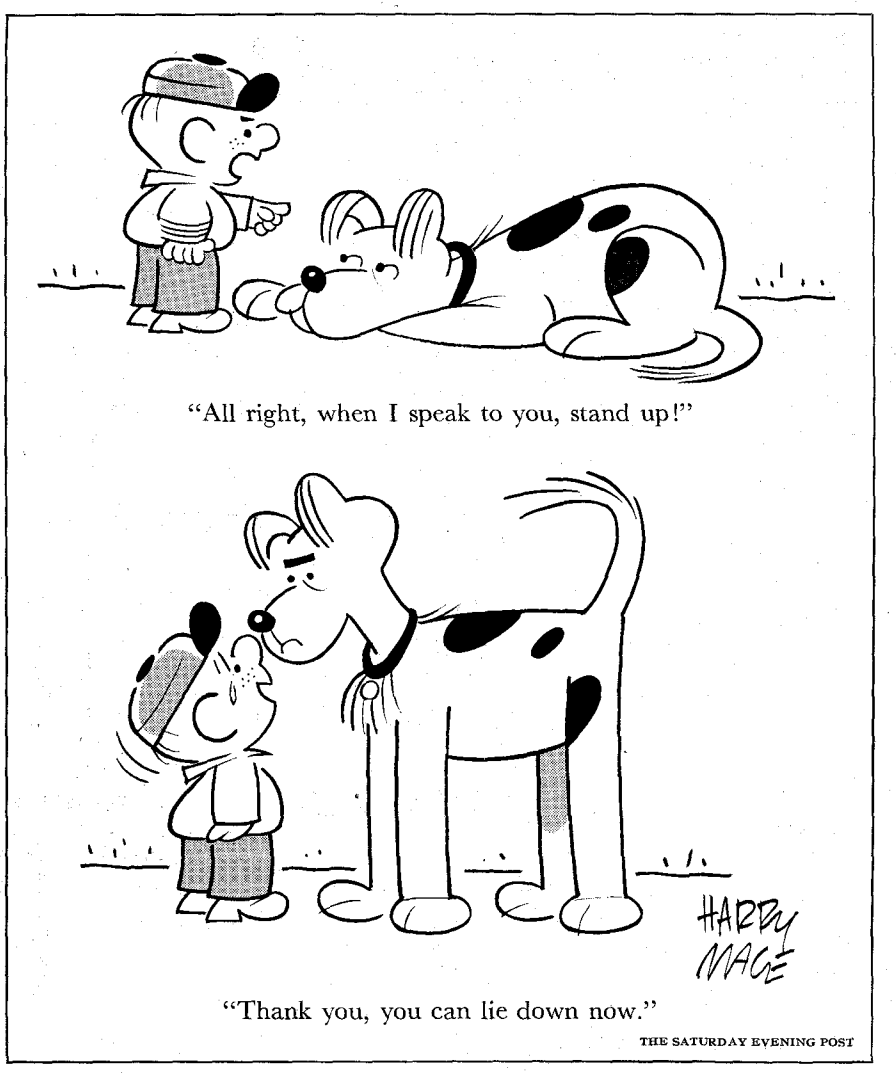
"Like you and Teresa Artega?"

The students not under El Gato's control were shocked by the boldness of this affront, but his cronies rocked the room with laughter. My son, Juan, thirteen years old, sprang to his feet and whirled, shaking with rage, to hurl himself upon Morales.

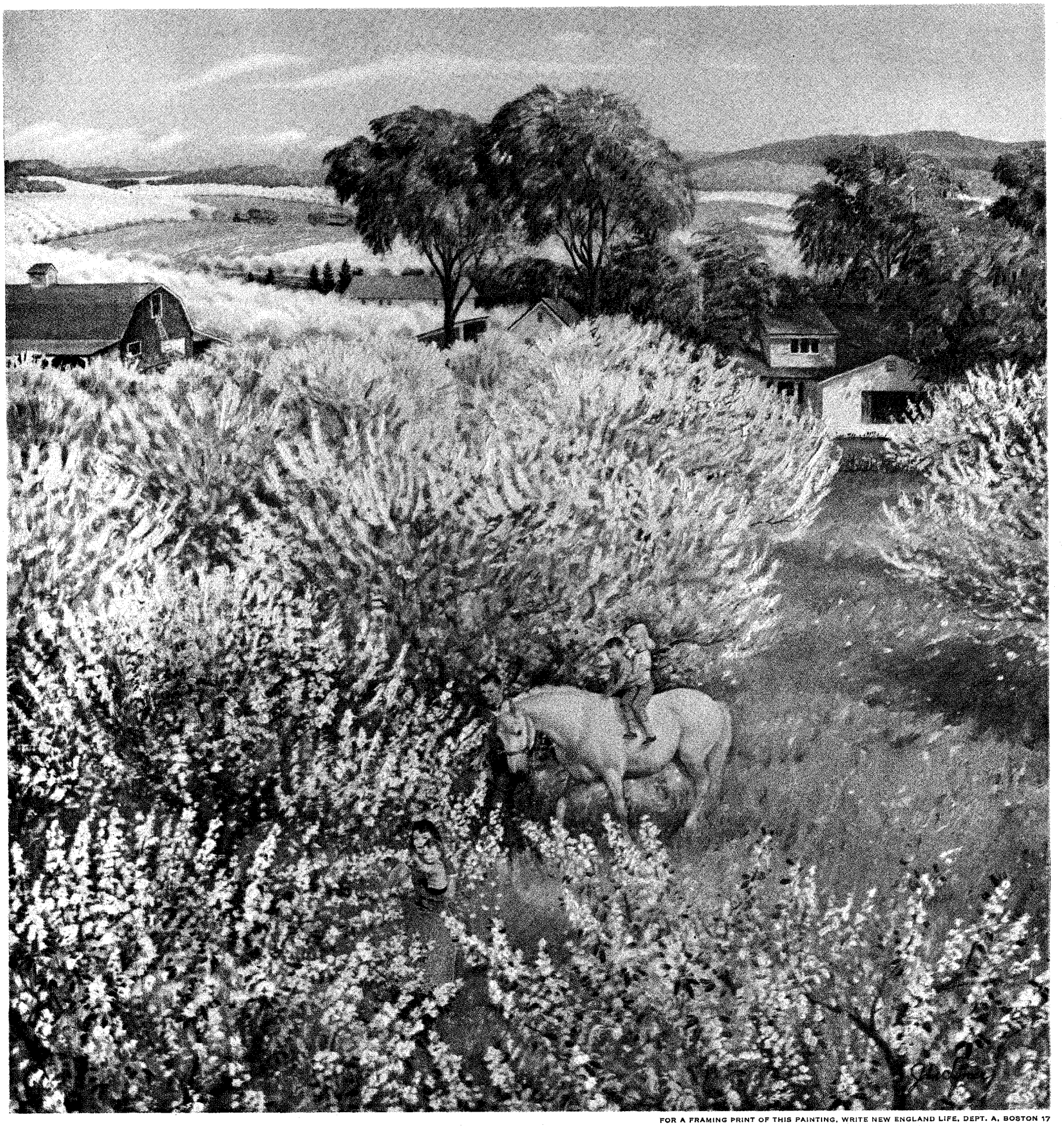
The teacher reached my son in three strides and put both arms around him. "Sit down!" he ordered.

The room was deathly quiet as he pressed Juan back onto his chair. Then, hands clenched at his sides, and face as white as the chalk lines on the blackboard, he faced the class.

"The mid-term examinations arrived yesterday from the *Secretaría de Educación Pública*," he said grimly. "We will take them now, and there will be no talking while they are in progress. A single word will be considered evidence of cheating." Thin-lipped with anger, he sorted the examination papers and passed them out, the more difficult tests going, of course, to (*Continued on Page 106*)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FOR A FRAMING PRINT OF THIS PAINTING, WRITE NEW ENGLAND LIFE, DEPT. A, BOSTON 17

A better life for you...through two important decisions

The first — to make life insurance the foundation of your family security program. The second — to select a competent adviser from a well-established company.

New England Life representatives are carefully trained specialists in fitting life insurance to a wide variety of protection and retirement needs. They won't offer you a wrapped-up package at a price. They have something far better — New England Life's liberal and flexible policy contract. With this you can plan for your family requirements on an individual basis.

For well over a century the company behind this contract has provided *a better life* for its policyholders from Maine to Hawaii. You can count on it to provide *a better life for you.*

NEW ENGLAND
Mutual **LIFE** *Insurance Company*
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE COMPANY THAT FOUNDED MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE IN AMERICA • 1835

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 104*) the older students, who looked at one another in dismay—all but El Gato, who smirked in triumph. There was much twisting and squirming, but no talk. To fail the examinations sent out by the *Secretaría* is a serious matter.

When the bell rang at last, ending that difficult day, the teacher requested my two sons to remain. "I understand your feelings," he said, "but it would be a mistake to challenge Lico at this time. Do your homework now, while I look at these papers. We'll walk home together."

When they arrived home, Juan and José told me what had happened. In a rage, I knocked on the door of the teacher's room. "What is to be done?" I demanded.

He had been looking at the test papers. Rising, he placed a hand on my shoulder. "I should like to call on Lico's parents this evening, while the boy and his friends are strutting about the plaza, celebrating their victory. I want you to come with me."

"No!"

"For the sake of the school, Felipe."

My only concern at the moment was to obtain satisfaction for El Gato's insult to my family, but he was a hard man to refuse, this Richard Randall. When he left the house after supper, I was at his side.

We avoided the plaza. It was only later, from Chamorro and Quintanilla, that I learned how El Gato and his gang paraded through the shops and cafés that evening, making remarks.

By dark streets we made our way to the little tile shop of Bartolomé Morales, and climbed the stairs to his rooms above. Bartolomé himself, a small, gray-haired man with a thousand worries pulling at his face, admitted us. His wife, looking years older than I knew her to be, came forward to be introduced, and returned at once to her chair, where she sat with her hands clasped, obviously frightened.

The teacher studied El Gato's father as though he would read the man's character by the lines on his face. "I have a question," he said at last. "Why does your son come to school when he so obviously hates to? Do you force him?"

Bartolomé emitted a harsh sound that was half groan, half laugh. "I force him? Do not joke with me, *señor!*"

"Why, then? It puzzles me."

"It is no mystery, *señor*. He attends school because his uncle insists on it."

The teacher moved forward on his chair. "Martín Morales, you mean? The bandit?"

"The same."

"But why? Why should such a man be concerned with Lico's education?"

"Because, *señor*," Bartolomé shrugged, "Martín would not be a hunted man today if he had acquired an education. He is no outlaw by choice; only through mistakes of political judgment that a better-informed man might not have made. When Lico begs to be allowed to join him, my brother tells him, 'Study! Learn something! Finish your schooling and get good marks. Then we will discuss it!' "

The teacher seemed lost in thought for a moment, then nodded. "Meanwhile, the boy imagines himself a bandit already, and behaves accordingly, eh?"

"*Sí, señor*. Shaming us before our friends, breaking his mother's heart——" Bartolomé's thin hands made motions of helplessness in the air. "And there is nothing we can do. He defies us."

We talked awhile about Bartolomé's troubles; then the teacher said, "Do you know where to find your brother, Bartolomé? Can you go to him or send a message?"

The father of El Gato hesitated. "There might be a way."

The teacher stood up. "I regret what I must say to you now, Bartolomé. I say it in sadness, believe me. It is my duty to inform you that your son failed his *Secretaría* examinations today. As a consequence, he will almost certainly have to repeat the year's work."

Bartolomé slowly rose to his feet, his eyes wide with what I took to be apprehension. "Failed?" he whispered. "Failed in school?"

"Completely. I am sorry."

We left the unfortunate man standing there with his eyes and mouth wide open, as though he had been told the world would end.

On the way home I said, not without a small sneer, "So your prize pupil failed his tests, did he? He is not so smart, after all!"

"He did not fail, Felipe," the teacher replied softly.

"But you told his father——"

"The boy had the highest mark in his class. A truly amazing performance, when his mind was not on the examinations at all."

"But why—why——"

"I gathered from what Bartolomé said that we have an ally we have not used yet," he said with a smile. "I thought it was about time we used him."

The following days were trying ones for our young teacher from America. Bartolomé Morales evidently hadn't the courage to speak to his son about the examinations, and El Gato, his wits sharpened by his recent triumph, overlooked no opportunity to widen the chink he had discovered in the teacher's armor. The teacher's self-control, my sons told me, was remarkable. At home he seemed tired and had little to say.

He did not walk in the plaza with Teresa any more. I had forbidden her to leave the house in the evening, and neither of them protested. They talked in our little patio garden, where they could be sure no one would mock them.

Saturday evening came. There was no evidence that Bartolomé had spoken to El Gato's bandit uncle. The teacher said to me, with a sad shake of his head, "It hasn't worked, Felipe. I'm going out to drink a beer. Come along with me?"

We walked down the hill together to Zurieta's little café and sat at a sidewalk table. It was a warm evening. The plaza was crowded with people promenading. Radios filled the square with music. A good night for business, Zurieta remarked while serving us.

We sat for an hour or so, not talking much. Suddenly there was a silencing of voices in the square, so profound that you would have thought all the radios had abruptly been turned up loud; and people stopped strolling. I rose from my chair to see what was happening, and heard a name whispered from tongue to tongue like a breath of wind. Then I saw him.

He had come into the plaza on the opposite side, from the direction of Bartolomé's house. With him were three of his followers, dressed like himself in colored shirts and black trousers, and wearing spurs on their boots. El Gato slouched beside him, trying very hard to imitate the big man's contemptuous way of walking; and on the heels of this select little group trailed a pack of El Gato's youthful cohorts. They crossed the square toward us. Someone must have told them the teacher was at Zurieta's.

The big man halted at our table, his ominously smiling nephew beside him. "This is the man, Lico?" he asked.

"Allow me to introduce you," El Gato said. "Señor Randall, my uncle, Martín Morales!"

The teacher rose to his feet, but was no such fool as to offer his hand. He nodded. "You wish to see me, Señor Morales?"

"I wish to see you," Morales purred.

"I appreciate your coming." The teacher drew back a chair for him.

Morales ignored the chair. "I am told you have failed my nephew in his examinations," he said, his gaze never leaving the teacher's face. "I am told you did this to punish him."

The teacher returned the gaze. He seemed calm enough. I saw him glance at the crowd, which had recovered from its first sight of the bandit and was now pushing forward, straining to see and hear. Out of a corner of my eye I saw people leaning from windows. The radios were silent.

The teacher said, "If your nephew says he passed the examinations, *señor*, he is right." I saw him wipe his hands on his trousers to dry them, and realized he was not so calm as he looked. In fact, his face was pale. "He is, however, a failure as a citizen," he continued. "Therefore I felt justified——"

El Gato muttered something and lurched forward, but Morales stopped him by thrusting out an arm. "Continue," Morales said.

"Lico defies his parents," the teacher said, wiping his hands again. "He defies the authorities. He defies me in school. He regards this behavior as proof of bravery, but as I told him once before, he is brave only because he has surrounded himself with a gang who will do his fighting for him." The teacher folded his arms. "In this, I suspect, he patterns himself after you. You are his hero."

Morales drew in a breath that made him larger, though he was the largest man on that sidewalk to begin with. "I need no gang to fight for me!"

"Then why have you brought one? And why have you come with a gun at your belt, to fight a man who hasn't one and wouldn't know how to use it if he had?" The teacher was actually smiling, though it was not much of a smile. "I have no gun, *señor*," he said, "nor do I have a gang. Only these." He held his hands out, palms upward, for the other's inspection. "But, of course, that is not the way you would settle a dispute, eh?"

A strange sound arose from the crowd at these bold words: a sound such as bees make when they are excited. Martín Morales looked about him when he heard it, and I saw his tight lips twitch as though he had swallowed a few bees himself. Then abruptly his pent-up breath exploded in a gust of laughter, and he stripped the gun belt from his waist and tossed it to one of his men.

"So you think I need a gang!" he bellowed.

The teacher wet his lips with his tongue and wiped his hands on his trousers for the third time. "Have I any assurance that these men won't come to your assistance if you do need them?" he demanded. "Or that Lico and his hoodlums won't interfere?"

Morales placed his hands on his hips and faced the (*Continued on Page 108*)

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

On a base on balls, the rule (Sec.7.04b) is ponderously explicit: "Each runner, other than the batter, may without liability to be put out, advance one base when the batter's advance without liability to be put out forces the runner to vacate his base . . ." But does this always mean what it says? Take this hypothetical situation:

The Phils, trailing the Cubs 3–2, come to bat in the top of the ninth. With two out, singles by Wally Post, Harry Anderson and Chico Fernandez load the bases. Next, Stan Lopata runs a three-two count. With the runners on the move, the next pitch is high and outside. It slips past the Cub catcher and rolls to the screen. Post and Anderson score. Fernandez dashes to third, and Lopata gets to first.

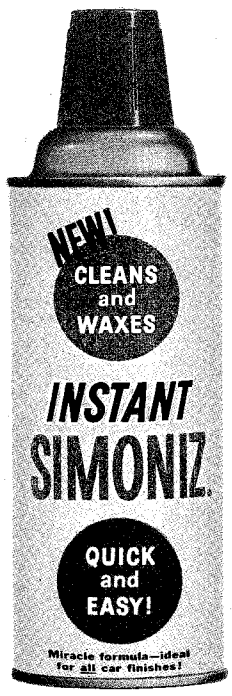
The Cub second baseman, however, calls for the ball, tags the base and appeals for a third out on grounds that Fernandez failed to touch second. The observant base umpire agrees.

Now how many Phil runs count? Do they lead, 4–3; is the score tied, 3–3, or do the Cubs win, 3–2?

See page 108 for answer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW! MIRACLE FORMULA—IDEAL FOR ALL* CAR FINISHES!



Genuine paste wax plus cleaner ...in a push button can

Now you can clean and wax your car—*quick* and *easy*. Now you can enjoy all the beauty, all the lasting protection of a Simoniz Paste Wax job—without the hard work. Instant Simoniz! In a modern push button can. Be among the first to try it.

***All car finishes—new acrylics, melamines, lacquers, and enamels—look better, last longer, shine brighter with Instant Simoniz care.**

INSTANT SIMONIZ®

Gives you a real Simoniz job without the hard work

cleans and waxes... quick and easy!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 106*) crowd. "Listen to me!" he shouted, fiercely grinning. "If one of you so much as moves a finger to scratch at a flea, I will burn Pescadero to the ground! Stand back!" He swept tables and chairs into them to make them move more quickly, then sucked in a great breath and, with arms spread wide like a wrestler, faced the teacher. "Come, little *profesor*," he crooned, showing his teeth. "Let us find out who needs help." And he sprang forward.

The teacher slid sideways under an outstretched arm and planted his knuckles on Morales' jaw, and the battle had begun.

I would need more words than I know to tell about that fight, for it lasted half an hour and was the strangest thing ever seen in Pescadero. Never before had we seen a man use his fists as this young American did. I remembered what he had told me about boxing in college; and this, I supposed, was boxing. He slipped under and around the big man's rushes as deftly as a matador in the bull ring. He stung Morales' face and body with blow after blow, until the big man was roaring with rage and panting for breath.

I saw very soon, though, that the battle could have but one ending. The teacher was not strong enough. He could hit his target, but not hurt it, and in the end, the terrible fists of his opponent would catch and destroy him. It seemed strange to me that he was not stronger. Or was Morales made of iron?

Up and down the sidewalk they fought, the crowd surging to make room, Morales always on the attack, while the teacher defended himself by dodging, weaving and stabbing, always stabbing. Twenty minutes had gone by. More than that. The teacher now seemed reluctant to use his hands at all, and I wondered if he had hurt them. He waited longer before gliding out of harm's way, and seemed to stagger and have trouble breathing. All at once he stumbled against a table, his retreat cut off.

The crowd groaned. Morales roared and charged.

An astonishing thing happened. The teacher stepped forward with the speed of light, slapped Morales' outflung arm aside and drove a fist like a battering ram to the big man's jaw. At once he stepped back, his face twisted with pain, an easy victim if Morales had been able to seize him. But Morales went reeling on useless legs across the sidewalk and fell into the gutter and lay there.

No one moved. The crowd looked at the teacher and gasped. The three bandits gazed unbelieving at their fallen leader. El Gato and his gang of hoodlums seemed turned to stone with astonishment.

The teacher said to me, "We'd better go home and send for a doctor, Felipe. I've broken my hand. I thought I would when I hit him hard enough to stop him."

The next day was Sunday, and the whole town buzzed with the story of the battle. On Monday, in school, El Gato and his cronies were strangely well behaved. On Tuesday the teacher returned the examination papers and congratulated El Gato on having scored the highest mark in his class; and, according to my sons, whom in this case I scarcely believed, El Gato thanked him.

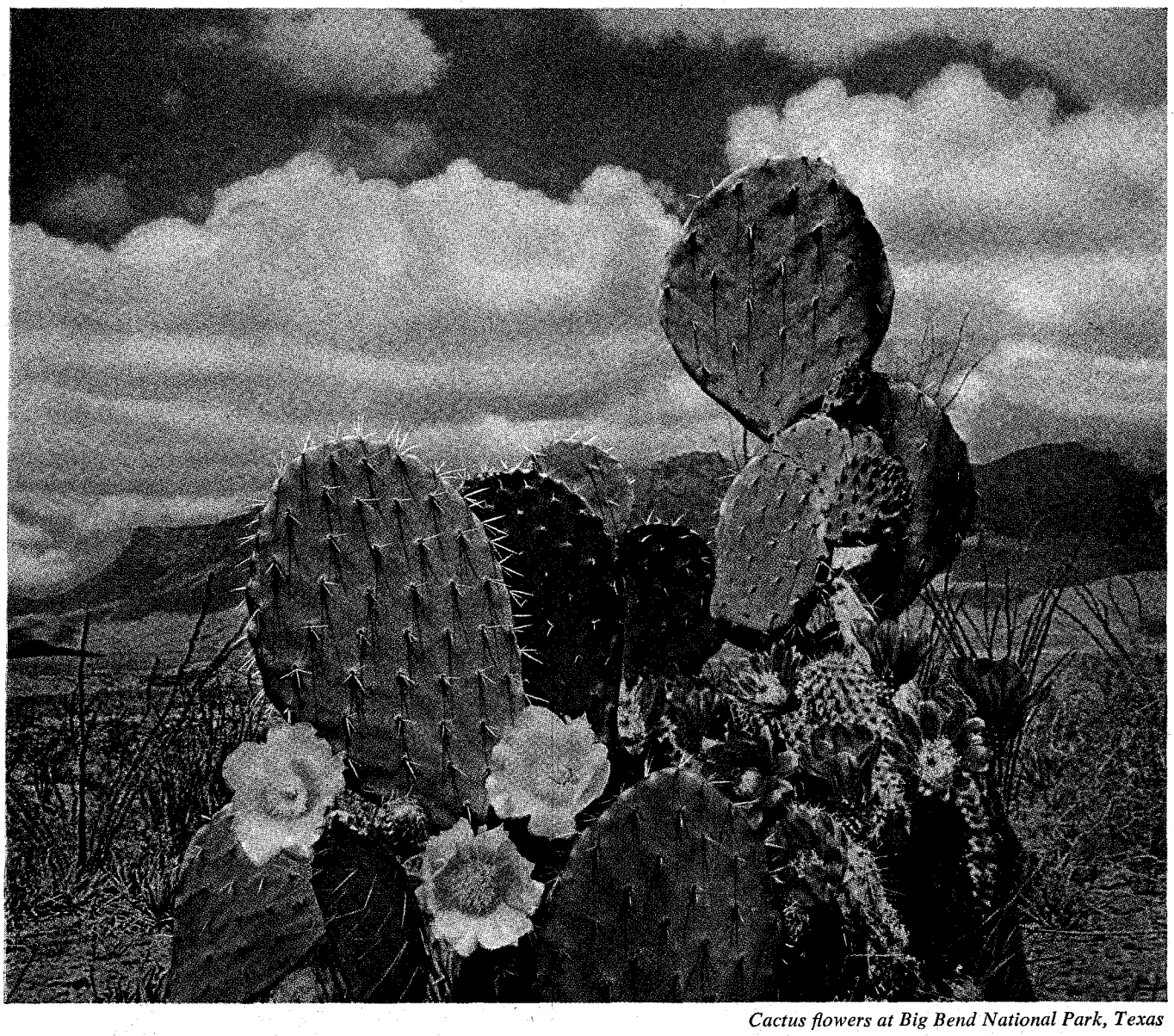
That evening a strange thing happened. I was sitting at a table in front of Zurieta's café—the same table—and Chamorro and Quintanilla came across the plaza to join me. We amused ourselves for a time watching my daughter, Teresa, and the teacher, strolling hand in hand in the little park, discussing, no doubt, her ambition to take up teaching.

"That was a brave thing Martín Morales did," Chamorro said suddenly. "We have much to thank him for, I think."

I thought I had not heard correctly. "Brave?" I said, frowning.

He seemed surprised. "Haven't you been told? You must be the last to hear it, then. Morales did not really lose the fight. He let himself be beaten."

"A fine gesture," Quintanilla agreed. "Of course, it detracts nothing from the teacher's remarkable performance. Ricardo fought with great courage."



Cactus flowers at Big Bend National Park, Texas

For Instant Beauty, Just Add Water

It happens every spring. A little rain falls on the dry desert sands of Big Bend National Park and the land blazes with color, fulfilling Isaiah's prophecy "...the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

Come see the miracle of the flowers, and all the wonders of Big Bend. In the Dawn Age, this was dinosaur country. Strange fossils are here – a three-toed ancestor of the horse and clam shells four feet long. It's wonderful territory for the explorer, archeologist and camper. In this volcanic land you can see arrowheads and other relics of an unknown, prehistoric "cave people," as well as of the Apaches and Comanches who fought the Spanish Conquistadores. In the Chisos – the "ghost mountains," where Western outlaws had their "owl hoot" hideouts – are the burro trails old prospectors followed vainly hunting a lost gold mine.

You'll enjoy Big Bend's exotic desert beauty. And seeing how Nature struggles to do so much with so little moisture, you'll see the dramatic proof that water, flowing in our arterial rivers and streams, is the blood that gives our land its strength.

★ ★ ★

FREE TOUR INFORMATION If you would like to drive to Big Bend National Park, or anywhere in the U.S.A., write Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y. *Ask for our colorful National Parks Map.*

ANOTHER IN SINCLAIR'S AMERICAN CONSERVATION SERIES

SINCLAIR SALUTES THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS for advocating the highest principles of political responsibility, and for its concerted effort to establish a comprehensive water conservation policy –specifically to safeguard, control and wisely use the water resources of the whole nation.

SINCLAIR
A Great Name in Oil

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 106

No runs count. The Cubs win, 3–2.

Although the "advance without liability to be put out" clause appears to apply to Fernandez, both major leagues now interpret the rule to permit a force play on an exempt runner who fails to touch an awarded base. As the force on Fernandez makes the third out, no runs count. (Sec. 4.09a.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Let himself be beaten!" I snorted. "Are you crazy, both of you?"

"Not at all," Chamorro insisted. "The teacher himself says so. Morales could have whipped him, but preferred to demonstrate to his nephew that books and learning are of more value than the life of an outlaw. Ask the teacher."

I thought they were mad, but when I caught the teacher by his arm, repeating what they had said, he solemnly nodded.

"But you can't tell such a story!" I protested. "It isn't true!"

"Felipe, listen to me," he said in the tone I use sometimes when my sons need instructing. "A man who has been whipped is usually resentful. He looks for a chance to get even. You know that. On the other hand, a man who has won the reputation of doing something noble—unexpected though the reputation may be to him—that man will hardly jeopardize his new nobility by a foolish act. Nor are those who admire him likely to jeopardize it for him."

He laid a hand on my shoulder—the bandaged hand, because Teresa clung to the other. "Let Morales have the glory," he said, with a smile at my daughter. "It may make him a better man. All I want is to stay on here as teacher, with El Gato on my side, until —— Well, for a little while longer."

Comanche Captives (Continued from Page 48)

"Half," Iron Hand said.

"And the other half will enter your village and kill the women and children. Then you will have an empty victory, Iron Hand. In ten years there will be no more Comanches on this earth. Men will forget your name. The dust will cover the tracks you have made, and all will be dead."

"All white soldiers will die!"

"Yes, and the Comanche will die with him," Gary said. "Without women, the Comanche is dead, even if we cannot kill many today." He gave Iron Hand a moment to consider this before speaking again. "There will be no more beef issue from the white soldier chief. The Comanche will hunt like a dog for scraps to eat. That is what war will bring if Iron Hand wants it. Make up your mind, Iron Hand. Today is the day when all Comanches begin a slow death." He decided to give this one more push. "Which is more important to Iron Hand? Keeping the white slaves he has and dying forever? Or giving them up and living to old age?"

He was an intelligent man without grace, and he made one final, disgusted motion with his hand, then threw his rifle into the dirt. From the Comanche line a wail went up, but it was over, and Gary spoke quietly to his sergeants.

"Get on with it now. We don't want to waste time here."

He waited with Iron Hand while the miserable, painful business was done. From the warriors, young white boys were taken, physically bound, for they fought wildly, and were escorted to the hill where the line of blue waited. Women were herded together, some carrying their small children in their arms, the older ones following dutifully.

Comanche braves remained wooden-faced as their "wives" and children were gathered, and crying ran through the camp, for none seemed eager to be returned. Sergeant Davis found Guthrie McCabe and gave him a blanket with which to cover his nakedness; then brought him to where Gary waited, his expression impassive.

McCabe was thirty pounds lighter, bearded, dirty and too stunned to be grateful. He kept scratching at the vermin that pestered him continually, and moving his bare feet around in the dust as though he wanted to run and forced himself not to.

The prisoners were like cattle being driven, and they kept turning their heads and calling out to husbands and fathers, and so much emotion gripped Comanche and white alike that Gary grew fearful that Iron Hand might not be able to hold back his braves.

Even when they were on the ridge with the soldiers, Jim Gary could hear the wailing. A ring of mounted men rode around them to keep them from breaking away. Finally Gary had had enough; his business here was at a sickening end.

"Mount behind me," he told McCabe and helped the man onto the horse. Quickly he rode up the flank of the ridge, organized his command and began the march out.

Shea was in charge of the released prisoners, and the only way he could move them was to tie their hands together and put them on a long lead rope. Three miles of this proved that it wouldn't work, for they hung back and slowed the column. Shea then put loops of rope around their necks, so that hanging back meant choking. The men gave no trouble, but the women seemed to prefer strangulation to delivery. He had to tie a few to horses, forcing some of the soldiers to ride double.

In this fashion they began the night march, not stopping until midnight, when Gary ordered a camp made near a small creek. A close guard was placed around the rescued, and Gary thought this a strange thing; he could not accustom himself to the idea of such a sudden uprooting.

McCabe was given some clothes, spare shirts and pants, all ill-fitting. He borrowed soap and razor, and when he appeared at Gary's fire he was shaved and bathed. During the ride he had said nothing, and now the silent mood still clung to him.

"Help yourself to the coffee," Gary said, pouring him a cup.

McCabe hunkered down and drank. Then he said, "All the time they had me I kept dreaming of a cup of coffee. Now that I'm able to drink it, I find it tastes like hell." He looked at Gary for a long moment. "You saved my life, Jim. I wouldn't have lasted through next winter."

"Well, don't thank me for it," Gary said. "The hand heal up?"

McCabe nodded. "I guess the Lord took a look at what was happening to the rest of me and felt sorry. Gary, you saved my life."

"You're repeating yourself, Guthrie."

"I guess I am." He shook his head from side to side. "All my life I've tried not to owe anything to any man, but I sure owe you, Jim."

"You want to square it?"

"Sure," McCabe said.

"Then stand up."

"What?" He frowned. "What for, Jim?"

"So I can knock your block off," Gary said.

Guthrie McCabe's frown deepened. "Jim, you're not mad at me, are you? I didn't think you were. What is it then?" He turned his head and looked at the lumped misery being driven back to the arms of their relatives. "You got a mad on against something too big to hit out at, is that it? And you want to pound awhile on McCabe, is that it?" McCabe put his coffee cup aside and stood up. "All right, Jim. You go ahead and start pounding. I've got a few things to work off myself."

Gary sent his coffee cup flying and launched his attack against McCabe. Their meeting wrung a grunt from both of them, and they faced each other, eyes locked in the sockets, raining fists against flesh. When they parted, both men were bleeding, and the sound of the fight drew Shea and Riggs on the run; they stopped just outside the firelight and stared.

Riggs said, "For heaven's sake, sir! Back away! Back away!"

Please USE YOUR

POSTAL ZONE NUMBER!

To improve service and speed delivery of mail, the Post Office asks that you always include your postal zone number in your address.

We want to cooperate in every way we can—but we need your help. By giving us your zone number, you'll be assuring speedy delivery of your magazines.

Help yourself to better service. USE YOUR POSTAL ZONE NUMBER—always!

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

Visit Victor Borge's Home

Mrs. Pete Martin calls on the piano funny man and his family in

MAY

AMERICAN HOME

You can visit Victor Borge's home in Connecticut and have a look at how this brilliant funny man and his family live. You can see their fabulous 18th Century farmhouse in a beautifully illustrated article in May American Home. You'll learn how the Borges live, through the eyes of Mrs. Pete Martin (talented wife of the feature writer for The Saturday Evening Post). She reveals some extraordinary things about the Borge home, such as the "casket door," actually oversized for that reason . . . Victor's special music room suitable for recording . . . the soundproof quarters for the children. Don't miss this fascinating article in the May American Home.

OTHER WONDERFUL FEATURES IN THE MAY AMERICAN HOME

READY-MADE BEAUTY FOR BEDROOMS
Here are some really fresh ways to redecorate bedrooms, using the newest, ready-made draperies and spreads. Color pictures, shopping information included. The variety of prices suit the ideas to any pocketbook.

NEW USES FOR BACK YARDS
A playhouse . . . a patio shade . . . a cabana . . . a room addition. Those are some of the ingenious (yet sensible) ways to turn your backyard into extra living space. The May American Home tells you all about them, with color pictures, cost and construction facts.

PAGES AND PAGES OF FOOD IDEAS
American Home gives you many easy-to-follow recipes for delicious, new dishes—and for exciting uses of familiar foods. Plus—a special feature on Syrian foods.

ON SALE WHEREVER MAGAZINES ARE SOLD

THE AMERICAN HOME

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But there was no backing away in these men—no give at all. They hammered each other and wrestled, flinging each other down, twisting arms, striking out with their knees; they were like wild birds thrashing in the dust.

Riggs tried to pull them apart, and they turned on him with a raw resentment and beat him to the ground with devastating suddenness; Shea pulled the dazed and bleeding Riggs to safety.

Unable to stand, Gary and McCabe rested on their knees, still throwing punches; then McCabe could take no more of it and he fell on his face. Jim Gary stared at him for a moment, then weakly lay across him, his breathing strained and painful-sounding.

Almost timidly Shea stepped up to him. "Sir? Are you all right, sir?"

Sergeant Ellsworth, whose seventeen Army years had taught him much, stepped up to the fire. "Leave them alone, sir. They're all right."

Shea was indignant. "What do you mean, all right? They've beat each other to a pulp!"

"Yes, sir. But they're all right, lieutenant."

"This is ridiculous," Shea said and walked away.

The sergeant tried to help Riggs, but was shaken off. Riggs looked at McCabe and Gary. "They ought to be locked up for their own good."

"Yes, sir," Ellsworth said and waited until Riggs left. Then he took a bucket of water and carried it over to Gary, setting it within reach. He, too, went back to his own fire and waited.

Gary found the bucket and washed his face, flinching when he touched the raw and bleeding areas. Finally he gained his feet and threw some of the water over McCabe, who groaned and stirred.

When he could sit up, Gary threw McCabe a towel he had soaked in the water, and McCabe washed his face.

"Good fight, huh, Jim?"

"Yes," Gary said. "The best I've had."

"How do you feel?"

"Fine. You?"

"Never better," McCabe said. He looked at Gary and grinned and blood ran down his chin from his smashed lips. "Feel like taking this?" He held out his hand.

Gary took it and they shook solemnly; then McCabe eased himself erect, taking care to protect his bruises. "That coffee will taste like coffee now, Jim."

"Good thing we didn't kick the pot over." Gary rummaged around and found the cups; he knocked the dirt out of them, wiped them on his tattered shirttail; then filled both of them.

"Too bad Janice Tremain couldn't have licked somebody. I can imagine her reception. It doesn't matter who wins, does it, Jim?"

"No. Who won this one?"

"I guess I passed out first," McCabe said, smiling. "But I don't care about that." He drank some of his coffee and burned his lips. "What we ought to have done, Jim, is to have roped off a section at Sand Creek and made all those civilians pound each other until all the anger and shame and resentment was gone. They'd have gone home then and there."

"Sure," Gary said. He studied the fire for a time. "I think I'll resign my commission anyway, Guthrie. This is as bad as Chivington's massacre, only we're not doing those women and children the favor of killing them off."

"Be a mess at Fort Elliott," McCabe agreed. "A mess I wish I was well out of." He sighed and drank some more coffee. "You been to Sand Creek lately?"

"No. Why?"

He shrugged. "No reason, I guess, except that four days ago, nine bucks left Iron Hand's village and came back with hair."

Gary's attention sharpened. "You feel like riding, Guthrie?"

"I guess it won't kill me."

"Sergeant!" Gary waited until he came up. "Sergeant, saddle two horses. McCabe and I are leaving. And send Lieutenant Shea here on the double."

"Yes, sir. Sir, we don't have any *remuda*."

"Then have two light troopers ride double. Just bring McCabe a good horse."

"Yes, sir."

The two men waited in silence until Shea came over to the fire; he viewed both men with open suspicion. "You sent for me, sir?"

"You're in command, Shea. McCabe and I are going to ride over to Sand Creek. Be on the move at dawn and make it twelve hours before your next camp. We'll pick you up around noon, day after tomorrow."

"Yes, sir."

McCabe and Gary were impatient; they walked to the picket line and talked in low voices while their mounts were being saddled. Gary was saying, "Wringle and his wife stayed at Sand Creek after the others left. I was recalled to Fort Elliott for nearly ten days, but I left orders for the civilians to vacate the creek camp. They did. I met them on the way to Iron Hand's village, and they told me that Wringle stayed on."

"That's not good," McCabe said. "Man, being alone out here is just asking for it unless you know what you're doing, and Wringle didn't know anything." He looked toward the horses. "Can't you move any faster over there?"

"Yes, sir. Just a minute."

"Guthrie, you were there in the village. What did you see?"

"Not much. They kept me working all the time, but I heard talk. Iron Hand's braves brought back hair because there was dancing in Stone Calf's lodge."

Their horses were ready and both men mounted, turning out of the camp immediately. They rode for an hour without speaking, then dismounted to walk the horses; they had a long way to go and had to spare the mounts.

"I'll give you odds Wringle's dead," McCabe said.

"You'll get no takers."

"You've got to see him, huh? I mean, this will go in your report, won't it?"

"You know what I'll have to do," Gary said. "Do you think I like the implications? Nobody wants another war with the Comanches, but if it's started, what can you do about it?"

"I know what I'd do."

"Yeah, but you're not Army," Gary said. "I am."

No morbid sense drove Gary into making an all-night ride of it, just a clinical detachment, a positive suspicion that the Wringles were dead. There was a slim off-chance that he was wrong in his guess, but he did not believe so. Still he had to go to Sand Creek and check for himself, and perhaps bury them, if there was anything left to bury.

He came onto the grove just after dawn, and stopped, trying to find some sign of life. The civilians had left their untidy scars on the land, blackened circles where their cook fires had been, and outhouse pits, and rubbish heaps. Wringle had started to build on the other side of the grove, and Gary rode there, McCabe trailing him a few paces behind.

Wringle's wagon, when they came upon it, had been burned for the ironwork it contained, and the two walls were a tumble of logs, also fire-charred.

"Hold up," McCabe said and got down off the horse. He walked forward and from beneath a pile of rubble lifted the hem of Mrs. Wringle's dress. McCabe then kicked and tore at the rubble until she was uncovered. Her death had been heroic and merciful; a war ax had cleaved her skull from behind as she fought to aid her husband.

McCabe turned as Gary came up. "Wringle must be around somewhere, Jim. Take a look over there, where he was building. A man usually defends first what he prizes."

Gary walked over to the burned structure, not caring whether he found Wringle or not; he had seen enough to prove that the Comanches had broken their treaty, that a new war had begun, and that a lot of men on both sides would die before this was settled again.

He found Wringle, dead, vacant-eyed, the eyeballs rolled upward as though he were trying to inspect the crimson patch where his scalp lock had been; Gary turned away and walked back to where Guthrie McCabe waited.

"You going to put all this in your report, Jim?"

"I don't want to," Gary said. "See if you can find a couple of shovels. We'll bury them."

McCabe found one shovel and a spade; he gave the shovel to Gary so his digging would be easier, and Gary looked curiously at him for a moment, but said nothing about this. They worked for three hours, barely pausing, and then they wrapped both bodies in a blanket and buried them together. At last the mound of earth was tamped and McCabe threw his spade aside.

"I'll find his ax and cut something for a marker."

"No," Gary said. "Take the horses and run them over the grave until it's trampled flat."

McCabe frowned, yet his eyes contained a speculative hope. "Jim, what are you thinking of?"

"Another Indian war," Gary said. "This isn't going in my report, Guthrie." He waved his hand. "Yeah, I know, the Army and all that, but this is something I've got to do. Stone Calf's sons were only avenging their father, and that was my fault. You were right. I should have left Janice Tremain alone. As it turned out, we'd have picked her up anyway without all this."

"No, I wasn't right," McCabe said softly. "Just thought I was right. A lot of things have changed, Jim. I lived in hell and I'm not the same man as before." He sat down on the mound and looked up at him. "Jim, if nothing is done about this, nothing said, the Comanches will get bold and kill others. You want that on your conscience?"

"It'll be up to me to see that that doesn't happen. Guthrie, I'll be going back to Iron Hand with a lot of questions. I'll hold back his beef ration and dog him and worry him half to death over this, but I won't be able to prove anything. I'm going to put the fear into him so this won't happen again." He put his shovel aside and sat down beside McCabe. "This isn't easy for me. All my life I've lived as right as I could, done what's right, studied the rules and believed in them. But I've never done much good, except maybe this, what I'm doing now. There won't be any war. Peace is here and it's going to stay that way. Wringle and his wife bought and paid for it, and I wouldn't sell them short."

Guthrie McCabe laughed softly. "For a minute there I thought your do-gooder morals were going to get the best of you, Jim."

"No, I've learned to bend them." He looked at McCabe. "You sure didn't make much out of this, did you?"

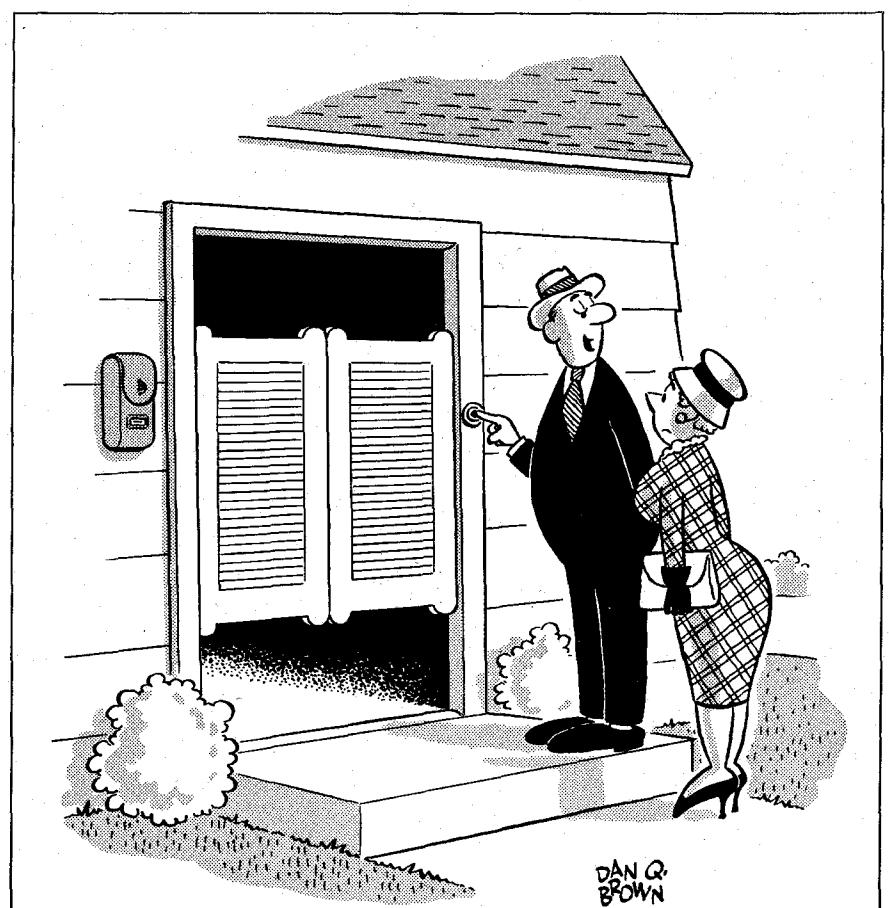
McCabe threw back his head and laughed. "I've never come out any shorter in my life. But I'm not crying about it, Jim. Funny, that. Somehow I no longer feel that I have to apologize for my intentions." He tapped Gary on the arm. "You figure you can look the colonel in the eye and lie to him? You've never done it."

"I'll do it. Lying isn't so hard, once you make your mind up to it."

"You're learning," McCabe said and got up. "We going to stay here?"

"No. I guess we're finished."

They threw the tools into the nearby rubble, then (*Continued on Page 112*)

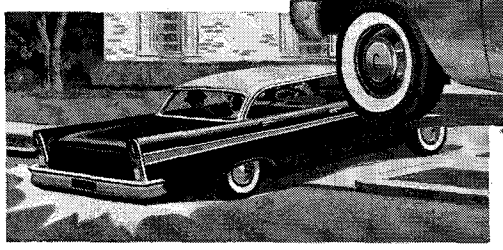


"You'll find the Hartleys very congenial, dear."

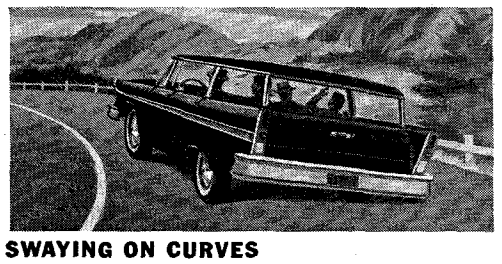
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

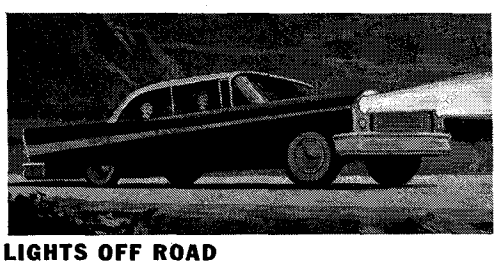
. . . is your tail dragging?



BUMPING ON DRIVEWAYS
Load-Levelers* prevent this by increasing road clearance of even heavily loaded cars.



SWAYING ON CURVES
Without Load-Levelers*, loaded car sways and swings as it rounds curves; passengers are thrown from side to side. Stability is impaired. Tires wear faster.



LIGHTS OFF ROAD
Without Load-Levelers*, car sags under weight of heavy load, lights are angled into eyes of oncoming motorists, visibility is reduced. Rear passengers are seated awkwardly, ride uncomfortably, find it difficult to get out of car.

vacation time or anytime . . .

keep your car on the level with Load-Levelers*—Monroe stabilizing units with built-in ride control for a level ride under all road and load conditions. With Load-Levelers,* your car will always ride on an even keel . . . without "tail drag" or side sway. You'll like the way your car will take rough bumps and steep driveways without "bottoming" on its axles. You'll appreciate the extra stability on tight curves. And you'll like the improved steering and longer tire life you'll get with Load-Levelers.*

Have Load-Levelers* installed today in less than 30 minutes at your car dealer's, repair shop or service station. You'll be amazed at the really big difference they make!

only $39.90 a set for most cars

MONROE

Mail this coupon for free literature Dept. ST-5
MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT CO., Monroe, Michigan

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Load-Leveler TRADE MARK STABILIZING UNIT

*Trademarks

MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT COMPANY • *World's largest maker of Ride Control Products, including famous Monro-Matic Shock Absorbers* • In Canada, MONROE-ACME LIMITED, Toronto, Ontario

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 110*) mounted and turned out, cutting toward the column's calculated position. After a time, Gary said, "Well, one thing, the Miles woman will have built up a big yearning for you, Guthrie."

"Yeah, but I've lost mine for her. The house was full of drafts anyway, and the roof leaked like a sieve when it rained." He shot Gary a wry glance. "Tascosa will look good to me now. Real good."

"One thing bothers me," Gary said frankly. "I like you, McCabe, but I can't make up my mind whether it's because you're less of a no-good than when we started, or if I'm more of one."

They rested for two hours at midday, when the heat was highest, then pushed on slowly, calculating time and speed to meet the column and yet conserve their animals. Because of this, Gary arrived three hours late, well after dark, guided the last few miles by the squad fires.

A trooper took their horses and both men went to Lieutenant Shea's fire at the head of the camp. He was sitting on a folding canvas stool, filling in his daily report; he rose quickly when Gary and McCabe stepped into the firelight.

"Was everything all right at Sand Creek, sir?"

"Everything was fine."

"The Wringles were all right?"

Gary frowned. "Mr. Shea, the Wringles were not there. Obviously they thought better of it and returned to Fort Elliott. Now where's the coffee? We haven't had a meal or a decent sit-down since leaving you."

"Sergeant Davis has been holding some food, sir. Third fire over."

"Thank you," Gary said and walked over with McCabe.

"Jim," McCabe said softly, "we forgot to trample the grave."

"I know it, but I'm not going back to do it." Davis started to get up as they approached, but Gary waved him back. "What is it, sergeant? Beef and beans?"

"Yes, sir. I saved a pot, figuring you'd come in before midnight." He handed a plate to each of them and they hunkered down to eat. Davis waited a moment; then said, "Mr. McCabe, you speak Comanche. I wish you'd talk to the prisoners. They're giving us a devil of a time, sir. All the time trying to escape and go back."

"It's up to Gary," McCabe said. "I'm a civilian."

"We'll go over after we eat," Gary said and wiped his plate clean before accepting a second helping. After he finished his coffee, he patted his pockets for a smoke, but found none. Sergeant Davis offered them his own brand and, after taking a light, they passed through the camp to the outskirts where the white returnees were being held under guard.

"Seems a shame that they have to be prisoners now that they're rescued," Gary said. He pointed to a woman in her early twenties. "Ask her her name, McCabe."

He did, then translated. "Shy Deer, or so she says. I think she speaks English."

"Do you speak English?" Gary asked.

"Yes," she said. "I was eight when the Comanches took me." Three small children stood half hidden behind her; they stared at the two men with walnut-colored eyes. "Where do you take us?"

"To the fort," Gary said. "Your family is there."

She shook her head. "My family is dead. I remember."

McCabe glanced at Gary. "What are you going to do about that, Jim? You take her from one place where she had a home and turn her loose at Fort Elliott?"

"Do I have a choice?" He drew on his cigar. "Tell all of them to behave themselves. I can only take them to their rightful families, who wait at Fort Elliott."

McCabe told them, and they moaned and wailed and some of the young men struggled against the ropes that bound them. Gary turned away and started back to Shea's camp; McCabe walked beside him.

"Who's going to sort through these people when we get to Elliott, Jim? Or do you take them in with ropes around their necks and put them on the block like cattle?"

"Colonel Frazer will have to take that responsibility."

"If they never got there ——"

Gary cut him off sharply. "Then another officer would round them up! Guthrie, when I had to kill that man, you told me why you hung back and watched the whole thing through your field glasses. This is the same thing. It's do it now and do it as clean as you can, and then try to forget what you've done."

"Well, you've toughened up some," McCabe said. "But are you tough enough to forget it?"

"I don't know," Gary said. "I wish I did know."

The return march to Fort Elliott was a trial to Jim Gary. The white captives slowed them down by every means, singing and chanting continually to wear on the troopers' nerves and make the horses nervous, and never letting up at night so anyone could sleep. The young men staged mock riots among themselves, butting heads and kicking, forcing the guard to be doubled and keeping troopers on their feet when they should have been in their blankets.

Gary was vastly relieved to see Fort Elliott in the distance, and more relieved when the officer of the day and a five-man detail rode out to meet him.

"You're late, Gary," the officer said, drawing up. "But that's no matter. The colonel wants you to report to him. Take your command onto the post. We'll take charge of the rescued group." He studied them, a frown building on his forehead. "Why are they bound and under guard?"

"To keep them from running away," Gary said. "Unless you want them to scatter, better keep them under strong guard."

"We'll attend to it," the officer said. "Report to Colonel Frazer immediately, Gary."

"Oh, sure," Gary said and rode on.

There was the business of dismissing his men and seeing that the animals were tended. Afterward he and McCabe walked to headquarters and found Frazer impatiently pacing up and down his office.

"When I request an officer's presence, I mean before he tends to his private toilet," Frazer said. "Sit down. McCabe, you can wait outside."

"This is good enough," McCabe said and took a chair. Frazer did not like this, but decided not to press the matter.

"Report, Mr. Gary."

"Forty-seven adult whites recovered, sir, male and female. About nineteen children of mixed blood."

"By George, you carried it off!" Frazer was jubilant.

"We sure did," McCabe said dryly. "You'll be a big hero with the Washington politicians, colonel."

"McCabe, I'll thank you to keep your mouth shut," Frazer said. He raised his voice. "Orderly! Bring in the pay voucher!" A moment later a private brought in the book, and Frazer signed a sheet and tore it out. "Take this to the paymaster and get off the post, McCabe. I told you once that I'd take great pleasure in throwing you off, and now I'm doing it. If you're not gone by evening, I'll have the officer of the day eject you bodily."

McCabe was studying the voucher; when he looked at Frazer he did so with anger in his eyes. "What the hell is this? Three weeks' pay?"

"You'll find that correct, sir," Frazer said. "And quite legal. You don't think the Army is going to pay you for time spent under some squaw's blanket, do you?" He laughed heartily. "You're bested, McCabe. Taken at your own game. Now clear out of this office."

"Sure," McCabe said flatly. "See you outside, Jim." He let the door slam behind him and Frazer went behind his desk, a smile wreathing his face.

"You don't know how much pleasure that gives me, Gary. And I take pleasure in telling you that you've done a good job. Within months now you'll hear word on your promotion."

"Yes, sir." Gary locked his teeth together to keep from telling Frazer what to do with the promotion. Get out, that was his thought; get out before he opened his mouth and blew his military career sky high. "What will the disposition be of the returnees, sir?"

"Not your concern," Frazer said. "They wanted their kin back, and now they've got them. It'll straighten itself out. By George, the Army can't do everything for them." He smiled in a fatherly fashion at Jim Gary. "You've had rough duty, my boy. Consider yourself relieved for the next five days. Draw your pay and go into Tascosa. Have a good time."

"Yes, sir. That sounds like excellent advice. Will that be all, sir?"

"Yes. You're dismissed—Captain." He winked when he said it and forever stained the rank in Gary's mind; he felt as though he had been handed a dozen filthy postcards while in church; in his mind there was an almost reverence in military service, a religious adherence to his duty, but it would never be that way again.

He stepped outside and found McCabe standing in the shade of the porch. Gary said, "I'm foot-loose for the next five days. Let's ride."

"I'd kind of like to see that Donovan girl first," McCabe said. "You feel like going out to the camp by the creek?"

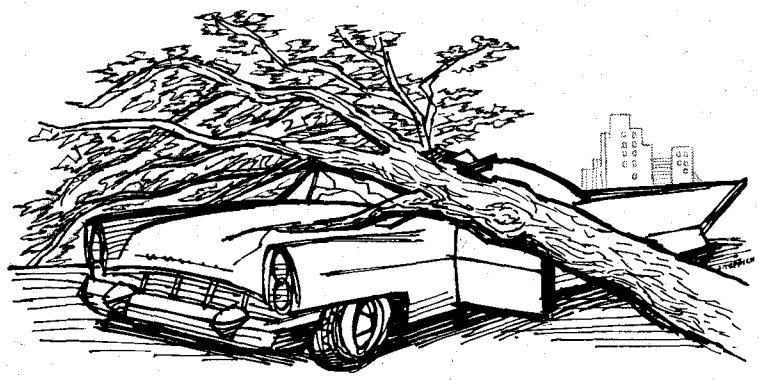
"Sure," Gary said. "I've got to face them sometime."

The civilian camp was in turmoil when Gary and McCabe arrived, for the white prisoners were being pawed over and argued over and given out to the people foolish enough to claim them. The group that Gary and McCabe had taken to Sand Creek stayed near their wagons, yet there was an atmosphere of a slave auction in the camp while white mothers were separated from their half-Indian children; the relatives did not want the half-breeds at all, just their own, while the captives wanted none of their relatives.

The Army was there, trying to establish order, but there is little order in emotion, and the camp was a boil of it, ready for lancing, and Jim Gary did not want to see the operation, being able to guess at the poison that would be released.

McCabe left him and went on to Jane Donovan's wagon while Gary observed the slave-block tactics and let the sounds of crying and begging soak into him; he seemed to desire punishment for his part in this, and to see it was punishment enough, for this was something he would carry in his mind for the rest of his life.

The Donovan wagon was parked near the creek, but the sounds still carried to it. Jane gave McCabe some coffee, examined the scar on his hand to make certain it (*Continued on Page 114*)



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Ralph and Mary were driving along at twenty miles an hour. Suddenly a tree began to topple across the street about ninety feet in front of them. Mary screamed, "Ralph—that tree!" Ralph neither braked nor swerved. The tree hit his car, seriously injuring Mary. She sued him for damages.

"Sure, I heard her," Ralph admitted, "but I didn't know what she meant. So I drove on. I made a bad decision, but that doesn't mean I was careless or negligent of her safety."

"If he had heeded my warning, the tree wouldn't have injured me," Mary retorted. "Obviously, the accident was his fault because he didn't listen."

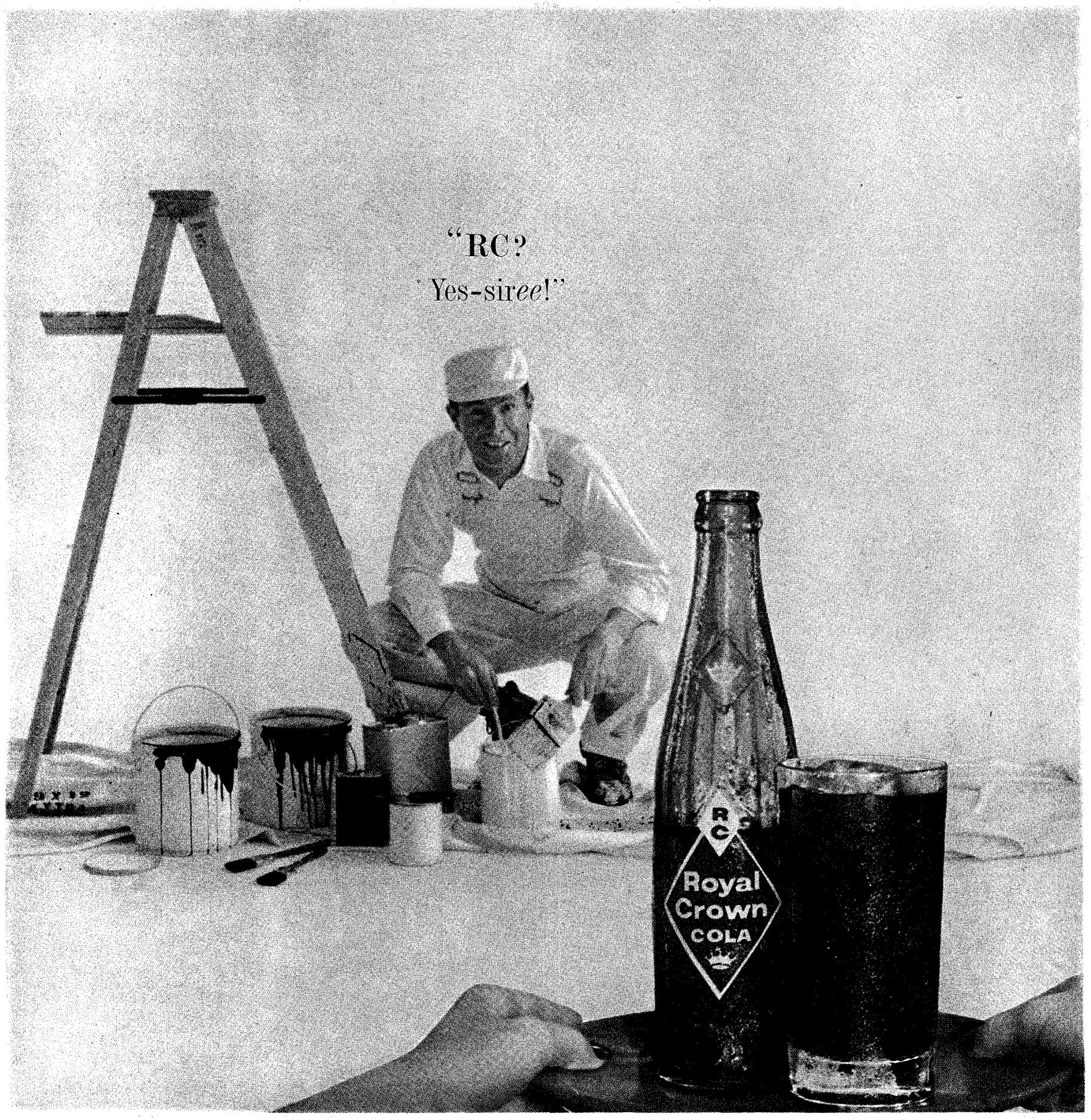
If you were the judge, would you award damages to Mary?

• •

Mary lost. The court said her cry of "That tree!" failed to inform Ralph of what tree she meant. It ruled that as Ralph himself did not create the emergency, he was not obliged to exercise the best judgment. While his decision was "unfortunate," it added, that "does not make it negligent."

Based upon a 1956 New York decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Discover the up-to-date difference in today's RC. Sprightlier, *fresher,* with a delightfully less sweet taste all its own. (Made from fresh, protected concentrate instead of perishable syrup.) Try today's RC and see. Serve frosty-cold. *Sensational!*

You'll prefer Royal Crown COLA the ***fresher*** refresher

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 112*) had healed properly, then sat down on the dropped wagon tongue.

"I wonder how many of this bunch they'll hang," she said.

"Jim's thinking that, you can bet on it."

"Where is he? Why didn't he come with you?"

McCabe shrugged. "I guess he's got his reasons. I only came to say good-by. Jim and I are going into Tascosa for a few days. Probably you'll be gone when he comes back."

"You sound like you're making a speech for him, Guthrie."

"Maybe I am without knowing it," he said. "Jane, right now he needs someone who understands without a lot of talk, but I don't think he'll come to you. You can see why not, can't you?"

"Yes, but he tried to do right."

McCabe shook his head. "That isn't good enough for men like Jim Gary." He smiled and handed his half-empty cup to her. "Too bad you're not going to stay, Jane. You'd be good for him."

"Would I? I've been asking myself that."

"The Tremain woman, is she still on the post? He'll want to know."

"She left with her uncle. California, I think. He's retiring after this term of office. Tell Jim; it's a drop of good news in an ocean of bad."

"I'll tell him."

He started to turn away, but she took his arm and held him back. "I have to know, Guthrie. Was he in love with her?"

This made him laugh. "No. He was full of gallantry, but he wasn't in love. That's something that Jim wouldn't pass out to the first pretty woman that came along."

"Thank you. That makes it easier."

He left her then and walked rapidly across the camp to the crowd gathered around the Army and their charges. Gary saw him coming and came to meet him.

"I'm sick enough," Gary said. "Let's go." He sided McCabe and they reentered the post. In the stable, saddling their horses, Gary came out with it. "Guthrie, I hope you said my good-bys for me."

"No, I didn't. You fool, you don't ever want to say good-by to a girl like that." He tightened the cinch and then stepped into the saddle. "She'll be here when you get back. I've got a feeling."

"I wish I had it." He mounted his horse. "Let's go see the paymaster."

The office was in one wing of the guardhouse near the main gate, and Gary drew his pay while McCabe settled for his paltry amount. The guard let them pass and they turned to the Tascosa road, facing a full thirty-hour ride.

They camped early and were in their blankets before a full darkness settled, and before dawn they were moving on. Gary veered off the road and headed toward Anson Miles' place. This brought a sharp look from McCabe.

"I don't have to go there, Jim."

"A man always ought to look at a thing he's wanted badly after he's decided he doesn't want it," Gary said. "It sort of removes all doubt."

"All right," McCabe said. "Have it your own way."

The multiroomed mansion at last began to loom before them, larger and larger as they closed the distance. Passing into the front yard, both men sat their horses and waited for Miles' dog to come yap-snapping out of the barn, but he remained hidden. Gary rode up to the porch, leaned from the saddle and knocked on the post, but no one came out. Both men then rode around the place and saw that all the shutters were nailed closed.

"What goes on here?" McCabe asked.

"Maybe there's an answer in town," Gary said and turned in that direction.

They approached it in darkness, tied up before the saloon and went inside. The hour was getting late and only a few men stood at the bar. In a corner a dull poker game plodded along with bored players and low stakes.

"McCabe!" the bartender said, placing a bottle on the bar. "When did you get back?"

"Just now," McCabe said. He looked around the room once, then let his traveling glance stop at a corner table. A nudge drew Gary's attention, and he also looked. Anson Miles had his bottle, glass and his thoughts; he acted as though he never cared to look up again.

"Let's go have a talk with him," McCabe suggested, taking bottle and glasses with him. They sat down at Miles' table, and it seemed that he would never glance at them.

He spoke without raising his eyes. "Heard you come in, Guthrie. . . . How are you, lieutenant?"

"Tolerable," Gary said. "And you?"

"The same. I'm going to get drunk. You want to stay and see it?"

"What you want to do that for?" McCabe asked. "I never knew you to suck the bottle, Anson."

"The world looks better when I'm drunk," Miles said. Then he looked at McCabe. "You left her alone too long, Guthrie. Now we've both lost her."

"What are you talking about?"

"My little wife, that's who I'm talking about." He laughed. "I wanted a new windmill put up. A salesman came out from Kansas City. She rolled her eyes, and he smiled with them pretty white teeth he had, and the next day she up and ran off with him. That's why I'm getting drunk." He studied McCabe for a moment, then smiled. "Why don't you get drunk too?"

"No reason."

"You got a reason," Miles said. "Then tell it to me."

"You ain't sheriff no more. Nope, they threw you out for going away like you did. Guthrie, folks will stand for just so much, you know, and you always was one for bending a thing out of shape."

Jim Gary spoke up. "All this talk isn't getting us anywhere. What we need is another bottle, one apiece. . . . Hey, bartender."

"This boy's got a head on him," Miles said. "How come I never saw that before?"

"You were sober," Guthrie McCabe said.

The bottle was produced, and each man filled his glass. McCabe offered the toast, for they were gentlemen with a common intent. "Here's to all the beauty in the world. May a strong wind come up and blow the dust off it."

"Yes, sir," Miles said. Their glasses were immediately emptied.

McCabe said, "Hey, Jim, you forgot to send money to your sisters. Better put some of that in another pocket."

Gary shook his head. "I've already figured out how many bottles it'll buy."

"Now you've grown selfish," McCabe said. "A toast—to youthful ideals destroyed."

The bottles were upped, the glasses upped; three men sighed and wiped tears from their eyes. Miles' voice was getting thick because he had a head start on them, but McCabe and Gary quickly caught up with him.

Closing time was midnight on week nights, and the bartender turned out the back lamps before approaching their table. They reeled in their chairs, sang songs together, laughed over nothing and cried for their own private reasons. The bartender was disgusted with them; he secretly hated drunks, having taken a cure once himself, and their crying angered him. He saw the tears and nothing else, and he spoke roughly to them.

"Time to get out! Come on, let's go!"

They paid no attention to him and, when he tried to take Gary's arm, the young man knocked him down. The bartender was more surprised than hurt, and when he got up he went out and down the street after the sheriff.

Lon Caswell had been a deputy under McCabe and he could not help recalling all those times he had bent his will to McCabe's. He handled Miles gently, carrying him off to the jail, then coming back for Lieutenant Gary. McCabe was saved to the last, slapped around a little and handled roughly, but he was too drunk to care.

They shared the same cell, and after locking the door, Caswell sat in his office, dozing until dawn. A buggy rattling down the street woke him, and he got up to see who it was. Then he saw that it was an Army ambulance instead, driven by a burly sergeant. A young woman shared the seat beside him, and the rig stopped in front of the jail.

Jane Donovan got down with the sergeant's help and came across the walk. "Are you the sheriff?"

"Yes'm."

"Then you're the one I want to see," she said, stepping into his office. "It occurs to me that you might have a gentleman here who had too much to drink. I've come to get him."

Caswell smiled. "I expect you mean Lieutenant Gary. Yes'm, he's sleeping it off now."

"Is there a fine?"

"No," Caswell said. "They had quite a crying jag on last night, Miss ——"

"Donovan," she said. "Will it be all right to take Mr. Gary back to the post now?"

"Sure, it just saves me county expense of feeding him." Caswell went to the cell block to get Gary, and Sergeant Davis came inside to help him into the back of the ambulance. Gary could hardly walk, and he did not open his eyes; rather he held them tightly shut as if afraid to open them. Caswell came to stand in the doorway, and Jane Donovan and the sergeant climbed into the rig.

They U-turned in the street and left Tascosa without delay. Jane kept her hands clasped tightly together in her lap for a mile or so; then she said, "Perhaps I should have waited and let him come back by himself, sergeant. But I had my fears that he wouldn't come back."

"Mr. Gary's not one to give a thing up," Davis said. "He's Army, ma'am."

"Yes," she said. Then she looked at him, her eyes shining with seriousness, dedication. "We'll have to look after him for a while, sergeant. You when he's on duty, and me when he's off. We can't fail him. You understand?"

"Yes'm." Then he put his gloved hand on hers; the rough planes of his cheeks broke into a smile. "Mr. Gary's just too good a man to lose. And we sure won't lose him, ma'am. Don't you worry about it."

"My, I forgot about Guthrie McCabe. Turn about, sergeant. Perhaps the sheriff will ——"

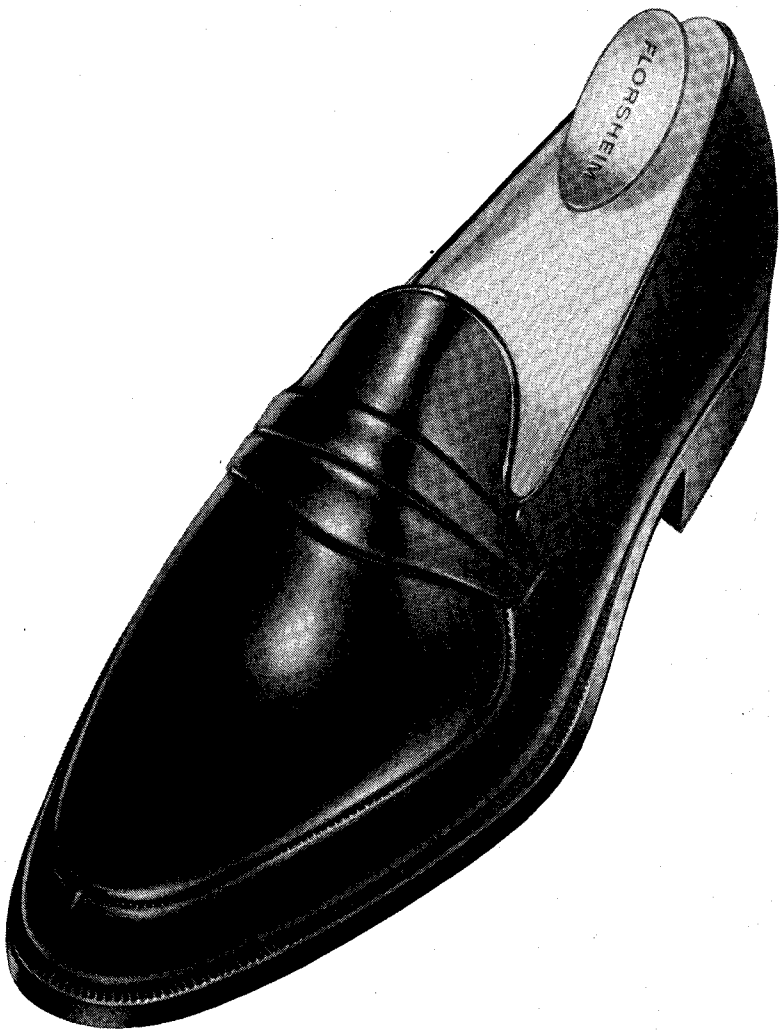
"No, no," Davis said, shaking his head. "Mr. McCabe will sober up soon enough, and he and the sheriff will play a little game to see who gets the badge." He grinned. "Ma'am, there's nothing wrong with McCabe except maybe a headache. He never asks a man for a favor." Davis laughed. "I've known the man since I was transferred here. If someone steals his place, he just roots another one." Davis clucked to the team. "I give him sixty days, or until the colonel is gone. Then he'll come riding out to the fort with a smile, and a badge on his vest and money jingling in his pockets. The McCabes in this world are hard to put down, ma'am. Be glad of it."

"Yes," she said softly. "Now, I think I'm glad." THE END

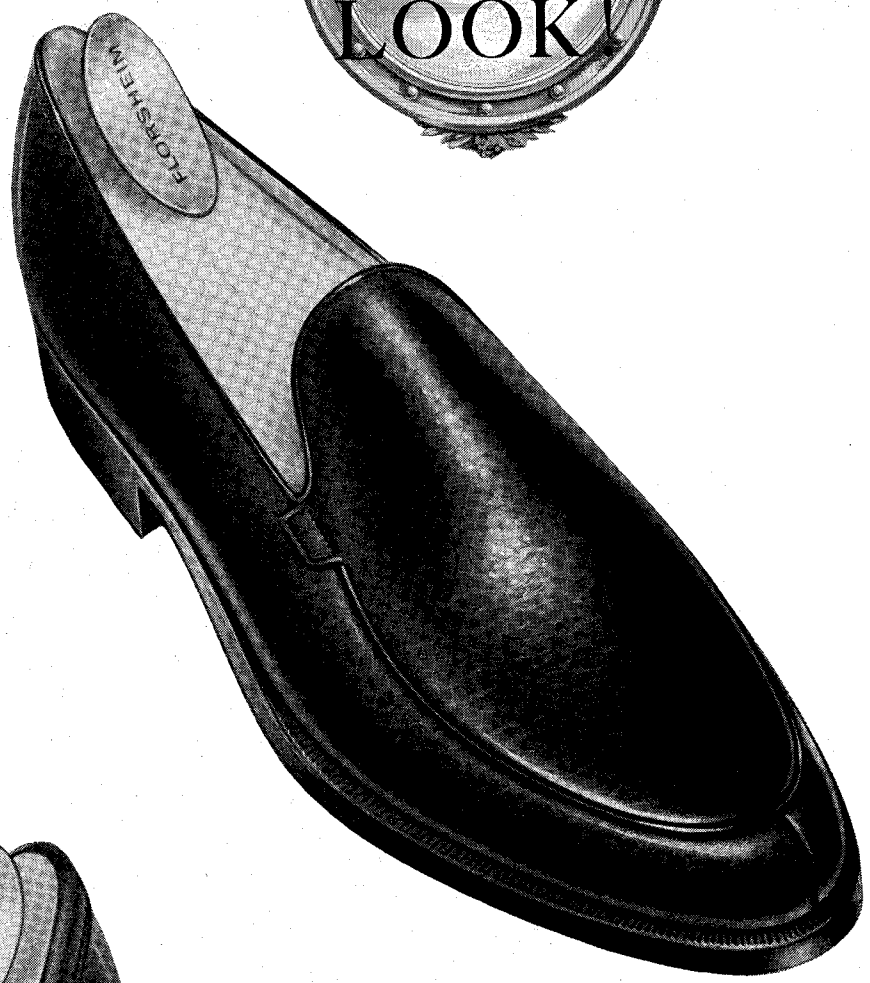
"Fred! . . . People are staring!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It's the
AMERICAN
LOOK!



FLORSHEIM
Slip Ons

...“Laceless” comfort, “Lacelike” fit

AND

Florsheim does it best!

Easy-going style attuned to today's pattern of casual living—at work, at play, week-end, week day! But comfort's not the whole story, by far! Exclusive lasts, finer leathers, skilled Florsheim workmanship provide street shoe fit without a slip—and quality that brings lower cost through longer wear. That's the American Look!

Illustrated:
Top left: Lucerne, *20007; black calf strap slip on*
Top right: The Monitor, *21008; black walnut calf piped front slip on*
Bottom: The Seneca, *21009; black calf genuine moccasin*

Florsheim Shoes start at $19.95

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Secrets of the Soufflé

(Continued from Page 34)

circuses. Quite naturally, the recipe came out.

It was a way to make tomato soup if you didn't have a can of tomato soup. You put some milk in a pan, added a half teaspoon of baking soda, heated this and then poured in a good shot of catsup.

This remarkable piece of information gave me my first insight into the mystery of cooking. It contained all the elements of a great recipe—imagination, economy, a basic knowledge of chemistry—all, possibly, except one: taste.

That one episode, however, was the landmark of my youth. From the time I was ten until I was twenty, I was away at school and college, and whatever doors to virtue our educational institutions open for us, the door to good eating is not one of them. Meals then were simply another way to mark the time of day, like an English or a geology class. The thoughts of youth were presumably long, long thoughts, but they were not on *ris de veau financière*.

I came, then, late to the table. I was twenty when my uncle took me to dinner at a celebrated New York restaurant, and it was on that night that my fifth sense was brought into play.

I had had soup before. But this—was this soup, or some miraculous accident that had occurred in the kitchen and could never occur again? I had to decide not, for the chicken, the salad, the French-fried parsley were all part of the same miracle.

"*What*," I said, "is this?"

Jules, the captain, said, "It's a chocolate soufflé. Do you like it?"

Like it? Here was all glory in a two-quart bowl. Like it? I decided, with my mouth full, that I would probably have a soufflé every night for the rest of my life.

Thereafter, when I could afford it, I bowled off to the restaurant and feasted. The headwaiter became my friend, and so did his lieutenant. I sampled and resampled the long line of dessert soufflés: chocolate, almond, vanilla, lemon and so on, and I felt I became knowing about sauces. But these times were special; on the ordinary day I just ate food—call it the mixture as before.

Also there was a setback in here. The war.

Soufflés and such never entered my head for five years. Not until my striking success with the steak did my personal interest in food begin to revive. And something happened only three days later that was a real eye opener.

A girl I knew in Santa Monica asked me to lunch. She was a nice girl, but an obvious scatterbrain, and I imagined she would give me a fast tuna salad from the delicatessen, with maybe a chocolate cupcake for dessert. But I went.

However, she produced from the kitchen a magnificent cheese soufflé. I jumped to the sensible conclusion that they were now flying soufflés out from New York, and that all you had to do was reheat them on arrival.

But I said politely, "My word. Did you make this yourself?"

She shrugged and said, "Certainly. Any fool can make a soufflé."

Any fool? I looked at her. This appeared to me to be too encouraging a statement to make about the end product of French civilization.

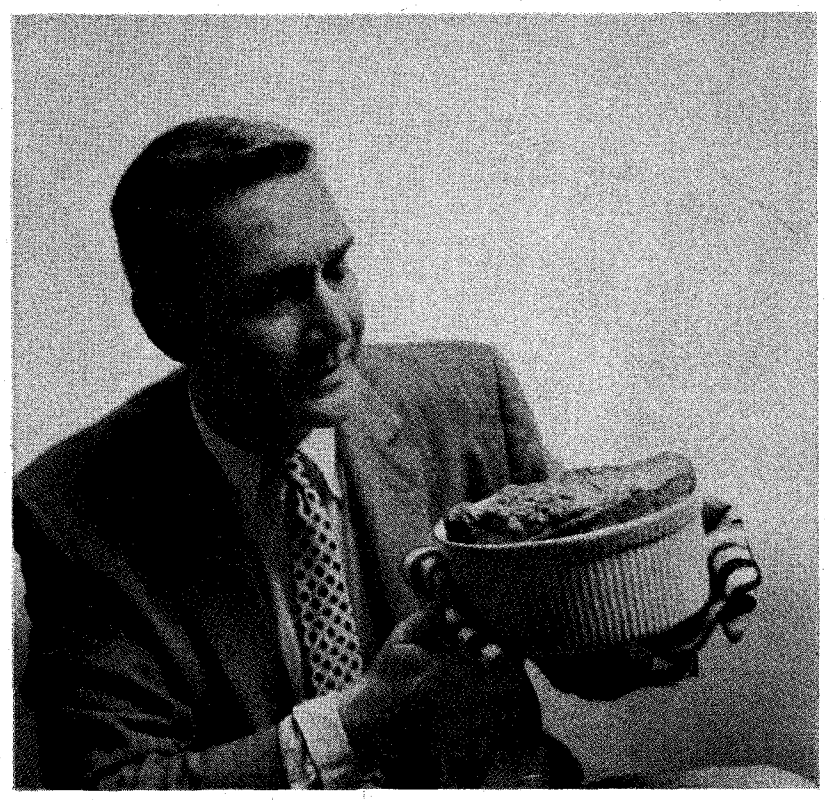
"Is this a fact?" I said.

She nodded. "All you have to do is remember to let the sauce cool."

I was in over my head. What sauce? But I was hooked. On the way home I bought a flock of cookbooks. Since I had once learned how to take an automobile engine apart, I saw no reason why I couldn't find out how to press a duck.

I spent an instructive evening among my books. The next day, after calling up a few people to find out what was meant exactly by a "tablespoon of flour," I set to work. At a quarter of four in the afternoon, I created my first soufflé. It was chocolate, it rose, and it was wonderful. I ate it all myself.

Well, so much for early success. With a little practice, I could make a soufflé that fell. But I persisted, for I now realized that an ordinary, tax-paying American citizen could make a soufflé, without, as I had supposed, serving a ten-year apprenticeship in the kitchens of Versailles.



"A soufflé will not wait upon people," cautions author Bradshaw. Here he holds one of his own impatient creations, which fell slightly while posing for its picture.

I have not come upon an infallible recipe, but I have learned a few tricks. If you will assume the posture of an artist and pay attention to the directions, *you too* can make a soufflé.

Following are a half dozen recipes with some simple menus to go with them. Once you have learned how to make a soufflé, you will develop dreams of grandeur and think you must cook a whole meal.

First, a few hints. There is only one inflexible rule about a soufflé: It must be eaten when ready. A soufflé will not wait upon people; people must wait upon a soufflé.

You can make a soufflé in any heatproof china casserole that has straight sides and is approximately five and a half inches high and eleven and a half inches across.

Don't try to double any of these recipes and make an enormous soufflé in an enormous dish. The batter would not cook through in the time allowed. If you need eight servings, make two soufflés of the usual size.

About egg whites: They should be beaten until they are stiff and creamy. They should not be overbeaten until they are hard and dry. If you use a hand beater you don't need to worry about this advice, because you probably will be exhausted long before the whites are hard and dry. If the whites are too stiff they will not combine easily and thoroughly with the sauce. So watch for the right moment; the whites will be ready when they glisten and stand in peaks.

In each of the recipes to follow, you will notice that a large spoonful of whites is folded into the sauce before this sauce is dribbled into the remaining whites. Don't neglect to do this. It aerates the sauce so that you do not have the dead weight of a heavy mixture dropping—plunk—on the bubbles of egg whites.

Cooling: This is one of the real requirements of soufflé making. The sauce must, no kidding, be cool. One test is to hold the top of your double boiler in the palm of your hand. If you can do this comfortably the sauce is cool. But none of the cooked sauces should be allowed to get completely cold.

Testing: A soufflé, as long as it remains in its warm oven, is pretty sturdy. You don't have to worry about tiptoeing around the kitchen, or opening the oven door to take a look. Indeed, the best way to determine whether a soufflé is done is to open the oven door after eighteen or twenty minutes and give the dish a slight shove. If the top crust wiggles only very slightly, it is done. However, if it really trembles, so that you have a feeling that there is nothing but soup underneath, let it go a few minutes more. Dessert soufflés should be softer than entree or vegetable soufflés. The center of a great chocolate soufflé should be creamy and runny.

Cheese Soufflé

Melt three tablespoons of butter in the top of a double boiler. Mix in three tablespoons of flour. Cook a minute, then add one cup of milk and stir constantly until thick and creamy. Add one-half pound of cheese cut into small pieces—anything from Parmesan or Swiss to the sharpest kind of Jack cheese; a good Cheddar should do to begin with.

The cheese should be stirred into the mixture until it is entirely dissolved and you have a smooth sauce. Add a dash of cayenne pepper. Beat again and set the top of the double boiler aside to cool.

Separate six eggs. Beat the yolks and add them to the cheese mixture and then beat again until all is genuinely combined. Allow this to cool fifteen minutes.

Beat the egg whites (six) until they're stiff. Then take a large spoonful—almost a quarter of the whole—and mix thoroughly into the cheese sauce until you have a slightly foamy consistency. Now dribble this sauce over the remaining egg whites and fold and cut gently and firmly. If there are a few bits of unmixed egg white, never mind. Better too little than too much folding, until you know what you are doing.

Now slide this whole thing into a buttered soufflé dish and into a 350-degree oven. It should take between twenty and twenty-five minutes to be done. But test it.

And have no fear. It will rise.

And there's your first. With thin slices of rye bread and a proper green salad you will have a meal worthy of your courage.

Many people are under the impression they can make a green salad. They buy a head of iceberg lettuce and douse a bottle of Thousand Island dressing on it. This will not do. You must get decent lettuce: Boston, butter, bronze, bib, Belgian endive—lettuce with a *taste*. You must wash it thoroughly, leaf by leaf, and then plunge it for half an hour into a bowl of ice water. You must dry it thoroughly. The thing to do is shake it and then spread it on a paper. Finally, put it in a bowl and back into the refrigerator until it is cold. (And there's only one way to make French dressing: four olive oils to one tarragon vinegar, then enough salt and ground black pepper to suit.)

Hamburger Soufflé

In the top of a double boiler melt three tablespoons of butter, add three tablespoons of flour, mix and allow to cook a minute. Pour in a cup of milk and cook, stirring constantly until the sauce is thick and creamy. Then add two tablespoons of Parmesan cheese, two tablespoons of Worcestershire or A-1 sauce, a dash of salt and some ground black pepper. Now crumble a half pound of hamburger into a skillet with a little butter, push it around until it is browned, and add to the sauce.

Next add the beaten yolks of five eggs. Cook all this for just a moment, then take it off the fire and beat it well. Cool it.

Beat the egg whites until they are creamy. When the mixture is cool, take a big spoonful of the whites and fold it in very thoroughly, until you have a slightly foamy look. Then pour the mixture slowly over the remaining egg whites and gently fold and cut and lift as you pour. Now slide all this into a buttered soufflé dish and bake in a 350-degree oven for twenty-five minutes, or maybe a little more. This soufflé should be firm; when you test it, it should shake hardly at all.

This makes a fine lunch. With a plate of hot buttered toast, and a dish of cold pickled beets—you want something spicy—you will have a good meal.

Corn Soufflé

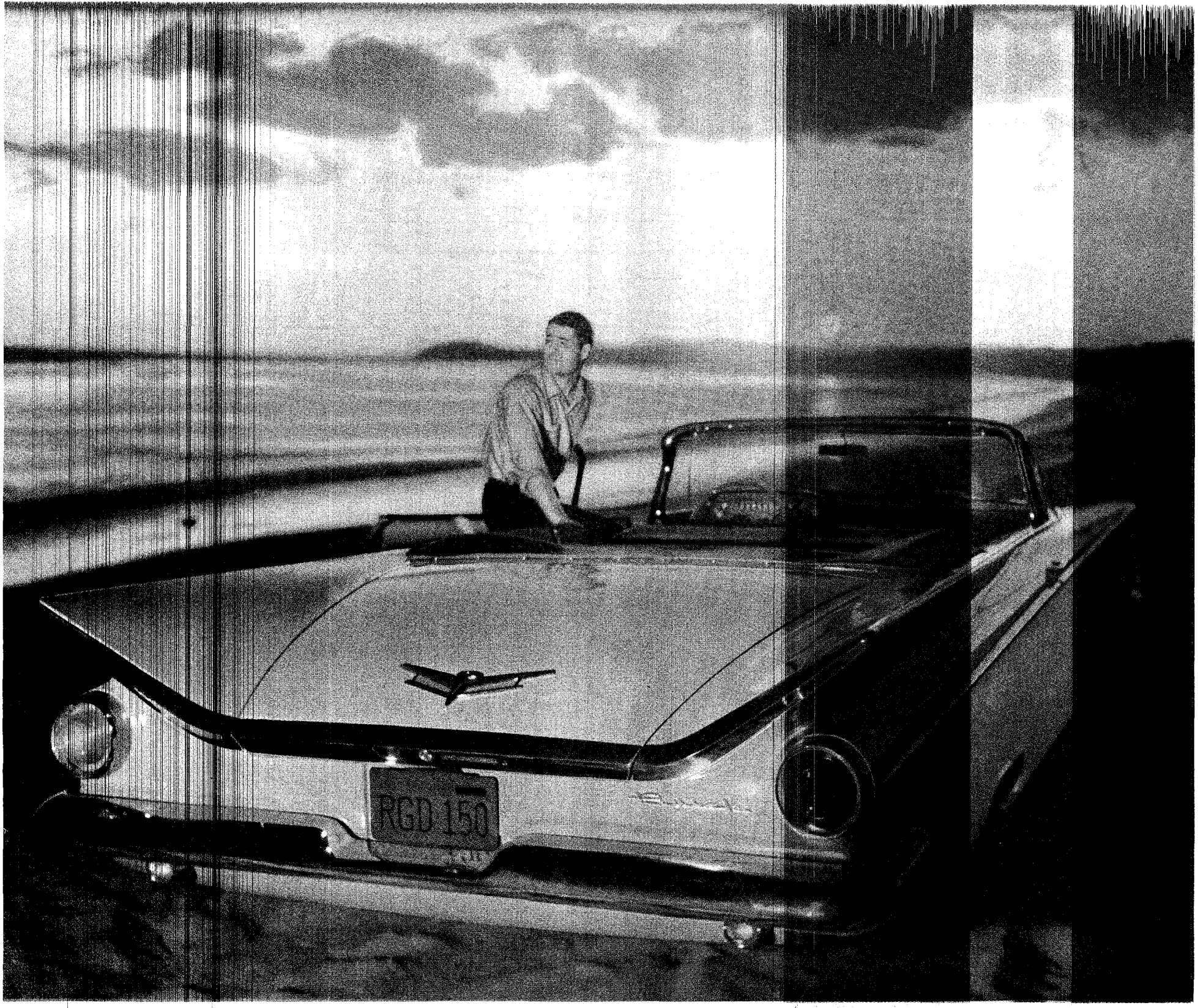
Possibly the easiest of them all is this corn soufflé. You need merely a can of cream-style corn and four eggs.

Separate the eggs. Beat the yolks well, dump the can of corn into them and mix.

Beat the whites as you have been told, spoon a quarter of them into the corn, and mix thoroughly. Then gently pour the corn over the remaining egg whites and fold carefully until you have a good light mass.

(*Continued on Page 119*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



175,000 families have already made the magnificent change to

The clean winged style of Buick '59!

Nobody knows what a car's really like as well as the man who has bought one and lives with it. Named by Motor Trend magazine the best looking car of the year, Buick '59 has inspired some of the most enthusiastic comments from owners in the history of Buick.

STYLE! . . . "most flattering car we've ever owned . . . the most magnificent change I've ever seen!" . . . "best looking and best operating car I ever drove over a period of 30 years!" . . . "the most beautiful Buick we've had. I've received over 100 compliments about its beauty, and its performance, too!"

PERFORMANCE! . . . "even better than I expected it to be!" . . . "my sixth Buick and the best I've ever owned!" . . . "rides like satin and the pep is Terrific!" . . . "smoothest transmission of any car, by far. My first Buick, and I'm also getting better mileage than anything I've ever driven!"

So here's our promise to you now . . . get inside the most talked-about style of the year, and you'll discover the most wantable car you've ever met. The quietest. The goingest. The willingest. The finest. Your Quality Buick Dealer is ready and eager to let you test this promise for yourself!

LESABRE *The thriftiest Buick* INVICTA *The most spirited Buick* ELECTRA *The most luxurious Buick*

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

THE CAR: BUICK '59

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORM **1040**
U. S. Treasury Department
Internal Revenue Service

U. S. INDIVIDUAL INCOME TAX RETURN—1958

or Other Taxable Year Beginning ..... 1958, Ending ..... 195..
(PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT)

Name .....
(If this is a joint return of husband and wife, use first names and middle initials of both)

Home address .....
(Number and street or rural route)

(City, town, or post office) (Postal zone number) (State)

Your Social Security Number | Occupation | Wife's Social Security Number | Occupation

If Income Was All From Salaries ... Name ... ge 3 of the Instructions.

Exemptions

1. Check blocks which ... exemptions. Yourself ☐ Wife ☐ Enter number of exemptions checked
Check for wife if she ... income or her income ... included in this return. ... Yourself ☐ Wife ☐
2. List first names of your children who ... qualify as dependents, except those listed at 6 ... address if different from yours ... ... urself ☐ Wife ☐ ... number dren
3. Enter number of other dependents listed at 6 ... persons listed at 6 ...
4. Enter the total number of exemptions claimed ... and ...

Income

5. Enter all wages, salaries, and other employee compensation ... ind other ... er over yo ... ate) ... cluding any ...uctions, pp. 5–6) ... ...e Tax Withheld
... $ ...
... $ ...
6. Le ... ick pay" ... $ ...
7. Balance (line 5 less line 6) ... $ ...
8. Profit (or loss) from business ...
9. Profit (or loss) from farming ...
10. Other income (or loss) from ...
11. ADJUSTED GROSS INCC ... $

If either you or your wife had more than one employer and the social security tax (FICA) withheld from wages exceeded $94.50, see instructions, page 5.

Unmarried or legally separated persons ... of Household," see instructions, page ... and check here ☐ | Widows and widowers ... special ... page ... ho are entitled to the ... 8, and check here ☐

• ATTACH COPY B OF FORMS W-2 HERE •

Tax due or refund

12. Tax on income on line 1 ... 11 ... $
Table on page 16 of inst ... ar ... ine ... or more, or if you itemize deductions, ... age ... mount from line 9, page 2) ... $

If income was all from wages, omit lines 13 through 16

13. (a) Div ... of Schedule J ... $
(b) Retir ... credit from ... 12 of Schedule K ...
14. Balance (line 12 less line 13) ... $
15. Enter your self-employment tax from separate Schedule C or F ...
16. Sum of lines 14 and 15 ... $
17. (a) Tax withheld (line 5 above). Attach Forms W-2, Copy B ... $
(b) Payments and credits on 1958 Declaration of Estimated Tax (See page 8, Instructions.) • ... $
District Director's office where paid .....
18. If your tax (line 12 or 16) is larger than your payments (line 17), enter the **BALANCE DUE** here → $
Pay in full with this return to "Internal Revenue Service." If less than $1.00, file return without payment.
19. If your payments (line 17) are larger than your tax (line 12 or 16), enter the **OVERPAYMENT** here → $
If less than $1.00, the overpayment will be refunded only upon application.
20. Amount of line 19 to be: (a) Credited on 1959 estimated tax $.....; (b) Refunded $.....

Did you receive an expense allowance or reimbursement, or charge expenses to your employer? ☐ Yes ☐ No (See page 6.)
If "Yes," did ... an itemized accounting of expenses to your employer? ... ☐ Yes ☐ No
... husband) filing a ... for ... "Yes," ...

ARE YOUR INCOME TAXES UNFAIR? (Ask your wife)

"MR. O'ROURKE," the anonymous $200,000-a-year Chicago executive whose story appears in the April Ladies' Home Journal, maintains that Federal income tax unfairly penalizes the man who earns his own way. T. Coleman Andrews, former U.S. Commissioner of Internal Revenue, agrees—and adds, "This evil levy has made us a nation of liars and cheats."

This Journal article strikes home—and it also may strike you as an odd sort of subject for a woman's magazine. It won't strike your wife as odd, though.

Ladies' Home Journal editors know that women enjoy a Daphne du Maurier story as much as a recipe...studying a Mainbocher fashion as much as learning about Russia's ten most influential women or about interior decoration or income taxes. *Because women enjoy being women.* This is why—for the enjoyment of it—over 5,850,000 women bought the March issue of Ladies' Home Journal, the world's largest magazine for women.

Advertisers feel Journalpower—they tell us so. For instance, the maker of a beauty product began, ten years ago, to advertise to women—in Ladies' Home Journal. Sales began to climb. Recently, an auditing index showed that the product had become the leading brand, in sales, in the United States! In other words, *Journalpower...plus womanpower...equals salespower.*

Never underestimate the power of the No. 1 magazine for women...

Ladies' Home JOURNAL
A CURTIS PUBLICATION

NO. 1 IN CIRCULATION ★ NO. 1 IN NEWSSTAND SALES ★ NO. 1 IN ADVERTISING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 116*) Put all this into a buttered soufflé dish and into a 350-degree oven. Twenty minutes should do it, but test to be sure. It may need a couple of minutes more. This is really a fine, safe, amateur soufflé. You have to be marvelously inept for it to fail.

You have some cold lamb. Slice it thin. Make a sauce to go with it by beating together French mustard and mayonnaise, half and half. With a salad and the soufflé, you have a meal that appears to have been given some thought. Yet, really, what is it? Leftover lamb and a can of corn.

Chocolate Soufflé

Here is the greatest of the dessert soufflés.

In the top of a double boiler melt three tablespoons of butter and mix with three tablespoons of flour. Cook a moment. Then add a cup of milk, stirring constantly until the mixture is rich and creamy.

Add one half cup of sugar. Stir until dissolved. Add three squares (three ounces) of bitter cooking chocolate, broken into bits. The mixture will appear grainy for a while, but, as you keep stirring, the chocolate will suddenly combine and you will have a smooth, thick, elegant sauce.

Take this off the fire. Add a dash of salt and beat the mixture for a minute. Allow it to cool a bit, then add five beaten egg yolks to it, and beat until smooth.

Beat seven egg whites until stiff. When the chocolate sauce is really cool, take a large spoonful of whites and fold vigorously in the chocolate mixture until it appears slightly foamy. Dribble this sauce over the remaining egg whites, and fold thoroughly and carefully.

Slide all this into a buttered and sugared soufflé dish and place in a 350-degree oven. At the end of twenty minutes you should have something wonderful. But test it.

Here's a fine, simple sauce to top off the soufflé. Beat a half pint of heavy cream until it's stiff. Allow a half pint of vanilla ice cream to soften—not melt—soften. Then beat these two together. Add a couple of tablespoons of good brandy.

Have yourself a fine dinner with this. Have a roast rolled fillet of beef; have white asparagus; have potatoes Anna. And for a salad, Belgian endive with slices of *foie gras* on it and French dressing.

Coffee Soufflé

Melt two tablespoons of butter in the top of a double boiler and mix in two tablespoons of flour. Cook a minute. Add a half cup of hot milk and a half cup of strong black coffee. (If you use instant coffee, make it triple strength.) Add one half cup of sugar and cook and stir constantly until the mixture is well-combined. Set off the fire.

Beat four egg yolks and, when the mixture is slightly cool, add them.

Beat five egg whites until stiff. When the mixture is really cool, take a large spoonful of the whites and combine thoroughly with the sauce. Then pour this mixture over the remaining egg whites and fold and fold, gently.

Pour this into a buttered and sugared soufflé dish and put into a 350-degree oven. This should take twenty or twenty-two minutes. Test it.

The best sauce for this coffee soufflé is simply whipped cream, thoroughly chilled. If you want to add a little brandy, go ahead.

You might have a steak with this, broiled tomatoes and some very small baked potatoes. Fine on a dreary winter evening. Or on a summer evening you might try it with slices of cold roast beef and a horse-radish mousse.

Lemon Soufflé

This, for some reason, is far better than you would think.

In the top of the double boiler melt two tablespoons of butter, mix in two tablespoons flour. Cook a minute. Then add a cup of cream. Stir this—and it won't take long—until it is rich and smooth. Take off the heat to cool.

Beat four egg yolks with a scant half cup of sugar. Add to the sauce and beat all together.

Take a large, fresh lemon and grate finely all of its rind into a bowl. Add the juice from that lemon and one other.

Beat five egg whites till they are stiff and glistening. When the egg-cream mixture is cool, add the lemon juice and rind; beat well.

Take a large spoonful of the whites and mix well into the lemon sauce until it appears slightly foamy. Dribble the sauce over the remaining egg whites and lift and fold gently and thoroughly.

Finally, slide all into a buttered and sugared soufflé dish and then into a 350-degree oven for twenty to twenty-five minutes. Test it.

For a sauce, try this. Slice a couple of cups of fresh strawberries—large ones in quarters, small ones in halves. Melt two or three tablespoons of red currant jelly and pour over the berries along with a sprinkle of kirsch, if you will. Put this in the refrigerator for a couple of hours to get cold. Cold.

The temperature is important. Part of the pleasure of this dessert is the contrast between cold strawberries and hot lemon.

If you like lemon, why not have for this dinner a lemon sole? And some of those whole, baby Belgian carrots and a large cucumber salad.

Or it's not bad with a leg of lamb and little potatoes and a big platter of fresh asparagus. If you can't make a hollandaise sauce, put lots of butter on the asparagus.

You can make an excellent orange soufflé by substituting for the lemon rind and juice the finely grated rind of one good-sized orange and the juice of that orange. You might add a tablespoon of Cointreau. The same strawberry sauce is excellent with this.

So, good luck and good appetite. I hope that noise I hear isn't the thud of soufflés falling all over the nation.

Medicine's Legal Nightmare (Continued from Page 36)

agency came around, and—well, the only thing we could figure to do was to maybe sue and get them to give us a break."

In many respects, this case is typical of a large portion of the malpractice claims which are now being filed by the thousands each year against physicians and hospitals all over the United States. The skyrocketing increase in these claims has been described as one of the most dangerous threats ever to affect the medical profession.

While proclaiming its alarm in public, however, the medical profession has long tried to cope with the problem in private. Many medical men have insisted that all malpractice claims be decided privately by committees of doctors.

"Only doctors are competent to judge in such complicated matters," says a typical physician.

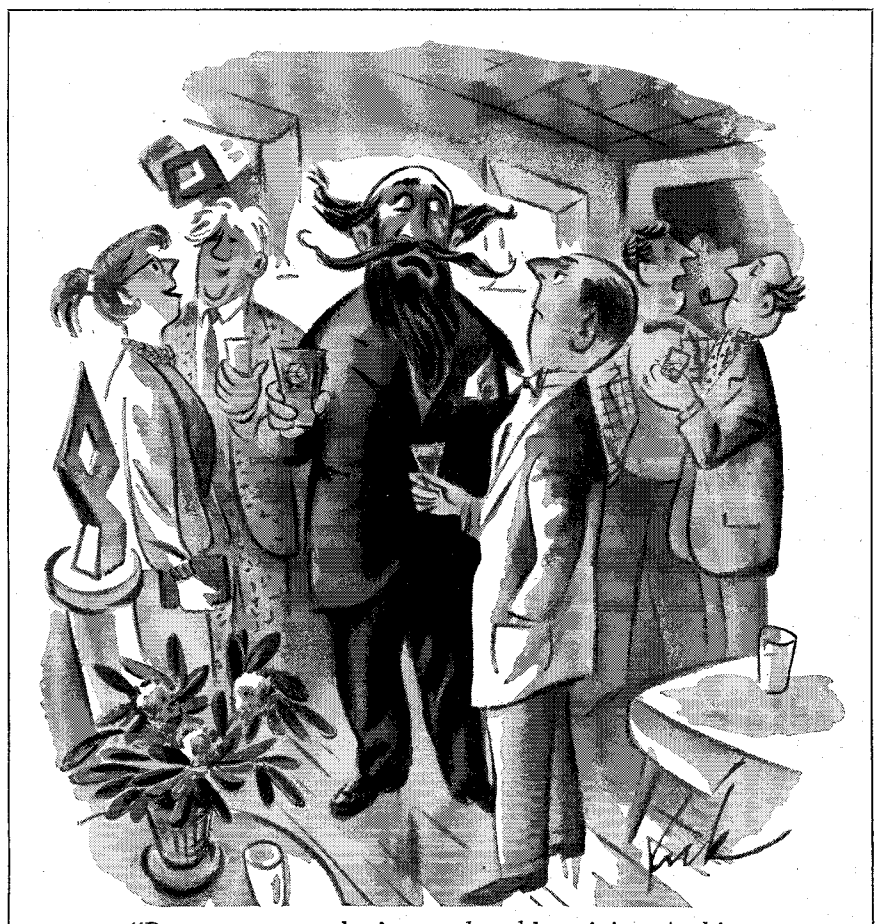
But a San Francisco attorney retorts, "This means merely that the doctors want to set up a court of their own. Should we then have separate courts for all professions? For lawyers? For tennis players? For plumbers? This is not in keeping with our democracy."

Because of the insistence of many attorneys—and some doctors—that all malpractice claims should be aired in public, and because of the frightening increase in the frequency of these claims, a group of physicians finally concluded that a full-scale investigation of the whole malpractice problem could no longer be postponed.

"We'd learned that we couldn't lick the problem by ignoring it, or hoping it would go away," says Dr. Joseph F. Sadusk, Jr., now chairman of the joint American Medical Association-American Hospital Association committee on professional liability. "With some qualms, we determined to find what was behind it."

The investigation began in California, which had the dubious distinction of recording more malpractice suits per doctor, bigger out-of-court settlements and bigger jury awards than any other state.

One part of the study was undertaken independently by the California Hospital Association. It started in 1954 with a careful analysis of the actual hospital accidents—falls out of bed, lost sponges at surgery, operations on the wrong patient, and the like—which had brought malpractice claims. It lead to the development of a whole array of new safeguards, including an additional sponge count in the operating rooms, the use of special guardrails on all beds, and the direct application of identification marks to each patient as he entered the hospital.



"But, as you say, that's your humble opinion. And it happens to be in conflict with my authoritative one."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We couldn't make these compulsory, but we've induced most hospitals to accept them," says Jack Fulton, representing the hospital-association program. "As a result, we've had fewer accidents, fewer malpractice claims and fewer malpractice losses."

For example, one group of hospitals reported eighteen "lost sponge" incidents in 1954. In 1957, no such accidents occurred, and only one was reported by late in 1958. Similar protective programs have now been endorsed by other state hospital societies and by the American Hospital Association.

Another and perhaps more far-reaching part of the research was spearheaded by the Alameda-Contra Costa County Medical Association, across the bay from San Francisco. This enterprising group was already achieving national fame for its pioneering work in setting up day-and-night emergency medical services, guaranteeing medical care regardless of a patient's ability to pay, protecting patients from exorbitant medical bills, and generally improving doctor-patient relationships. Significantly, the Alameda-Contra Costa doctors had also pioneered by inviting a clergyman to serve as a member of its medical-malpractice committee, acting as a representative of the public and seeing that there should be no whitewashing of a defendant doctor by his colleagues.

Doctor Sadusk, trained in chemical research and statistical analysis as well as in medicine, was himself a member of this county medical society. The executive secretary was then Rollen Waterson, a skilled public-relations expert. Working closely with them almost from the start

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was Howard Hassard, a San Francisco attorney who was then legal counsel to the California Medical Association and has now also become executive director of the C.M.A. In the minds of many national medical leaders, these three men probably know more about malpractice than does anybody else in the United States.

In 1955, the first major report was published on a careful analysis of some 600 malpractice claims and suits filed in the two-county area during the preceding eight years. It was observed that roughly 70 per cent of the claims came from treatments in hospitals, that surgeons and other specialists were sued more frequently than general practitioners, and that the vast majority of suits were dropped, dismissed or thrown out of court. None of these findings was surprising.

Totally unexpected, however, was the discovery of a hard core of claim-prone doctors. There were only a few of them—barely 1 per cent of the total membership—but they had been responsible for 27 per cent of the total malpractice losses. They seemed to be walking invitations for lawsuits. Some of them had been in trouble on two, three or even four occasions during the eight years.

It was likewise found that some hospital staffs were loaded wth malpractice-prone doctors. Some hospitals in the area had only about two malpractice incidents per 100,000 admissions during the eight years, while those with worst records had more than fifty-six incidents per 100,000.

The investigators next expanded their study to other counties in California and reported their statewide findings two years ago. This broader survey confirmed the earlier results, and again revealed a hard core of malpractice-prone doctors and hospitals.

It likewise became possible to look at the books of the insurance company which was handling malpractice insurance for approximately 4000 doctors in Northern California. Patients' attorneys had claimed earlier that the company was rolling in profits and "could well afford to pay bigger judgments." Company officials denied these charges and instead claimed they couldn't keep out of the red. Actual records showed that the insurance program—including both incurred losses and operating expenses—had run up a deficit of approximately $1,500,000 in the preceding nine years.

"Any patient, lawyer, physician or jury member who feels we're making millions of dollars with this program is obviously unaware of the facts," said a company executive. "This is why we are forced to increase our premium rates to the doctors, who in turn are obliged to pass the added costs on to their patients in the form of higher bills."

A similarly dismal financial picture has been revealed by one company writing malpractice insurance for some 11,000 doctors in the state of New York. Other companies claim they are likewise losing money, but they have declined to present any evidence.

Most of the key findings from California were further confirmed by a nationwide study conducted by the American Medical Association. In addition, the A.M.A. survey showed that physicians were not quite as defenseless as some of them had claimed; more than 92 per cent of all doctors were carrying some form of malpractice insurance, with an average policy of $25,000 for a general practitioner and $100,000 for a specialist. Further, contrary to earlier assertions, most doctors indicated that even if they did lose a malpractice suit in court, their good names were not permanently despoiled and they soon recovered their usual prestige and income.

One puzzling discovery was a striking difference in the reported frequency of unjustified nuisance suits. In some states, doctors estimated that at least 70 per cent of all claims were unjustified. In others it was admitted that only 10 per cent were unjustified.

Perhaps most surprising were some remarkable geographical differences. The malpractice problem was reported to be most acute in California, followed by such areas as Washington, New York and the District of Columbia. In contrast, it was almost insignificant in South Carolina, Delaware, Kentucky, Connecticut, Maryland, Vermont, Utah and Pennsylvania. Independent investigations showed similar variations in the major cities, with the situation described as "shocking" or "intolerable" in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Chicago, but relatively calm in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Kansas City and Baltimore.

"This is very mystifying," said an A.M.A. official. "Once we find why the malpractice-claim rate is very high in one state and very low in another, we may be close to an understanding of the whole problem."

These striking differences could not be adequately explained on the basis of the ratio of doctors in the area, the percentage of specialists in high-risk fields, age levels, cost of living, newspaper publicity or any other obvious factor.

One possible explanation turned up only a few months ago, when a researcher examined the average surgical fees charged in each state, as reported by leading health-insurance companies. In most areas where the surgeons were charging the biggest fees, he found, the frequency of malpractice suits was highest. For example, in the District of Columbia, New York and California—all with frequent malpractice claims—surgeons were charging from 11 to 24 per cent more than the United States average. In such states as Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland—all with low malpractice-suit rates—surgical fees were 6 or 7 per cent below the national average.

Statisticians likewise noted that on the Pacific Coast, where malpractice-claim rates and surgical fees were both high, such operations as appendectomies, tonsillectomies and hysterectomies were being performed more frequently than in other parts of the country.

"Perhaps people out in the West suffer from more appendicitis, tonsillitis and uterine troubles," commented a New York insurance expert. "This would be an important discovery in itself. Or maybe the boys out there are getting a little knife-happy."

The possibility that physicians were themselves contributing significantly to the increase in malpractice claims was already occurring to numerous observers. In Washington, D.C., for example, a medical man told a meeting that physicians had created an image in the public mind which could no longer be maintained.

"We good doctors supposedly work twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week," he said. "We don't eat and we don't sleep. We whip disastrous epidemics single-handed. We are never interested in whether our bills are paid. We are always kind, considerate and generous, never cross or tired or ill-tempered. . . . The patient's frustration and ire should be no surprise when he finds that this is not quite true."

Howard L. Oleck, professor of law at the Cleveland-Marshall Law School, said, "Doctors will not acknowledge that their own propaganda has sometimes boomeranged. The American Medical Association and Hollywood have so glorified the Man in White that patients expect miracles from every doctor. Then the patient is furious when he finds that the 'infallible' physician is only a human being who can make mistakes."

In Rhode Island, where an active public campaign has begun to fight a serious rise in malpractice claims, the president of the state medical society stated bluntly that the medical profession must shoulder an important part of the blame.

"There are always a few rotten apples in every professional barrel," said Dr. Francis Sargent. "Why should we deny that we've got them in medicine? We know it. Our patients know it. What has made so many of us angry and frustrated is that it's almost impossible to get them out of medicine."

At one meeting, leaders of the New York State Medical Society were trying to find some way to reduce malpractice claims and cut their own malpractice-insurance premiums. One of their consulting experts offered a suggestion.

"I'll tell you how to reduce your malpractice claims and your malpractice losses by fifty per cent," he said.

"How?" he was asked.

"Easy," he said. "Kick two hundred and fifty of your worst offenders out of the society." His suggestion was not approved.

On the other hand, in Baltimore—where malpractice claims have been a relatively minor problem—a different view was offered by Dr. J. Sheldon Eastland, president of the Maryland State Medical Association.

"Maybe we have so little trouble here because we seem to take more time with our patients," he said. "Baltimore is a slower-moving city. We don't rush with anything. We take time to treat our patients, talk to them, let them talk to us. If there are misunderstandings, our patients have ample time to discuss these before they turn into problems. Only an unhappy patient will sue, and our patients don't seem to be so unhappy."

The most searching inquiry into this phase of the situation was undertaken in California, where Dr. Joseph Sadusk and his associates took a closer look at the hard core of suit-prone doctors and hospitals. The study was conducted for them by a team of investigators headed by Dr. Richard Blum, a young psychologist.

"What we want to know," Doctor Sadusk told them, "is whether or not there are basic, psychological differences which mark the doctors who get sued and the patients who do the suing."

After more than two years of work, covering tests on about 2000 patients and 500 doctors, the first results were at hand. "Some of the findings," Doctor Sadusk warned, "will come as a shock to many physicians."

Psychologist Blum and his team had found that most suing patients were not psychopaths, crackpots, crooks or immoral. The majority were, however, marked by striking psychological characteristics. They were described as "dependent, childish, suspicious, fearful, who generally get along poorly with themselves and other people."

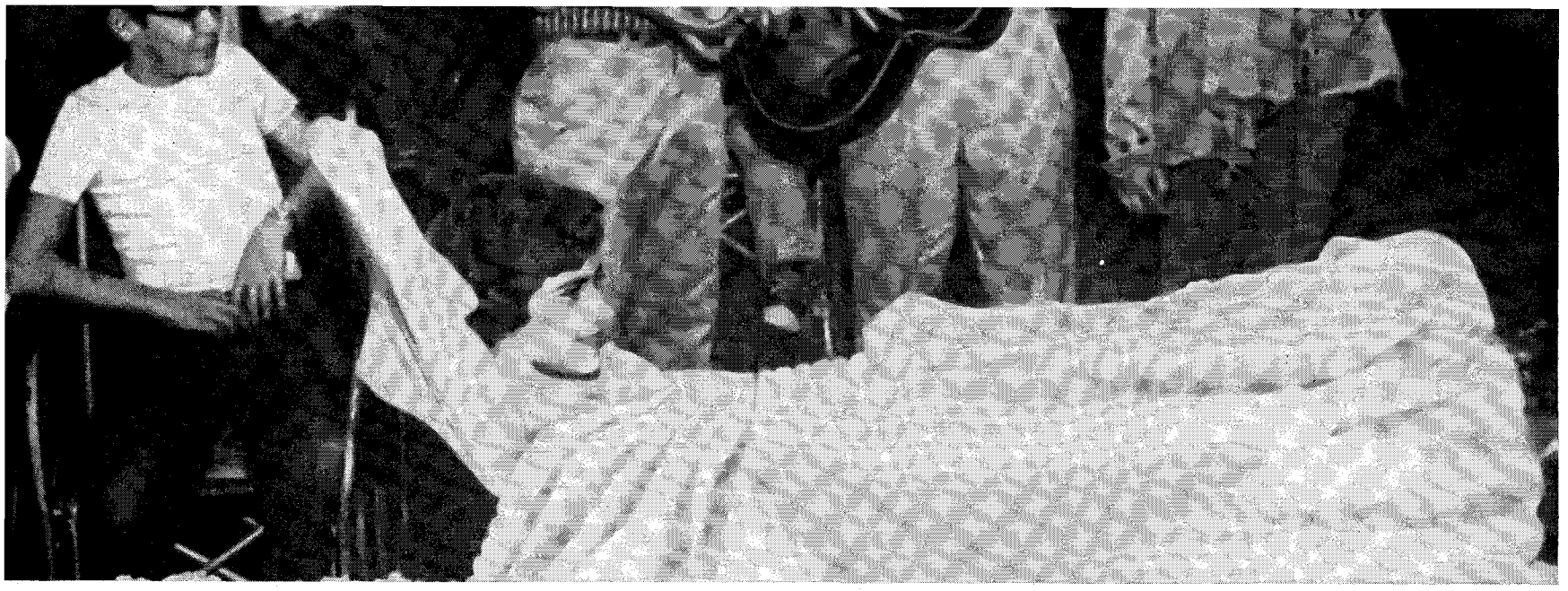
The suit-prone patients had an average I.Q. rating of ten points less than non-suing patients.

On the average, Blum noted, the suit-prone patients visited their doctor more frequently, changed doctors more frequently, were more dissatisfied with their present doctor, felt they didn't get well fast enough and blamed their doctor for their slow recovery, felt they didn't get enough attention from hospital nurses, thought both (*Continued on Page 122*)

"It's the first dollar George and I managed to save and, of course, the last."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Music and fun in the children's ward—on Junior Red Cross Visiting Day.

One "Youth Gang" we need more of...

Rock 'n rollers? That's right. *Rock 'n rollers in a children's hospital.*

The three "gang members" are Junior Red Cross members who've taken an afternoon of their time to go to the hospital and entertain some little crippled kids. Reassuring, isn't it?

They do things like this all the time. Regularly. Girls and boys.

20 million of our sons and daughters make up Junior Red Cross—the largest youth organization in the country. Junior members take part in every Red Cross service program young people can help to carry on.

When disasters hit, Junior Red Cross volunteers help in many ways—as messengers, typists, canteen workers, information clerks. Many Junior Red Cross members have served with real distinction in disaster emergencies.

Through the Gift Box Program in their schools, Juniors send relief supplies to children overseas. Like all Junior Red Cross activities, this program is financed entirely by the Juniors themselves.

Friendship between children all over the world is fostered by the Junior Red Cross international correspondence-album and art programs.

Junior Red Cross is at work every day, helping to build a strong, decent, responsible young America.

These are kids we don't have to worry about. Let's be sure they know they can depend on *us.*

Join +

On the job when you need it most

The above advertisement is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the magazine publishers of America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 120*) doctors and hospitals charge too much, and were generally more lawsuit-minded.

"The suit-prone patients," it was claimed, "were more likely to sue anybody if they felt wronged. All of them had previously employed a lawyer at one time or another."

When these patients had felt aggrieved and retained a lawyer to bring suit against a doctor, they later told investigators they didn't like the lawyer either and thought he charged too much.

"Most of the suing patients," the investigators said, "claimed they would not have sued if the doctor had admitted his mistakes to them, had explained carefully what had happened or gone wrong, and would have apologized to them for the error. These patients wanted the doctor to discuss the case with them and to make them feel better about errors that had occurred."

The nonsuing patients said that a good doctor must be a human being. The suit-prone patients said that a good doctor must be "all-knowing, all-powerful, godlike."

When the investigators studied physicians who had been named in two or more malpractice suits, they found that these suit-prone men also believed that a good doctor should be "godlike." In comparison with other physicians, these suit-prone doctors were usually more annoyed at the need for keeping accurate records, disliked other doctors in general and psychiatrists in particular, found it difficult to admit they couldn't cope with a patient's problems and expressed their displeasure at the impositions placed upon them by "thoughtless, stupid patients."

"In the minds of these physicians," Blum reported, "the cause of malpractice suits is the greedy, vindictive or 'neurotic' patient who ungratefully sues the physician."

When something went wrong and the patient was injured—or thought he was injured—these doctors saw no reason why they should admit they had been wrong or why they should apologize to the patient.

It was therefore concluded that the chances for a suit are great with either a suit-prone physician or a suit-prone patient. If the two get together, the situation becomes more hazardous. If, in addition, there is a real accident or a disappointment in treatment, and if the doctor won't discuss it with the patient, and if the doctor sends his usual bill without discussing that with the patient, the situation is disastrous.

"Add all these ingredients together," said one investigator, "and there's only one possible answer—big trouble. The doctor has asked for a malpractice suit, and he's got it."

Interestingly, it was noted, the combination of a reasonable doctor plus a reasonable patient is usually a safeguard even if something does go wrong. Numerous studies suggested that when an accident occurs in a hospital or a doctor's office, most patients and their doctors can handle the matter satisfactorily without going to law.

From this study, the California investigators derived some highly practical recommendations. The doctor should look for signs of "suit-proneness" in himself and in each of his patients, they said. He should deal firmly with patient anger and understandingly with patient fear. If something goes wrong, he should sit down immediately and discuss the affair with the patient, understand and accept the emotional reactions of the patient and his family, be sympathetic and flexible and—when appropriate—be willing to adjust fees to "fit family needs and medical realities."

"If such procedures are followed," it was proposed, "one can estimate that two thirds of the unjustified suits now filed might be prevented."

The investigators next compared five hospitals—three marked by some of the highest rates of malpractice suits in California and two marked by the lowest rates. All were approximately the same in size, facilities and financial resources. All had been approved by the American Hospital Association, the American Medical Association, the American College of Physicians and the American College of Surgeons through the Joint Commission on Accreditation.

Again there were significant differences. In comparison with the good hospitals, the suit-prone institutions had fewer nurses and attendants per patient, paid lower salaries and had a greater labor turnover. They had fewer highly trained doctors, less rigid rules for granting staff privileges to doctors and fewer nurses who gave extra hours to nursing care.

In particular, there was obvious bickering among doctors, nurses, administrators and trustees.

In these suit-prone hospitals, Blum and his team picked up a wide assortment of hair-raising gossip. In one of them, they were told, doctors were refusing to fill out required forms and deliberately hiding records of unnecessary surgery. One physician had tried to expose three cases of negligence, two of which had resulted in death, but had been instructed by his colleagues to mind his own business. On one occasion, two doctors had engaged in a bitter row over which one should give an anesthetic to a child about to undergo surgery, and during the dispute the child died.

In another shocking experience, two doctors had engaged in fisticuffs over the prostrate patient on an operating table. In another, a seriously ill patient was refused admission when it was found he was a member of the hated Henry J. Kaiser's closed-panel health-insurance plan, and died while being sent to another hospital.

The investigators did not take time to check out on the truth of these "shocking stories." Later it appeared that the "refused admission" story and at least two others were untrue. Nevertheless, while carefully pointing out that they were unconfirmed rumors, Blum included them in his confidential report to the California Medical Association in order to demonstrate the hospital gossip pattern.

Last August, the hospital report leaked out to a San Francisco newspaper. Unfortunately, in the first accounts, the newspaper did not mention that the grisly details were all unconfirmed rumors. Furthermore, some articles gave the impression that such unhappy affairs might be typical of all California hospitals.

The resultant upheaval rocked medical organizations from coast to coast. The reporter who first published the story was charged with committing journalistic malpractice, and medical authorities tried vainly to find who had leaked the story to him. Immediate legislative investigations were demanded. District attorneys were urged to bring criminal charges against the hospitals. Blum and his fellow psychologists were roundly denounced for having done the investigation. The state medical association, which had financed the research, was assailed for putting up the money and for failing to keep better guard on the findings.

The attacks continued furiously for two weeks and then suddenly began to dissipate. Nationally famous scientists—psychologists, psychiatrists and statisticians—checked the California studies and praised them as well designed, well executed and statistically valid. Leaders of national associations and state groups wrote to compliment their friends in California on their boldness and enterprise.

"This is the most valuable study of this aspect of medical practice that I have ever encountered," said one medical authority. Another wrote, "You have made history. In tackling this problem, you have earned the gratitude of the entire medical profession."

Deans of medical schools asked for copies of the reports to aid in improving the selection and education of medical students. Medical-society officials asked for advice on conducting similar studies in their own states. All over California, doctors found they were being praised by their patients for courageously daring to clean up the malpractice mess.

By early this year some of the findings in the reports were still a matter of heated controversy, but most California physicians had discovered to their delight that they had taken a bold, brave and courageous step, and they had made many friends and influenced patients.

"I think we can say with considerable certainty that we know the major causes of nuisance suits and of real malpractice," says Doctor Sadusk, who guided much of the research. "Now we can do something about them."

To prevent nuisance suits, the intelligent co-operation of doctors and patients is essential. All patients must realize that practically nothing in medical practice is absolutely safe or certain. Almost every procedure in diagnosis, treatment and prevention carries an element of uncertainty and danger.

"In addition," he says, "the patient and the doctor must realize that both are human beings, both can get angry and irritated and unco-operative, and both can make honest mistakes. Certainly the doctor must not be looked upon by his patients—or by himself—as godlike, all-knowing and infallible."

However, there is the problem of real negligence or real malpractice. This is one for the doctors themselves to lick.

"We have already started by introducing new safeguards and safety measures in hospitals and doctors' offices," the California physician says. "We are trying to select and train better doctors. We are tightening controls on certain physicians and surgeons whose judgment or ability may be doubtful. But we have not gone far enough. We cannot stop until we have controlled the incompetent, malpractice-prone men or driven them out of medicine."

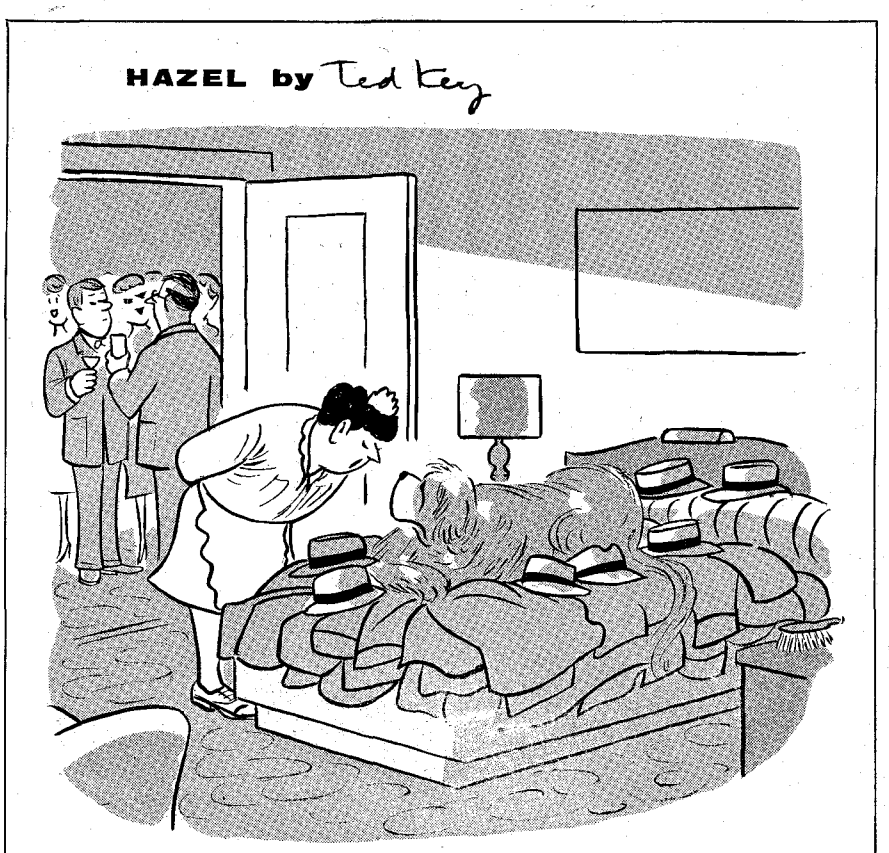
There are, therefore, two villains—on the one hand, the suit-happy patients, and on the other, the suit-inviting doctors. There are relatively few of each. If they could be isolated someplace and allowed to assail each other with lawsuits, lost sponges or whatever weapons came to hand, many would consider this a happy solution.

Unfortunately, however, these two cannot be isolated so easily. With a power to cause damage far out of proportion to their small numbers, they have raised havoc among all doctors and all patients. Together, they are responsible for losses measured in tens of millions of dollars annually in actual lawsuits and settlements—losses which are eventually paid by the public. They are responsible for tens of millions of dollars in additional but probably unnecessary diagnostic tests, laboratory procedures and expensive consultations which physicians feel obliged to prescribe as a protection against a nuisance suit. But, infinitely more dangerous, they have created fear.

"Throughout the medical profession," says Doctor Sadusk, "there is a growing fear that any doctor can be branded as negligent even though he is not negligent. There is growing fear among patients that all doctors are incompetent, and that no doctor can be trusted."

This, he says, is the greatest danger ever to menace vital patient-doctor relationships. This is the real cost of the medical-malpractice problem. "This," he says, "is what doctors and patients together must solve."

Editors' note—This is the last of a series of three articles by Mr. Silverman.



"On behalf of the guests . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FELT OUR NAME LATELY?

Every time you pick up a Bell telephone your fingertips touch our name, *Western Electric*. For 77 years we've been the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System . . . supplying the kinds of things that make possible the dependable, convenient telephone service you want.

To do this today, we ask more than 30,000 big and little American businesses to help us by furnishing the raw materials, equipment and services we need. Last year we paid these suppliers of ours over one billion dollars —nearly half our sales income for the year.

Western Electric

Western Electric manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

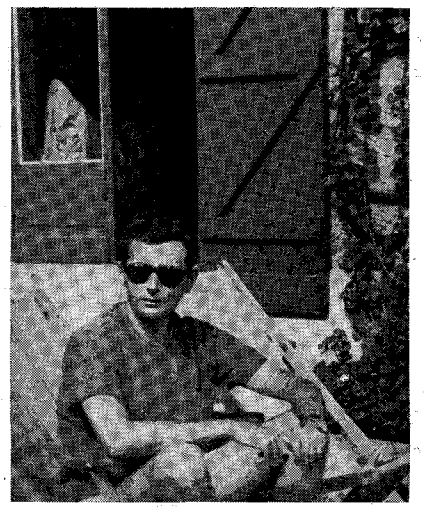
NOW! CLEAN YOUR CAR'S COOLING SYSTEM IN JUST 10 MINUTES!
WARNER
POUR WARNER SPEED FLUSH IN WITH OLD ANTI-FREEZE, ONLY ONE DRAIN* . . . RUST GOES!
. . . AND WARNER PROTECTOR AND WATER PUMP LUBRICANT STOPS FUTURE RUST. . . GUARDS COOLING SYSTEM ALL SUMMER LONG!
WARNER
Clean
Protect
WARNER
SPEED FLUSH
for cooling systems
NO NEED TO DRAIN OLD ANTI-FREEZE FIRST
REMOVES OIL MUCK, RUST, SCALE FROM AUTOMOBILES, TRUCKS AND TRACTORS
WARNER
PROTECTOR
for cooling systems
Only $1.00 each
At your service station, garage or auto supply store
*FAST! . . . it's the cleaner you pour in without draining old anti-freeze first. Cleans with one drain! By the makers of Warner Liquid Solder (non-metallic, deposits tiny fibers to repair cooling system leaks).
WARNER-PATTERSON CO. • 600 S. Michigan • Chicago 5
Warner-Patterson Company of Canada, Limited • Toronto 2, Ontario

Keeping Posted

Tales of the Authors

Keyes Beech, Far East correspondent for the Chicago Daily News, relates on page 32 how his wife, Linda, unexpectedly became a Japanese TV star. He reports that one day recently he got to chatting with a Tokyo taxi driver and the fact came out that Mrs. B. was none other than the toast of Japanese TV fans, Shirley-san. The driver, after a long silence, finally concluded, "Then for you work is unnecessary, no?" Beech says, "I'm thinking this over." He postscripts: "We took the children to the zoo Sunday. My wife outdrew the new rhinoceros."

Harold Martin juggles a snake.


Alias James Cross.

Harold Martin, who describes missile trackers on page 23, was walking along a road on Eleuthera Island in the Bahamas when he saw a six-foot (correct) snake. Grasping the creature by the tail and neck, he lifted it up "so that my companion, Capt. Robert Reynolds, could study the reptile closely." The captain, unaware that Martin is an amateur herpetologist and that the snake's head formation indicated it to be harmless, couldn't whip up much interest. Martin says that in his boyhood he had a black snake that slept with him nights in his bed.

Serial writer Hugh J. Parry signs his name **James Cross** on page 44. Parry, who recently returned to Washington after a tour of duty in Europe for the United States Information Agency, has contributed many articles and research analyses to professional journals. But when he published his first novel, Root of Evil (Messner) in 1957, he switched to Mr. Cross to keep his writing selves separate. In fiction Parry uses an automobile technique: he takes long auto rides, during which time ideas come to him, plots unfold in detail, and key passages are written mentally. Then he rushes to a typewriter and lets her hum. If he gets stuck, he takes another trip. Mrs. Parry, a former newspaperwoman, expunges purple passages from his copy, and the author tries out story outlines on his ten-year-old son—the duration of the lad's interest is a fine literary barometer reading.

Boy and Man

Master Zanuck in 1943.

Mister Zanuck in 1959.

On March 20, 1943, Keeping Posted ran a picture of an eight-year-old lad (see photo) who sold Posts on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot in Hollywood and at last report had bought nine War Bonds from his earnings. Most of the lad's customers didn't realize he was the son of the noted director, Darryl Zanuck, who then was an Army colonel—they just knew the boy as Dickie. The other nearby photo shows Dick today at age twenty-four. He has just produced his first picture for the Zanuck company—Compulsion, starring Orson Welles. It is nice to see a young Post salesman getting ahead so well.

Crazy About the City

When the Post bought **Ralph Schoenstein's** nostalgic article about his boyhood on the streets of New York (page 42), he said he was twenty-five years old and unmarried. Later he telephoned excitedly, saying he hoped to catch the press run because he had married Miss Judy Greenspane of Englewood, New Jersey, and taken her to live with him in the big city. "Fortunately, she can play all the games I still play in God's Athletic Club (Central Park)—touch football, baseball, even stickball. I hope to play these games also with my children and become the world's oldest teenager." The author wants no home in the country—for him a modest Manhattan penthouse, where he can watch the sun set beyond the skyline and the stars climb out of the East River. Ralph, a staff writer on the American Weekly magazine, is the son of Paul Schoenstein, assistant managing editor of the New York Journal-American, who won the 1944 Pulitzer prize for distinguished reporting.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

A New Perry Mason Mystery

Beginning
The Case of the Mythical Monkeys
by Erle Stanley Gardner.

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED